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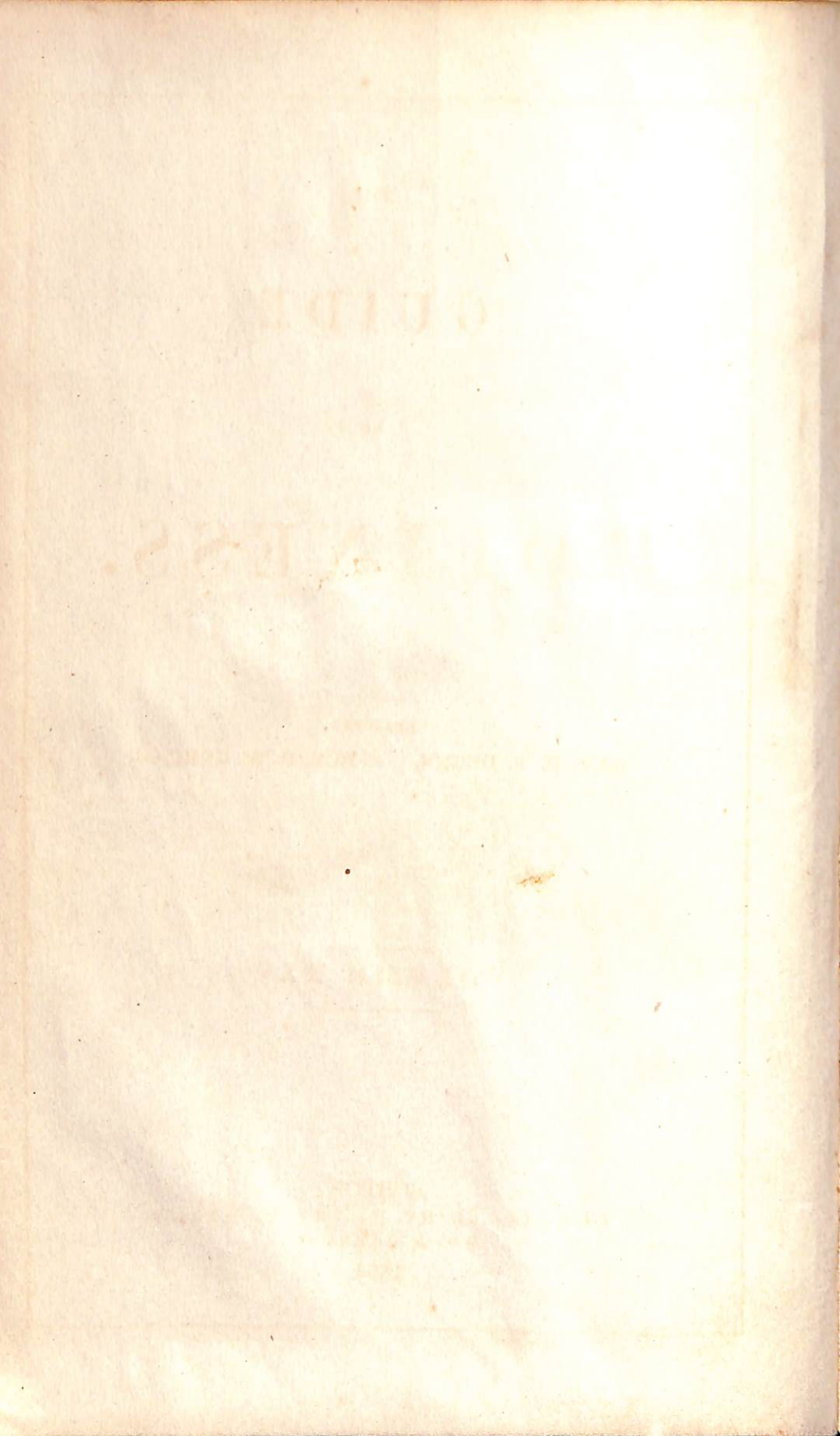
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THE
GUIDE
TO
HOLINESS.

EDITORS:
REV. H. V. DEGEN, REV. B. W. GORHAM,

VOLUME XXV.

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THE

GUIDE TO HOLINESS.

JANUARY, 1854.

ORIGINAL.

CLEANSED FROM ALL SIN.

BY JESSE T. PECK, D. D.

“The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin.”

IT IS DESIRABLE TO BE CLEANSED FROM ALL SIN,

At least, so it would seem to me. So, if I am not wholly mistaken, it must seem to everybody. Even opponents of the doctrine, must, upon sober reflection, exceedingly regret that, in their humble opinion, no available provisions have been made in the gospel, to save the soul entirely, and in this life, from so dread an evil—or that provision having been made, it is placed beyond our reach—or if entirely possible we are so constituted, that we never *can* or never *will* avail ourselves of it. I have often imagined that devout persons unfortunately restricted by theological systems, must be driven again and again to search the Scriptures, and pour over the records of piety, to see whether after all, there is not some lurking error, in the view, which deprives the thirsty soul of *full* draughts of salvation so abhorrent are the slightest motions of inward depravity to the truly regenerate. I shall write in harmony therefore, with the *feelings* of such Christians, whatever difficulties mere theory may

oppose, when I attempt to show *how* desirable it is to be "pure in heart." And amongst the thousands who in honest faith receive the doctrine of experimental holiness as a practical reality, there must be extremely few who, even under the greatest delusion, cherish sin — or defend it from real affection. And yet, surely the delay, the shrinking when the subject is mentioned, and the various apologetic theories put forth, justify the conviction that the *true* desirableness of "a clean heart," is not appreciated by the Church.

Let us look at the nature of sin. In principle, and in fact, it is rebellion against God. His will is revealed in the Bible. "The law is holy, and the commandment holy, and just and good." It is the principle upon which the moral harmony of the universe depends; and yet sin attacks that principle — subjects it to utter contempt, and tramples it under foot. It is the rule which binds the creature to the Creator, the subject to the sovereign, the child to the parent, the beneficiary to the benefactor. But sin, in full view of all these sacred relations, perpetrates its high enormities. So far as man is under its influence, he says, I know I did not create myself — I know a Divine Power brought me into being, and that power has a right to demand all my services, but I will not yield to that demand. I acknowledge the right and rebel against it. Those creature abilities shall serve, my own purposes my own lusts. There in Heaven and everywhere is my rightful Lord, the Being who holds the destinies of the Universe. But I defy Him! Let Him order as He will, I will not obey the order! I will be my own ruler! I will live as I list, in despite of Him! Let Him throw down His law, as a line of fire to stop me; I will rush over it! Lo! He is my Father. I am but His weak, dependent, helpless child. Every day He feeds me, and every breath I receive from His Almighty Providence. See now! I will insult Him — despise Him! Let Him command me — threaten me — expostulate with me; I will resist all. He has no love that shall win me — no terrors that shall awe me — no authority that shall bind my will! Such is sin, "the transgression of the Law," founded upon every relation held sacred by God or man.

And it is more. There are sacred duties binding upon the moral agent. Heaven enjoins repentance, but the sinner says I will cling to my sins—I do not regret them. I love them and will repeat them as often as I have an opportunity. Heaven requires trust in the Divine veracity, in His omnipotent power, and holy love; but I will not confide in Him—Faith is the great want of my soul, the proffer of Divine grace, the most reasonable exercise of a rational soul; but I will not trust in the Being whom I know to be unalterable truth; whose word can never fail—I will not rely upon the things I know to be true, and the only truths that are of inevitable and eternal moment to me. Heaven requires that I should pray, but I choose to “restrain prayer”—“who is the Lord that I should serve Him, and what profit shall I have if I pray unto Him?” No confession, contrition, deprecation, or petition, shall have place in my heart or fall from my lips. God my bountiful Benefactor requires my affections—I see Him, “the fairest among ten thousands and the one altogether lovely;” but I will not love Him. I can love the creature-man, a specimen of moral deformity, myself, the very type of folly and odiousness; but not God—the pure, benevolent, and faithful God! The great Jehovah demands that I should fear Him, and though I see Him clothed in majesty and strength—with the terrors of justice flashing from His eye, yet I shall render Him no filial awe. I fear my fellow man, the frown of the populace, the ban of fashion—everything mean and contemptible, but not God—the righteous, sin-avenging God! It is required by Him who has the right, that I should “love my neighbor as myself;” but my neighbor—*who is he* that he should occupy my time, engross my sympathies, absorb my means, and interfere with my enterprises. If I can use him in any way, if I can compel him to supply my wants, administer to my passions, or elevate me for the adulations of my fellows, very well—if not, let him keep out of my way. And so of every duty. Sin is neglect—continued, obstinate, constantly recurring neglect. “To him that knoweth to do good, and doeth it not, to him it is sin.”

And this is not all. It is gross inward corruption. No symmetrical beautiful human figure can illustrate it. As said

the Prophet, of the moral condition of the Jews, so says the truth of all who are under the influence of sin — “The whole head is sick, and the whole heart faint. From the sole of the foot even unto the head there is no soundness in it; but wounds, and bruises, and putrifying sores: they have not been closed, neither bound up, neither mollified with ointment.” A putrid mass of loathsome corruption! Deeply seated within the soul, lies the source of outward rebellion. “The heart is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked; who can know it?” “A corrupt tree bringeth forth evil fruit” — “An evil man out of the evil treasure of his heart, bringeth forth that which is evil” — nothing is right within. The passions are perverted — the affections are alienated — the conscience is untruthful — the will is rebellious. Wrong — everything wrong in the soul, and “all unrighteousness is sin.”

One other thing must be said of sin, distinctly, that it may be impressively. It rejects the Son of God! It is in the light of Calvary, that all sin has its true deformity. The race are not merely the unfortunate descendants of guilty parents — not vile, because by inheritance doomed to be vile — not rebellious because hopeless. The love of God has attempted to reach them. A scheme of stupendous mercy has been devised. The only begotten has appeared in flesh. Earth has seen, and felt his compassion, and received his blood! To every mortal’s ear the call is issued, “if any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink.” The guilty are offered pardon, the rebellious mercy, the dead life, the polluted purification. It is against all this that sin persists in its obstinacy. There is no power in dying love to melt the heart! There are no charms in the Redeemer to win its affections! The Gospel instructs, intreats, threatens, and commands, in vain! The vast remedial scheme, with its endless variety of expedients, involving the resources of a God, by sin is mocked, despised, and rejected. Can we — need we say more! Is there any other light in which it appears so vile — so flagrant — so terrible?

Such is sin — as a violation of Divine Law — as neglect of sacred duty, as a principle of innate, habitual, cultivated depravity. Such is the rejection of Divine compassion. Thus

it "tramples under foot the Son of God:" *Can it be in any sense desirable?* No. All will instinctively say, surely not in its grosser forms. It is offensive even to decency in the forms of idolatry — profanity — Sabbath breaking — disobedience to parents — murder — adultery — fornication — theft — false witness — and covetousness. From all these we pray to be delivered — however much we may be in spirit attached to any of them. And Christians feel that in the sense of *guilt*, they can not bear it. From its condemning power, they entreat, by night and day, to be delivered. Strange, that, in any of its forms, it should be accepted — it should be allowed a quiet home in the soul. For the mere fact of having *within* the seeds of sin, the roots of bitterness, the fountain of "bitter waters," how few of the church give themselves any heartfelt trouble, feel any pain of conscience, or engage in any struggle of prayer! But in this form of inward depravity, is it any less desirable, any less offensive, or dangerous? It is verily the same in principle, whether within, or without. In the outward forms of hateful vice, or robed in the garb of loveliness and beauty, breaking out in rebellion, or suppressed and governed, it is the same offensive "thing that God hates." True, the condition of the sinner is by no means the same in an unforgiven, and in a pardoned state. Blessed be God, there is rich mercy in pardon. There are the beginnings of a complete salvation in justification. There is the earnest of a blissful immortality in regeneration. But we must not be misled by the comfort of pardon, the joy and triumph of the new birth, and the glorious hopes of immortality, to pass over with indifference the corruption which remains, to feel or suppose that God has waived, in its favor, the claims of his holy law, or that it is entitled, to any extent, to our toleration, or sufferance, because we have been enabled by grace to conquer it. We must examine it in the light of revelation, and of a convicted conscience; until we can see all its deformity. We must watch its tendencies, until we can realize that it is just as corrupt and rebellious as in any condition whatever — that it embraces the first opportunity to flame out against God, and against the soul — that, just as in any form, it will give a welcome home to the devil, and the world — lead the

spirit away from Christ and duty — chill its affections, and pervert its judgment. Just as surely, then, as it is desirable to be delivered from sin at all, *it is desirable to be delivered from all sin*. Desirable, as sin is wrong in itself — odious to God, — against the rights of the Saviour, and at war with the operations of the Holy Spirit. Desirable, in every aspect in which it can be viewed. Desirable in proportion to its inherent malignity — its corrupting, damning powers over the souls in which it is allowed to reign. O, who can look at it, and love it? Who can answer its deformity with a smile? Who can permit with quiet complacency, its concentrated poison in the soul? How exceedingly desirable is deliverance from all sin on its own account. Let each of us think, and examine, and pray, until we shall cry out for deliverance merely because we loathe it more than anything offensive to us in the universe of God.

ORIGINAL.

THOUGHTS SELECTED FROM MADAM GUYON'S LETTERS.

BY P. L. U.

Melancholy contrary to true devotion ; its evils ; helps to guard against it.

1. I assure you, my dear M., I sympathise deeply in your interior sufferings. It is, however, of great consequence that you yield not to melancholy. It is a dangerous temptation. Satan does not in this, tempt you after a gross manner, which you would easily detect, but he aims to render you melancholy, which proves a real hindrance to your progress, thereby extinguishing the grace of the interior, and making you insupportable to yourself and others. Melancholy contracts and withers the heart, and renders it unfit to receive the impressions of grace. It magnifies objects, and gives them a false coloring, thus making your burdens too heavy to bear.

2. The little consolation you have from circumstances around you, help to nourish this state. But all these trials should be proof to you, that God is willing to purify your heart. He

puts bitterness in all things, in order to detach you from all but Himself, and make you willing to serve Him alone. Receive then the blessing that comes in the present trial. Let God by this work in you, to purify and subdue, and bring you to himself. Try not your state by anything anticipated; stretch not your capacity to do the things which are removed from you, and which you can never accomplish. It is better to be shut up in the acceptance of all which comes to your heart, in the present circumstances of your life; in *the trial* now weighing down your spirits. Be persuaded, if there be not good in the thing itself, and direct profit, yet it will work for good, by subduing the evil tendencies of your nature.

3. You must strive hard to combat this tendency to melancholy, if you would have God pleased with you; and in order to do thus, be careful to nourish your mind with reading; the mind needs food as well as the body. Also accustom yourself to occupations, and fear not to make your acts, or doings, prayer; or offerings to God. On the contrary, pray much while you labor; thus will your labors be a help and not a hindrance. It is better to divert your mind with innocent recreations, than to nourish melancholy; but if you cannot come to this point, strive to make your duty and employments your pleasure.

4. There are two ways in which we serve little children. One is to give them all they choose for present pleasure. Another is, to deny them present pleasure for greater good. God is a wise Father, and chooses the best way for his children. Receive then joyfully all that happens to you. Sweet or bitter; content yourself with what you have, nor suffer yourself to desire what you have not.

5. A sad exterior is more sure to repel than attract one to piety. It is necessary to serve God with a certain joyousness of spirit, which makes one comprehend that we do it with pleasure; that the yoke of obedience is neither a burden, nor inconvenience. If you would make manifest the operation of God within you, it is necessary that your exterior should be all sweet, all humble, all subdued, all cordial and cheerful. You will not doubt how much I am your friend.

SELECTED.

DO YOU GROW IN GRACE.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN MRS. R. AND HER PASTOR.

The pastor of the village of S., was a good man. He was one of those Christians who are so truly devoted to God, and have constantly such a sense of the divine presence, that they bring all who are with them into that presence. There was something serious in his very smile. Nobody would talk about trifles to him, for better thoughts always seemed to suggest themselves when he was by, and conversation naturally took a religious turn. He was like that good man of whom a young person remarked, "I cannot see him pass the house without thinking of God!"

This good pastor preached the gospel faithfully and earnestly. Of all the talents that go to make up an acceptable minister, there is nothing like *earnestness*. He was not satisfied with preaching in public, but like Paul, (for "the love of Christ constrained him,") he went from house to house warning and entreating every one. Everybody in the parish was convinced that he cared for their souls. He sought as earnestly to build up Christians, as to convert sinners; for he knew well, that to raise the tone of piety in the church was the most effectual way to promote the conversion of the world.

The following conversation with one of his flock will show something of his views of Christian duty and privileges.

Pastor — Well, Mrs. R., how do you prosper in the Divine life?

Mrs. R. — I hardly know, sir. We are commanded to grow in grace, but it don't seem to me that I have made much progress since I was first converted.

Pastor — I suppose your views of truth and duty have been considerably enlarged since then?

Mrs. R. — Yes. They were very limited at first, and I must say I have enjoyed a great deal in the contemplation of truth, but then you teach us sir, that to grow in knowledge is one thing, and to grow in grace is another. Now I don't know as I am any better for all I have learned; and I am certainly not so happy as I was at first.

Pastor — Do you take pleasure in the service of God?

Mrs. R. — Yes. Yet I never feel satisfied. It always seems to me afterwards that I might have done more; then too, I find there is a good deal of self-will and self-seeking in all I do. If I am blessed with success in my efforts, I am apt to have feelings of self complacency; and when unsuccessful, I am discouraged.

Pastor — When you feel that you have sinned, what do you do?

Mrs. R. — Why it seems as if I did little else but sin—at least, I must say with the poet,

“Sin is mixed with all I do.”

It is the consciousness of this, which depresses me.

Pastor — Do you make confession of all your sins to God?

Mrs. R. — O, yes sir; and this is another thing which troubles me—that I should, year after year, keep confessing the same things. I often think how tired God must be of hearing me!

Pastor — We read, “Whoso confesseth and forsaketh his sins shall find mercy.” Do you try to forsake all that you confess, or do you confess these wrong feelings, still expecting to continue in them?

Mrs. R. — I used to go away from the Throne of Grace with strong resolutions of amendment; but I always broke them; and now I have got almost discouraged about making any more.

Pastor — I suppose you used to comfort yourself very much with these good resolutions?

Mrs. R. — Yes, sir! I did.

Pastor — What do you do for comfort now?

Mrs. R. — I go to the Saviour and tell him how weak and sinful I am, and entreat him to forgive and help me. Some-

times I am favored with a very sweet sense of his forgiveness and love; then I feel happy. But I lose this happy frame, and fall again into sin. This I find is the case with others. Still it does seem to me that it is not right to live so.

Pastor—The Scripture says, “Strive to enter in at the straight gate;” “Labor to enter into this rest;” “Fight the good fight of faith.”

Mrs. R.—I do strive at times, very earnestly, to overcome my easily besetting sins. I try to govern my temper, to conquer my tendency to indolence, to watch my tongue, and control my wandering thoughts, and I try especially in seasons of social and secret prayer, and at the communion table, to have devotional feelings; but I find the wrong thoughts will not go away at my bidding, and the right feelings will not come.

Pastor—Had not you better give it all up, and not strive any more?

Mrs. R.—Why then I should have to give up all my hope! No, though my resolves and strivings don't seem to come to much, yet I should not dare to give them up.

Pastor—Do you remember how it was with you when you were under conviction? You came to the inquiry meeting week after week, without obtaining a hope. At last, you got quite discouraged, and said you had done all you could, and it seemed to be of no use to try to be a Christian.

Mrs. R.—O, yes! I remember well that night when I was so disheartened. You told me that my efforts to make myself better before going to Christ, had not amounted to anything, and never would; that I must give up striving in that way, and renouncing every other dependence, throw myself at once on the pardoning mercy of God; asking him to take me just as I was, for Christ's sake—fully believe that Christ had done enough to cover my sins. I did so, and found peace. The moment I let go of my own righteousness, and laid hold of the righteousness of Christ, I was happy.

Pastor—Do you remember the words of St. Paul? “As ye received Christ Jesus the Lord, so walk ye in him.” Are not

your feelings very similar to what they were when you was under conviction?

Mrs. R. — Yes, I believe they are.

“I see the right and I approve it too;
Abhor the wrong, and yet the wrong pursue.”

Pastor — As you went to Christ at first and threw yourself upon him to save you from hell, so now you must throw yourself upon him to save you from sin. “The just shall live by faith.” They begin by faith, and by faith they must ever after continue to live.

Mrs. R. — What is it to live by faith?

Pastor — It means that you not only trust in Christ for final salvation, but that you trust in him daily and hourly to enable you to discharge all known duty, make a way of escape for you in temptation, and hold you back from the indulgence of wrong feelings.

Mrs. R. — And may I venture to expect so much?

Pastor — You recollect it was said of Him, “His name shall be called Jesus, for he shall save his people from their sins.” He is mighty to save, even to the uttermost.

Mrs. R. — I supposed he would do that by taking us to heaven.

Pastor — The great object of the gospel is to make men holy; and they will become holy whenever they avail themselves fully of its provisions.

I should be glad to dwell longer on this subject, but must defer it to another time. Meanwhile I commend you to the Great teacher.—*Friend of Virtue.*

“This little fellow,” said Martin Luther, of a bird going to roost, “has chosen his shelter, and is quietly rocking himself to sleep, without a care for his morrow’s lodging, calmly holding by his little twig, and leaving God alone to think for him.”

ORIGINAL.

ALWAYS REJOICING.

BY A STUDENT.

"Rejoice always, and again I say rejoice!" Phil. iv. 4.

To be commanded to have any particular state of feeling, strikes us as something strange; for we have long since learned to notice, that the feelings are the spontaneous fruit of a principle planted in the soul, which is living and thriving there. But to be commanded in the Scriptures to the enjoyment of certain emotions, and to the natural expression of them, must mean something. And we have the command repeated many times, being applied to different persons, under different circumstances. Christians are in this way told to "rejoice evermore," to "be of good comfort," as well as told to "be perfect." And as we have it above we hear Paul saying, "rejoice always, and again I say rejoice." How emphatic he makes it, by repeating the sentence as he does. He tells us of himself too, that even when he is sorrowful, he is always rejoicing. Again he says, "I am filled with comfort, I am exceeding joyful in all our tribulation." What more could he say to encourage us to expect the same state of feeling? But, the difficulty yet remains, how we can, by an act of the will, come into possession of certain kinds of emotions; and yet the question stands, why are we commanded to come into the frame of feeling mentioned, if the will has not the leading power in the work? It is plain that the inspired writer here uses the same mode of writing, that uninspired writers sometimes use, applying his terms to the *effect* when BOTH *cause and effect* are included in the idea. He writes in the same manner when he says, "be strong," and again "be filled with the Spirit." That is, he commands us to secure the cause—to use the means that will certainly result in these effects. So we come back to the metaphysical truth, that the emotions are not under the direct control of the will. The amount of the command is this, that we adopt, and cherish con-

tinually the principle that will bear the fruit of perpetual rejoicing. It is in this sense that we are commanded to "rejoice always." But what is that principle? Many in the Christian world will ask, for though, they have passed from death to life by the quickening power of the Holy Spirit, they have felt the force of the command to "rejoice always," but little. Though to have everlasting joy is *so* desirable, how could they get at it by the force of a command? — by using the voluntary power in obedience to that command? What, then, is the cause which must operate, to produce the result so strange in this sorrowing world of ours — that of continual joy? What is that principle — that belief, which, being adopted, and constantly cherished, will make its possessor "exceedingly joyful in all tribulation?"

It is this, it appears to me, as near as I can make human language apply to my idea of it. First, in general application. *God doeth all things well; as much so in what he permits, as in what he appoints.* Second. *Those who give themselves wholly into God's hands, for his process of discipline, and his direction for business, (taken in the full import of that last term busy—ness) could have nothing done better for them, than he does for them directly, and permits and appoints, to be done through other agencies.*

This second statement amounts to nothing different from the first, except in this respect. The wicked who are included in the general application, might have that done, which would be better for them than what is done, if they would come to God's terms. But the righteous — the truly right ones, have no such hindrance to the greatest benefits of God's plans. They are sure of the best of everything. But O! this principle goes deep! None can realize it, but the pure in heart. It is perfect love only that casts out fear utterly. The soul, with this principle for its element, no longer wishes that this, that, and the other had not happened to it. It is still and calm, when the child of chances would writhe and struggle under the hand of an enemy,—who is no less an enemy, and a wicked one, because it is God who lets his actions have a bearing upon one instead

of another, or permits his wicked designs to come into action at all. If we were angels, no doubt, all the sorrows that come to us through the disordered action of this world of sinners, would be carried by us, by the direct interference of our God and Father, as some of them now are ; for we should not then be suffering weakness from having long been in a disordered state, and should not then be clothed with mortality as we now are, and so should not then need the rigid discipline, that we now need to teach us the building of spiritual fortifications, and the using of spiritual weapons with agility. We are yet in a scene of militant action, and the captain and army arrayed against us, has an invisible power as well as visible.

But we have no need to reason out the propriety of God's letting us suffer in this world after we have given ourselves wholly to him. Enough for us that, the foundation standeth sure, that God is infinitely good ; and from this comes the strongest argument, that if we are perfectly committed to him, he will take perfect care of us ; and it is just as easy for him to hinder the sufferings that come upon us, through the misdemeanor of others, whether in small or great matters, as to withhold anything of his own direct agency toward us that would harm us ; and he would do it just as soon. But, what seems hardest to realize, is, that errors of judgment sometimes fall into by consecrated ones as well as others, (though not so often as others, for since their minds are cleared of prejudices, and hasty passions which cause, by far, the greater half of mistakes, they see clearly, where others have fogs to look through), it seems strange that these are so made use of by God for our discipline, as to result in greater good to us than entire correctness in opinion and action would have done. But if it were not so, would God permit us to be in the least error in anything ? Some one may say, God does not guide us into error ; if he guides us entirely, while he is so guiding us we cannot fall into error, for he is the author of correctness, — for he adjusted everything to its exact relation both within the soul and without, originally. So He is this author ; and He is leading us to learn this adjustment through a gradual process which Infinite Wisdom sees to be better for us, taking our course through,

than direct inspiration would be. Certainly, it would be very easy for God to directly inspire us with exactly correct thoughts on every subject, both those of apparently small moment, and those of great consequence. And, he would do this, as a matter of course, — acting, as he does, from unchanging benevolence, were it not better for us, upon the whole, to let us act out perfectly our free agency, and, in convincing ourselves be of more benefit to the mind in its essential operations, than the being taught by direct impulse would be. For we must be taught by mere impulse very often, if not allowed at all to get into mistakes — else we must be able to see everywhere, and know all things as God does, which we know can never be the case with a created being. As we have before said, it is well that angels are led by impulse, beyond where their own power of seeing or knowing would direct them, and it is well for us, to some degree; but, as we need a training different from them, we should expect a different course. It seems to me, that a parent cannot fail to understand the subject of Divine Guidance, as reconcilable with errors of judgment in the subjects guided. How many times parents let children convince themselves of the unhappy nature of certain things, and circumstances, by approaching near enough to them to feel some suffering from them. And yet, it is in the greatest love, and under the closest watchcare that this is done. The mother may let the little child touch its finger to the fire-coal, to save it from getting burned to death afterwards. That would be an error in the little child — a necessary result of its lack of knowledge, but it might be the best means of saving its life. If its mother could always be watching the child, perhaps she could save it from harm without such means. It is certain, God being always present, could save us by a direct act from that which our errors are calculated to make us shun, but he might not always do it without infringing upon some law of mental action. But the training process which the mind goes through, and the benefit secured to the mind itself, by this course of discipline, is of infinitely greater importance to us, than the use of small outward sufferings to save us from greater ones. The work upon the *soul*, which is effected in this dispensation, is *the* great work, which should chiefly fix our atten-

tion upon this subject. And little do we know of how much value the discovery of our own weakness, and the discovery of what the consequences of our weakness would be, did not God interfere, — little do we know, of how much value this is to us, just recovered as we are from sin, our natural powers being yet in a state of great debility, and we still standing on probation-ground with enemies all around, and many avenues to the mind being yet left in the disorders of the body.

I know that some persons who do not doubt that God makes use of mistakes, whenever he permits them in those who are pure in heart, for the accomplishment of greater good, under existing circumstances in this state of being, than direct inspiration would accomplish, say on this ground, that we ought not to suffer ourselves to feel regret for our mistakes — that we ought not to have sorrow over our errors of judgment. But it seems to me, that one of the greatest purposes of God in permitting us to make mistakes is, that we see them in the light that would give us regret on account of them. We mourn over the weakness of our mental powers, of which mistakes are a direct consequence ; we mourn over the cause of this weakness, and the necessity we are under of being disciplined by our own frailties ; and we mourn over the evils that our shortsightedness is liable to give rise to. This mourning leads us to implore Divine interposition that no evil may originate in anything that we have done ; it dictates to us greater deliberation of thought and manner ; and it leads us to go further into the cleft of the rock that is opened for our shelter. Such are the uses of spiritual sorrow ; and this does not at all hinder the spiritual joy of which the principle here laid down is the source, but tends only to heighten it. The sentiment of the joyous emotion is, my heavenly Father is taking the very best means for the greatest perfection of my character for this world and the next. He does not permit me to go into essential error. He watches me as the mother watches her little one. He allows me to go so far, and no farther than is for my greatest good. I cannot see why the joy of the pure in heart, may not be as unbroken under the consideration that God makes use of

unavoidable frailties as instruments of the highest good to us, as if he, for the same object actually hindered these frailties from operating at all. What is God's way is the best way ; and certainly, the ultimate results are the same upon the subjects of Divine guidance as to their greatest well-being, whatever course Providence may take with them. Let us remember that if God saw it best for those who render themselves entirely into his hands to be saved altogether from errors of judgment, he could do it and would do it. So we see that it is under his guiding hand, that he permits us to act naturally — to act according to regulated nature ; but, according to perfected nature we cannot act until nature is perfected ; and we cannot expect this, in this mode of being ; though we are coming nearer to it as we progress. There is one consolation arising from the nature of many of the mistakes that we are permitted to make. Many of them, are only relative in their character, and not primary. Instance. Through some mistake, I deprive myself of light to write by, for the last two hours of the evening. But the next day, I find this mistake to be a mercy, for as it was, I hardly escaped over-doing, and should, probably, have unfitted myself for next day's labor, if I had had light, which would have been an error certainly. At one time, I had my mind upon finding a friend in the city, where I had arrived on a certain day, intending to make his house my home for the night. But by a singular succession of mistakes, I missed the house, and was compelled to return to my first stopping place. I soon afterwards learned that in the days in which that one day was included, the family of my friend were all coming down with a dreadfully contagious disease, of which fact they were altogether unaware, and, therefore, not at all secluded. If I had got into that family at that time, it would, without doubt, have proved to be a great natural evil to me and mine ; and the instrumentality employed to save me from it, was a succession of my own mistakes. I would not be understood to advocate the necessity of the many mistakes, and great errors that some have fallen into who profess perfect love. In their little mistakes, they are often saying and doing things hurtful to the feelings of others. Most

of such mistakes proceed from a lack of love—a lack of genuine good will. There is not in such persons, a disposition to do as they would be done by. A tender regard for the feelings of others is lacking. And the greater errors, (so estimated) — errors in belief and in plans, which such fall into, are the result of their inordinate self-esteem and self-will : and God permits them to fall into disrepute among their fellow men, by the gross things which they say and do, that they may suffer the natural consequences of their sins, and thus be reformed. I mourn that such ones profess holiness at all. The case of such, is very different from that of God's *little* children, who walk closely with him, and watch the expressions of his countenance with infantile simplicity. These are no longer under that law of necessity which those are under, who think that it takes sin to cure sin ; or in other words, that it takes the shame and discomfort of outward transgression to break down the pride and self-will which struggle within. The pure in heart have passed that period. By going to God, and securing the might of his right hand in their behalf, they have witnessed the destruction of sin from the heart ; and now they are ready to walk in righteousness and true holiness all the days of their lives. And they, and they alone feel the Divine sweetness of the Saviour's words, "*Be of good cheer, I have overcome the world.*"

But let us never forget that death will come. Let us be plying in good earnest the work of preparation. We are in danger of having only a name to live — of lulling ourselves asleep by the mere cadence of orthodoxy — of calling Christ Lord, while we follow him not as such — of being sunk in carnality and spiritual sloth, and that too while we recognize all the truths, and are present at all the ordinances.

ORIGINAL.

EXTRACTS FROM CORRESPONDENCE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE WAY OF HOLINESS.

PROFESSION OF PERFECT LOVE.

"One great means of retaining what God has given, is to labor to bring others into this grace, and to profess it to all mankind."—*Wesley*.

. Among other testimonies not to be forgotten, given in at the Tuesday meeting, was that of Brother A., our excellent Missionary now laboring at the Five Points. All that know Brother A. speak of him as a good man full of faith and the Holy Ghost. He has been very successful at every point where he has labored since he entered the ministry. His success is doubtless attributable to the spirit of inward holiness that possesses his heart. It was not long after his powerful conversion that he felt an earnest longing for the witness of inward purity. One night he retired to a barn, resolved to wrestle with the Angel of the covenant, until the blessing was given. I think it was about the break of day before he was able to leave. He had prevailed, and such were the overpowering effects of grace that it was long before he felt that he could leave the place. On his return he met a friend who was skeptical in relation to the subject of perfect love. Brother A. did not dare to hide the righteousness of God within his heart, but boldly declared what God had done for his soul. His friend looked skeptical, but Brother A. said, "If you do not believe me, you may eye me closely, and you will see the fruit." But Brother A. overcame his skeptical friend, even by the ancient way. It was not only by the blood of the Lamb, but by the word of their testimony that the ancient worthies overcame. And now the unbelief of Bro. A.'s skeptical friend was overcome, — he wondered, wept, and believed, and soon became an experimental witness of the same grace.

Not long after this, Bro. A., with his heart filled to overflowing with the burning, purifying love of Jesus, was thrown in with a company of wicked colliers. Out of the abundance of

his heart he began to talk to them of his own realizations of the power of Christ to save to the uttermost. On hearing of that holiness without which no man shall see the Lord, they began to feel the startling force of the truth, "If the righteous scarcely be saved, where shall the ungodly and the sinner appear." And here again, in a signal manner, the Lord set the seal of his approval to the testimony. Twelve of those rough, hardened colliers, were overcome by *this word* of testimony. They sought mercy, and never rested till they found redemption through Christ.

A Baptist brother from Rhode Island, who, I believe, is a minister, rose after Bro. A. had given in his testimony, and said that he had been enabled a few months since to receive Christ as his Saviour from all sin. But for several weeks his evidence of that grace had been dimmed. The cause of this had not been clear to his mind till on hearing the testimony of Bro. A. he saw what had occasioned the obscurity. He had yielded to the opinion of mistaken friends who were opposed to the belief of salvation from sin in the present life. He had ceased to labor with his former definiteness in helping others toward the attainment of present and entire sanctification, and he had refrained from speaking explicitly of his own enjoyment of this state. The result was, his evidence had become beclouded, and he was involved in perplexities. By the luminous testimony of Bro. A. he now saw his error. On resolving that he would no longer hide the light enkindled by the Holy Spirit in his heart, but would boldly declare what great things the Lord had done for him, his light again burst forth from obscurity, and the Spirit again bore testimony with his spirit that the blood of Jesus was applied, to the cleansing of his soul from all sin.

At the last social meeting on the theme of holiness I attended, a Congregational Minister was present, who, ten or twelve years since received the blessing of holiness. He received it the day our acquaintance commenced, and a clearer or more blessed witness of this grace I have seldom if ever known. The effect of the grace in its manifestations of wisely-directed and ever-consuming zeal, does not greatly differ whether its re-

cipient be a Baptist, Presbyterian, Episcopalian or Methodist. It is Christ enthroned in the soul of the believer. And where Christ reigns unrivalled, burning love, consuming zeal, and the spirit of self-sacrifice, will so predominate as to evidence, that the disciple is in his measure even as his Master. And so it was with this Congregational Minister, till he could rejoicingly say,

“ And I enjoy the glorious shame,
The scandal of the cross.”

His brethren in the ministry witnessed his zeal and his success. One minister went so far as to say, to this and another who had with him espoused the same views, when summoned before a synod of ministers to answer for their belief in this proscribed doctrine, “ Brethren we love your spirit but we cannot bear your terms.” But these holy men knew that holiness, sanctification, and perfect love, were terms which had been given by the Holy Spirit’s dictation, and were divinely expressive of a state in which all believers were required to live, and they resolved not to be ashamed of Christ or *His* words, but to abide the consequences of a steady adherence to truth and the form of sound words. The consequence was, that their names were cast out as evil, and they ceased to be members of that order. Though cast out by the synod, their congregations detained them, and they were installed over Independent Congregational Churches. One after living a life of eminent devotedness in which it is believed, hundreds were brought to Christ through his instrumentality, went home to glory rejoicing in victory through the blood of the Lamb. The other still remains, and as I have observed was at the meeting last Tuesday. After all that he had suffered, the enemy by a well circumstanced temptation came well nigh robbing him of his crown. “ Holiness is but one out of the many doctrines of the Bible, and why give it so much prominence when it brings so much obloquy from even well meaning men ?” So said the tempter. Satan had so transformed himself, that the tempted ere he was scarcely aware had almost imperceptibly yielded, and for months had ceased to labor specifically on

the subject, or to give prominence to it in his thoughts or in his experience. Suddenly he was arrested on a Sabbath noon, to see how Satan had beguiled him. He now saw how he had been shorn of his strength. He wept and groaned. For hours, it seemed as though he might never regain the forfeited grace. After spending a tearful, sleepless night, he called at our house on Monday, and while we were pleading, and he confessing his sin, he obtained again an application of that blood which cleanseth from all sin.

Poetry.

ORIGINAL.

THE TRUSTING PENITENT.

BY M. L.

Oppressed with grief, I bow my head,
And suppliant at thy feet I lie;
Was not thy blood, dear Saviour, shed
For mourning sinners, such as I?

Thou knowest, Lord, my fearful guilt,
Thou hear'st my agonizing cry,
And thou can'st cleanse me, if thou wilt,
And grace, and love, and peace supply.

O blessed hour! what joy divine
Breathes in thy gracious words, "I will."
Thy promises of love are mine,
If I thy kind commands fulfil.

Jesus, I will — I *do* believe;
In faith I touch thy garment's hem;
My trusting soul thou wilt receive,
And wear it in thy diadem.

Now, precious Saviour, I am thine,—
Bathed in thine own deep, cleansing fount;—
Celestial light doth round me shine,
Sweet raying from dear Calvary's mount.

Though nothing I to thee can bring,
Except my poverty and shame,
Exulting to thy cross I cling,
And triumph in thy glorious name.

ORIGINAL

THE PEACE OF GOD.

BY W. S. D.

How *peaceful* is the Christian's heart,
When, faithful to his Master's word,
He lives his fellow man to love!
How *glorious* is the victor's part,
Who, through the Spirit's conquering sword,
Obtains a crown of Life above!

How *sweet* the joy, and *pure* the light,
Which fill his once desponding mind,
Who trusts in Jesus' saving grace,
Loving the holy and the right,
Unto life's care and toil resigned,—
The grave will be his *resting-place*.

How *troubled* is the sinner's breast,
Who, bending 'neath his weight of guilt,
Rejects the lowly Saviour still!
His soul, by powerful foes opprest,
Would fain return unto her rest,
But for that *blind forbidding will*!

When *shall* he find his sad mistake,
 His long-continued wand'rings cease,
 And yield his froward heart to God?
 When *will* he from his stupor wake,
 Learn from thy *Word*—list to thy *voice*—
 And cleanse him in thy precious *blood*?

Come, wand'rer, to thy Father's home,
 Whose voice still pleads — (*may't move thy heart*
'Till tears of penitence shall flow ;)—
 With thee no more from Him to roam,
 Nor from thine heritage to part,
 Nothing but *want* and *death* to know!

DANSVILLE, N. Y., Nov., 1853.

Christian Experience.

ORIGINAL.

A LETTER TO A FRIEND.

The following letter, written by a clergyman in Connecticut, to a friend, whose initials will be readily recognized by our readers, will be read with deep interest:

MY DEAR SISTER P—:

I often recur to our singularly providential meeting upon the Camp-ground, at North Port, L. I., and as often, your own, and the image of your beloved husband is before me. The circumstances of that memorable meeting are most vividly impressed upon my recollection, and will, I trust, be remembered to the praise of the glory of God's grace forever. Perhaps, no one period of my somewhat eventful life, is more distinctly marked—as constituting an era in my history, than the one above referred to. Those occurrences seem to have been *burned* in upon my memory, as by the spirit of God.

When God met his ancient servant Jacob at Padan-Aram, it became the occasion of a *vow*, and a *monument*. And thus it was to me, when God met me at that Camp-meeting. I “vowed a vow unto the Lord” — that he should be my God — and that I would consecrate my feeble efforts to promote his glory, and the interests of his kingdom among men. That vow, has thus far been kept by his grace as I humbly trust, in good faith. “Hitherto, the Lord hath helped me.” And I have not knowingly, or wilfully departed from him. He still keeps me in “perfect peace.” O, how tranquil is my spirit — how strangely I am holden. “My heart is fixed” — my purpose does not waver. “As for me, and *my house*, we will serve the Lord.” I have sometimes been strangely tempted, and occasionally *confused*, but never “*confounded*.”

And here “let me raise my Ebenezer” — here let me add another stone to the pile, which I propose to erect, as a monument of this special visitation.

You, my dear Sister, with another, whom I shall never forget, was with me there. Good angels came down upon that “*ladder*” to help my poor struggling soul to rise. *You* are identified with this transaction. And it is meet, and right, that you should help me build my monument to perpetuate its memory. “*God was in that place*,” — Hallelujah, to his a orable name. “What shall I render unto the Lord, for all his benefits?” “The Lord met me in the way” — and although I saw no shape, or likeness, *I heard a voice*. It spoke to my soul, and its own immortal echo, still lingers in its spirit chambers. O, wonderful voice! O, wonderful visitant!

My heart melts within me while I write, and the tears are pressed from their hiding places, as I pen these lines.

“O wondrous grace! O boundless love!” I have seen the *switch-man*, stand and move a lever that changed the destination of a train of cars. And I have thought, how simple that operation, and yet how important in its consequences. *Some one* turned the switch with me; and if they did not change my destination, they at least put me on a *much better track*. The motive power is greatly increased — the rails are solid — and the speed and safety are in proportion.

A new thought, is a new world. Some one gave me a new thought, and I have lived in a new world ever since.

I have seen the world, and eternity, from a *new stand-point* of observation. And I find my circle of vision greatly extended, and a boundless prospect before me. Neither the world, or eternity looks as it did before.

I have been introduced into *new* relations, vastly more interesting and delightful. And I am sitting as a little child, while Infinite Wisdom condescends to be my teacher.

My sympathies take a wider range. My aspirations take a firmer hold of God, and heaven, and eternity. My impulses move me upon the elastic springs of love divine; and my soul makes melody in sweet response to the sweep of the great Master's hand.

Here, then, I make my record:

Two years ago, last August, I met Dr. P. on the Camp-ground, at North Port, L. I., I felt a strange impulse to shake hands with him. I did shake hands with him, and with Sister P., and I became the "prisoner of the Lord." A *great duty* stared me in the face, and stopped me, as the angel of the Lord stopped Balaam in the way. I could not urge my beast any farther. I yielded: I said, "*Lord, I will,*" and he had compassion upon me, and blessed me — Hallelujah! And now, Sister P., I have told you what I had in my heart, as a debt of gratitude to God, "whose you are, and whom you serve." And I am sure you will unite in praising his name with me, and will not cease to pray, that I may be "faithful unto death, and receive a crown of life."

I remain, yours in Christ.

A. H.

Heaven is no heaven at all but to the holy. The unholy could not enjoy it. It derives all its blessedness from the gratification of spiritual affections; and how can we be preparing for it if our affections remain earthly, sensual, grovelling?

-ORIGINAL.

PERSONAL EXPERIENCE.

BY REV E. DAVIES.

DEAR BROTHER : — I have long believed that the doctrine of holiness faithfully preached in the pulpit, and clearly manifested in the life, was the glory of Methodism ; and I am fully persuaded, that if this blessed truth, — to diffuse which, Methodism was undoubtedly raised up, — should ever be obliterated from our beloved Zion, Ichabod may be written upon our walls, for the glory will have departed.

I have been often encouraged to press on to greater heights and depths of this divine fulness, whilst reading, from time to time, the very interesting articles of Christian experience, found in the Guide, and I believe with you, that “ a narrative of our personal experience is perhaps one of the most attractive forms in which light on spiritual subjects can be disseminated ; ” therefore, in compliance with your request, I would, with all humility, “ publish to the world the steps by which I was led into the Canaan of perfect love.”

After enduring the untold wretchedness of a backslider's life for five wearisome years, I was graciously restored to the favor of God, on the third of October, 1847. Finding such blessedness in the enjoyment of religion, — a blessedness which seemed increased by contrast with my past deserved misery, — I sought every means to obtain larger measures of divine love, — frequently attending two or three class-meetings a week, besides the usual prayer-meetings. The witness that I received of my being a child of God, was followed shortly after, by a conviction, deep and clear, that I was called to preach the gospel. To this heavenly calling, “ I was not disobedient ; ” but, desiring to be eminently fitted for usefulness in this new sphere of duty, I was led, with all simplicity, to ask an old class leader, what he deemed the best qualification for a preacher. He promptly, and, as I now think, very appropriately answered, “ A sanctified heart.” Trembling at the awful responsibility of the ministerial office, and anxious to secure every possible help to sustain me

in it, I began at once to seek this great and invaluable blessing. Through the kindness of a friend, I read the life of the Rev. John Henley, formerly a preacher of the Methodist Church in England, — a man of deep piety and extensive usefulness. Whilst reading the Christian experience, the great success, and the glorious and triumphant death of that indefatigable and devoted man, my whole soul was fired with a heavenly zeal, to resemble him, in character, labors, and final reward. But I was conscious that, in order to do this, I must not only possess it, but, on every suitable occasion, profess the grace of perfect love. I therefore began to press towards this “mark for the prize of my high calling” with all possible diligence. I sought it by “mortifying the deeds of the body,” giving myself to fasting and prayer, breaking off my “besetting sins,” reading every book that came in my way upon the subject, &c., till one evening in the month of February, 1848, I became convinced, that it was my privilege, by simple faith, to have the blessing without further delay; and, for this purpose, I tarried after the family had retired to rest, to pray for the fulfilment of my heart’s desire. I had not been long engaged in this blessed exercise, before I was enabled to believe, that, for Christ’s sake, the blessing was mine. Satan presented his suggestions, and endeavored to make me doubt, but I refused to reason with him. I knew the blessing was mine, the moment I believed the promise of God; and whilst waiting, with confident expectation, for the corroborating witness, I felt a sacred peace, which “passeth understanding,” come over my soul, accompanied by the assurance, that my prayer was answered. It was:

“The sacred awe that dares not move,
And all the silent heaven of love.”

Whilst thinking, for a moment, whether I should be able to keep the blessing or not, these words were sweetly impressed on my mind:

“In all our temptations he gives us to prove,
His utmost salvation, his fulness of love.”

These lines have often been precious to me since. While the endless ages of eternity roll on, I shall not forget the sacred

peace and heavenly joy that I felt through the succeeding day. All nature seemed to have been clothed with fresh beauty. The change was far greater than that experienced at conversion. A question, which now created something of a struggle in my mind, was, "Shall I profess it? What will the members of the church think, if I tell them, that I enjoy perfect love, especially as it has been but about four months since I received pardon?" But I resolved not to yield to this temptation of hell, assured, if I did, that I should forfeit the blessing. Therefore, the very next evening, on my way to band-meeting, I told a familiar friend, who enjoyed the blessing, "what great things the Lord had done for my soul." He encouraged me to continue to speak of it, and rejoiced as one that had found great spoil. With shame, I must confess that, although I continued to enjoy it for some time, through discouragements of different kinds, I at times lost its enjoyment. One great hindrance to me was, that my class-leader gave me no encouragement at all, when I confessed it in the class; and lukewarm professors were not pleased with my renewed zeal to promote the glory of God. Then again, the great adversary was far from being pleased with my ambition to destroy his kingdom. But God, who orders all things well, was pleased, in his providence, to remove me to a more fruitful soil, where I found an open field for usefulness, and every possible encouragement to give myself wholly to His service. Then I again renewed my covenant with Him, and He testified his approval, by employing me, though unworthy, as an instrument of plucking souls out of the fire, and spreading the holy flame of divine love. In that field I labored, — with what success the morning of the resurrection will reveal, — till, by the recommendation and counsel of Dr. Dixon, and the deep convictions of my own mind, I was led to bid adieu to my dear relatives, and the many precious souls who had become dearer to me than my kindred, and seek a home in this flourishing and interesting country, where I find many "fields white unto the harvest." I pray God, that, by his grace, I may be able to gather a great harvest of precious souls. But I am more than ever convinced, that, to do this effectually, I must still prove, by my own

experience, the truth of that blessed Scripture, "the blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth from all sin." I was greatly blessed, the Tuesday after I arrived in New York, by attending the meeting at Dr. Palmer's. I thought it about the best season of the kind I ever enjoyed. How very much that meeting will suffer, when the light of Dr. B.'s experience shall cease to shine there. May the great Head of the church raise up many such holy and devoted men, and may this glorious cause of holiness continue to prosper yet more and more.

Editorial Miscellany.

THE NEW YEAR.

Very sincerely do we wish our numerous readers "A HAPPY NEW YEAR." And it is a satisfaction to know that the question of our happiness or misery is, to some extent, left to our own choice. 'Tis very true that a large class of events affecting our physical, domestic and social life, is subject to laws wholly beyond our control; but it is equally true that the grace of God has made provisions by which its subjects are put in a position of independence of the circumstances of life for their joy.

Holiness is not more the prerequisite of happiness in another life, than it is the condition of it in this.

Unholy tempers are, every one of them, positively tormenting.

The sentiment of pride, or anger, or envy, or hatred, or variance, or wrath, or strife, or covetousness, or indeed any other unholy affection, does of itself, whenever felt in the bosom, produce an unpleasant agitation of the heart.

There seems, at first thought, to be an exception to this view, in favor of such sinful affections, as grow out of the instincts imbedded in the physical nature of man; but upon a little reflection, it will be seen that even there the momentary gleam of pleasure, is but the scented bait upon the barbed hook of pain; the deceitful mirage of the desert beckoning on the unwary traveller with the vision of oasis, and lake, and streamlet, only to be mocked by the retreating prospect, and whelmed in the drifting desert sands.

This tormenting character of sinful principle is witnessed in the action of these affections taken singly. The view is, however, greatly heightened, if we consider their *joint* influence upon the heart in which they reign. There is generally little concurrence — often the sternest antagonism between the various sinful desires of the heart.

Men find their pride of character, and their more grovelling appetites continually at war. Cowardice and ambition oppose each other; and so do covetousness and several forms of personal vanity. Meantime, there is no concurrence between the several functions of the soul itself: the affections oppose the judgment — the passions rebel against the conscience — the will disobeys reason.

Men talk and think of happiness, as if it were a thing of dollars and cents, of houses and equipage, and the like. Alas for the blunder — the real bliss of life lies not at all in these. The condition of happiness is within you. "The *kingdom of heaven* is within you," is the sententious announcement of God's word.

A man might as well hope to rest in his bed above the throes of an earthquake, as to expect happiness from mere outward circumstances, while within, his very nature is the jarred battle field of warring passions.

But happily, the full reverse of this view is true of a holy heart. The graces of the spirit are all beatitudes as well as moral adornments. Love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, meekness, faith, goodness — What but bliss is in all these. Let us cultivate them, then, dear friends; and in proportion as these things be in us and abound, they shall make us not only fruitful of good works throughout the year, but they shall secure us during its progress the abiding conditions of bliss.

G.

OUR PRESENT NUMBER.—We would call the attention of our friends to the improved appearance of the present number. We commence the year with new type, and continue to print on a quality of paper not inferior we believe, to any similar periodical in the land. Besides neatness in mechanical execution, we purpose to spare no pains in securing contributions from the ablest and most useful pens, thus rendering the Guide every way worthy of the most extended patronage. We are happy to announce to our readers that Rev. B. W. Gorham, of the Wyoming Conference, is associated with us in the editorial department.

The January number will be sent as a specimen of our work, to many Clergymen and Editors. Our brethren of the press, if friends to our cause, will do us a kindness, to give us a passing notice, and forward a copy of the paper containing the same.

LITERARY NOTICES.

RALPH RATTLER, or *the Mischief-Maker*, the fourth volume of the series entitled, "My Uncle Toby's Library," by Francis Forrester, has come to hand. Like its predecessors, it is written in a style that cannot fail to interest the Juveniles, while it develops the unhappiness which one Mischief-maker can produce both on himself and others. George C. Rand, No. 3 Cornhill, Boston.

We are indebted to the Rev. H. O. Sheldon, of Roscoe, Ohio, for a copy of the NORTH OHIO ANNUAL CONFERENCE MINUTES. It forms a pamphlet of some 79 pages, and contains, not only full reports of Conference action, but, what enhances its value greatly to us, a good alphabetical index. We are much obliged to our brother, and hope to receive similar favors from brethren in other Conferences, as we find such documents very useful to us.

LIGHT ON THE DARK RIVER, or Memorials of Mrs. Henrietta A. L. Hamlin, Missionary in Turkey. By Margarette Woods Lawrence.

This is the title of a Memoir of the deceased wife of Rev. Mr. Hamlin, who has been for many years a faithful and highly useful Missionary at Constantinople. It is written by Mrs. Lawrence, wife of Rev. Mr. Lawrence, of Marblehead; — already favorably known to the public by her writings. We cordially recommend it to the Christian public, as a Memoir of great interest and merit; — interesting in its main subject, in its various touching incidents, and in its general literary execution. Published by Ticknor, Reed & Co. Boston.

THE UNITY WITH GOD, and *Magazine of Sacred Literature*, is the title of a new monthly, issued by the "United Brethren in Christ," and published at Dayton, Ohio. Its mechanical appearance, highly spiritual tone and general literary character, is highly creditable to the denomination under whose patronage it is published. B. Edwards, Editor.

POSITIVE THEOLOGY; *being a series of dissertations on the fundamental doctrines of the Bible; the object of which, is to communicate truth affirmatively, in a style direct and practical.* By the Rev. Asbury Lowrey, A. M., Cincinnati. Printed at the Methodist Book Concern, for the Author. Boston: J. P. Magee, No. 5 Cornhill.

This book should have been noticed in a previous issue, but by some means was overlooked. Of its general style, and our appreciation of the work, some idea may be formed by our readers, from the Dissertation on "the nature, attainability and bliss of holiness," which we copied and published as our "leaders," in the October and November numbers of the Guide. It is a book of theology for the people. Passing over the controversies with which more elaborate works are cumbered, our author selects and exhibits in a clear, logical, and yet popular style, the leading truths of Revelation. We know of no work of its size, containing so complete a summary of religious truth. Every candidate for the ministry should read it, — not in the place of, but as an introduction to, a more thorough course of theological reading.

ORIGINAL

IT IS DESIRABLE TO BE DELIVERED FROM ALL SIN.

BY JESSE T. PECK, D. D.

LOOK AT THE EFFECTS OF SIN.

Sin has interrupted the moral harmony of the universe. It has arrayed the creature against his Creator. It turned rebellious angels out of heaven, and man out of paradise. It kindled the flames of hell, and produced all the malignity and woe of that fearful place, where "the smoke of their torment ascendeth up forever and ever." It brought the death-penalty upon our race, and the curse of God upon our earth. It has arrayed man against his fellow-man, and drenched the earth in blood. It has offended the eye with sights of pollution, and the ear with sounds of cursing and blasphemy. Who can defend it? Who can look out upon its devastations, and plead for it? But let us examine its work more minutely.

First of all it defiles what God intended should be holy. The moral nature — the conscience — the heart — created originally in God's own image — pure as the sun-light — white as the driven snow, has been corrupted by sin — has become "deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked." Its moral vision is hence darkened. Its discriminations are inaccurate. Amid the wild confusion of principles right and wrong — the endless diversity of things which ought and ought not to be done, the soul is confused, and gropes its way in darkness, where it ought to have moved with unerring accuracy. How melancholy to see the exalted good rejected as though it were bane to the soul, the degrading evil seized as the richest luxury. The moral judgment misled, when the feeble desire to do right is struggling for the ascendancy. And then how corrupt and powerless the moral impulsions towards the right when clearly seen. What stronger evidence of the deep moral depravation of the soul, than that the wrong attracts, and the right repels it. How justly may the sinner say,

"I see the right and I approve it too,
I see the wrong and yet the wrong pursue."

And how little pain does the soul endure in reflecting upon its guilty decisions. Were it pure as when God created it, sin would inflict severest suffering. As the nerve shrinks from the knife, as the eye from dust or gravel, the uncorrupted conscience would writhe at the touch of crime. Now in what myriads of instances does it delight and revel in sin. At first, perhaps, and afterwards occasionally, when the spirit of God arouses the conscience, it shrinks from contemplated wrong, and endures more or less pain upon the remembrance of offences against the laws of God. But how soon are these kindly admonitions hushed, amid the clamors of appetite, and destroyed by the power of vicious habit. And the susceptibility of pleasure upon the performance of the right, shares the same fate, until, in point of fact, the fallen spirit is more seriously discommoded by the right, than the wrong—the pure than the impure. These are the effects of sin upon the soul; and there are others.

The passions have shared deeply in the general depravation. The affections are perverted—are torn from God, the race, and holiness, and placed upon the world, and self, sin. The pure and elevated benevolence which God designed to reign over the soul, has been driven from the throne, and malevolence has usurped the sway. Anger rises up where only aversion to the wrong, and pity for the offender are due. Envy stares at the successful and the happy, when congratulations and delight ought to tremble upon the lip, and beam from the eye. Jealousy sends out its venom in the stead of genial sympathy, and unwavering confidence. Pride flatters and demands, where humility and meekness ought to dwell in deep composure and yielding simplicity. Lust burns and devours, where purity should reign. Indeed, the whole desirous and emotional man is perverted by sin. Who can vindicate the cause of such sad revulsions, such fearful wrongs, such frightful disasters?

But the sensibilities have not suffered alone. The whole intellect is involved. Its power to know, and think, and reason, is paralyzed; and eternity alone will reveal the struggles it has passed, to arouse itself from its lethargy—to open its eyes upon the light—to grapple with the mysteries of nature and of God—to solve the dark problems of science, and of life—to separate the

true from the false—to correct its errors, and prevent their fatal results. Mind was intended for work, but not against such fearful odds—to study, but not in the dark—to expand and develop itself—but not in a state of infirmity and disease—to rise and soar amid the splendors of the firmament, and the glories of heaven, but not against the ponderous load of sin it bears. Alas, what universal wreck in the architecture of God! What magnificent ruins, reveal the perfection of the design, and the destruction of the temple! And yet we are asked to show mercy to the spoiler, and preserve for him somewhere, and for a time at least, a sanctuary in the inner nature!

One obstinate final stand, made by this one dread enemy, must not be overlooked. He has seized the moral active power of man. Has seduced it to stubborn resistance against the higher sense of duty—against the most affectionate appeals of truth and of interest. He has taught the soul to say no, when the Bible entreats, and conscience urges, and God commands. The perverted will, which originates action, which gives character and direction to the soul's doings, yields now, when it ought to be firm; stops, when it ought to advance; rushes on when it ought to pause, and fills the soul with obduracy, when it ought to be tender and submissive. These sad results of sin, join with those we have named before, to condemn and denounce it.

But not only is inward depravity thus the source of wrong being, and wrong actions. It produces guilt and misery, which no language can describe—God condemns it and those who willingly retain it. However “dead in trespasses and in sins,” the soul is destined some time to awake—awake to the dread consciousness of inward wrongs, to the fearful fact of war with God. The “sting of death” is in it, and there it must inflict its terrible wounds, and infuse its malignant poison. It is “treasuring up wrath against the day of wrath, and revelation of the righteous judgment of God.” It is like the troubled sea when it cannot rest, whose waters cast up mire and dirt. “There is no peace to the wicked saith my God.” Inward conscious guilt—the dread forebodings of coming retribution—the horrors of endless death, already begun, prey upon the soul, paralyze its energies,

and destroy its usefulness. *The effects of sin!* Alas! who can describe them?

Look into the suffering hearts of guilty millions, and see the storms that are raging there—look out upon the scenes of woe that darken the face of day—look into the lanes, and courts, and alleys,—the cellars, and garrets of crowded cities—listen to the wail of distress, as it comes up from the couch of suffering, and of death—to the sobs and groans and shrieks of agony, from the hearts, riven by untold calamities—or dark with corruptions, unseen but by the eye of God. Hear the angry curses, and the terrible blasphemies which roll from the lips, designed to utter Jehovah's praise—see justice trampled to the earth—mercy bleeding with wounds, inflicted by those, over whom she weeps in sympathy, and love—see decency outraged—the poor neglected—the weak crushed by the arm of power—humanity outraged, and the Sovereign God despised—look upon “the whole creation, groaning and travelling in pain together until now,” and then say if you have a plea to offer for sin—if for any thing it has ever done, you can offer for it vindication or excuse—if there be any form or degree of it, that you wish to hide in your hearts.

Nay, go on to the judgment, and see its doings by the light of a burning world, and the flames of hell. Look at the pale and horror-stricken throng upon the left of the Judge—imagine, if you can, the agony of that suspense which awaits the final doom—the depth of that woe which fills the guilty, as they see the multitudes of the redeemed rise up, and on wings of fire, move into the world of light, when the terrible conviction sinks into their hearts, that they can never enter there—think of the bolt of flaming wrath, that must strike them, as they hear the sentence, “depart ye cursed into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels”—of the consuming anguish of a world of sinners, amid “the fire that shall never be quenched,” and the gnawings of “the worm that never dies,”—see the “weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth” when the “smoke of their torment ascendeth up for ever and ever!” And, as upon the waves of dark damnation, their spirits rise, and cry “how long, oh Lord, how long,” hear the sentence of justice, echo and re-echo

from the walls of fire "eternity," "eternity!" and then behold them plunge again, to rage and welter, amid that sea which "burneth with fire and brimstone;" where devils work, and hiss, and curse, and rage, for ever and for ever! O, tell me, will you cherish that which has produced these scenes of woe?

Say not, sin has no power if it be subdued, and pardoned. Too many have found to their sorrow, that "the least remains of sin," after regeneration, had power to germinate and produce the fruits of death. With what fearful strength will it rise, and extend, and struggle to overthrow you. How promptly will it claim affinity with the temptations of the devil, and the allurements of the world! How many through the influence of remaining depravity, have been betrayed into angry passions, into vanity, pride, and unbridled lust! How many have gradually yielded to the suggestions of an evil heart, and found at length, that their strength was gone, their confidence gone, their Saviour grieved, and their souls brought into bitter condemnation! It is not safe to rest in this state for an hour. When we see "how great a matter a little fire kindleth," — that "a little leaven leaveneth the whole lump," — how many thousands have been slain by harbored inward foes, which have seemed to be harmless — what a mass of backsliders there are now in the Church, for the very reason, that they have been satisfied without going on to perfection, we are ready to say, surely, it is desirable to be cleansed from *all* sin, — from the last and least remains of sin. Desirable? O what desires should rise up and struggle within us — what longings for deliverance — what restless breathings after full redemption! When by steady, sincere reflection, we see the effects of sin — even of sin remaining after conversion; when by quickened memory, we recall the wrongs and the perils of the past — when we look out with deep and earnest gaze, into the crimes, and woes of the world, and forward into the scenes of death and the judgment, and see the ruin which has followed in its train, we shall realize, and yet inadequately, how desirable it is, to be delivered from all sin.

Carelessness is an evil of imperceptible growth.

ORIGINAL.

YOUNG CONVERTS MAY BE WHOLLY SANCTIFIED.

FRAGMENTS FROM MY PORTFOLIO.

Young converts ought to be urged onward to the speedy attainment of the grace of entire holiness. Unless their bent to backsliding is taken away, and the soul wholly renewed, roots of bitterness will spring up and trouble them. I fear it is because young converts are not more earnestly admonished to go on to perfection, that so many lose their first love—backslide in heart, and by their half-heartedness, and worldly minded professions, become clogs to the chariot wheels of the Church. I wonder that Mr. Wesley's sentiments on this subject are not oftener brought out before the people. He seems to delight in bringing up instances of entire sanctification, which occurred but a short time after the conversion of the recipients. Among many others he speaks of S. H., who resided at Macclesfield. He observes of her, "I have seldom known so devoted a soul. She was sanctified within nine days after she was convinced of sin. She was then twelve years old, and I believe, was never afterwards heard to speak an improper word, or known to do an improper thing. Her look struck awe into all that saw her. She is now in Abraham's bosom." Wesley's works vol. 7. p. 14. "Four of those children who seemed to be saved from sin, were of one family; and all of them walked holy and unblameable. And many instances have I found in every part of the county." Vol. 7. p. 377. "Many children were indisputably justified; some of them were likewise sanctified, and were patterns of all holiness." Vol. 4. p. 614. He gives also the experience of Grace Paddy, as he received it from her lips, it reads thus: "In a short time all my troubles were gone, and I did believe all my sins were blotted out, but in the evening, I was thoroughly convinced of the want of a deeper work of grace. I felt the remains of sin in my heart, which I longed to have taken away. I longed to be saved from all sin, and cleansed from all unrighteousness, and at the time Mr. Rankin was preaching, this desire increased exceedingly. Afterwards he met the society. During his last prayer, I was quite overwhelmed with the power of God.

I felt an inexpressible change in the depths of my heart, and from that hour I have felt no anger, no pride, no wrong temper of any kind ; nothing contrary to the pure love of God which I feel continually. I desire nothing but Christ, and I have Christ always reigning in my heart. I want nothing ; he is my sufficient portion in time and in eternity." Vol. 4. pp. 128-9. Mr. Wesley adds : "Such an instance I never knew before ; of such an instance I never read ; a person convinced of sin converted to God, and renewed in love within *twelve hours* ! Yet it is by no means incredible, seeing with God one day is as a thousand years."

In another portion of his journal, Mr. W. says, "I spoke to these, forty in number, one by one. Some of them said they received the blessing ten days, some seven, some four, some three days after they had found peace with God, and two of them the next day." What marvel, Mr. Wesley again exclaims "since one day is with God as a thousand years !" Vol. 4. p. 135. He also speaks of one who was reclaimed from a backslidden state, and cleansed from sin on the following day. Vol. 4. p. 170.

In passages too numerous to mention, Mr. Wesley continues to enforce by precept, and illustrate by example, the duty and privilege of young converts to be holy. "It plainly follows," he says, "that the quantity of time is nothing with Him. Centuries, years, months, days, hours, and moments, are exactly the same. Consequently He can as well sanctify in a day after we are justified, as a hundred years. There is no difference at all, unless we suppose Him to be such as ourselves. Accordingly we see in fact that some of the most unquestionable witnesses of sanctifying grace, were sanctified within a few days after they were converted." Vol. 7. p. 14.

How encouraging to young converts are these examples, as given by the eminently pious and judicious founder of Methodism, corroborative as they are of Scriptural testimony, and the observation, and experience of Bible Christians of later days. And where is the young convert who reads these lines, who would not at once sacrifice all for the attainment of this grace ? And if it be the privilege of the young convert to be holy, where is the

teacher, or the leader in Israel, to whose watch-care the flock of Christ has been entrusted, who would stop short of this grace? "A way shall be there, and it shall be *called* the way of Holiness, and the redeemed of the Lord shall *walk* there." P.

SELECTED.

DO YOU GROW IN GRACE.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN MRS. R. AND HER PASTOR.

PASTOR. Good morning, Mrs. R., if you are at leisure, we will have some further conversation on the interesting topic which we left unfinished the other day.

MRS. R. I am very glad to see you Sir; for the more I reflect on the subject, the more I am interested and perplexed. You said I must trust in Christ not only for final salvation, but to aid me in every duty, make a way of escape for me in every temptation, and hold me back at all times from the indulgence of wrong feelings. No doubt he is able to do all this, yet it seems too much for us to expect.

PASTOR. The inspired apostle says, "If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." Now you have been accustomed to look to him for pardon, but not for cleansing.

MRS. R. I have.

PASTOR. You have been trying to cleanse yourself—forgetting that sanctification comes through faith, as well as justification. When you were converted, you surrendered yourself to God, and accepted of his mode of salvation; now you must renew that surrender, and accept of his mode of sanctification.

MRS. R. What is his mode of sanctification?

PASTOR. By the indwelling Spirit. Speaking of his people under the new dispensation, he says, "I will dwell in them and walk in them;" "I will write my law in their hearts;" "I will circumcise their hearts; and cause them to love me with all their heart and with all their soul, that they may live." "On my sons and my daughters will I pour out of my Spirit in those days."

MRS. R. I am surrounded with temptations, and there is within me that which responds to them ; thus it will be, I expect, as long as I am in the body.

PASTOR. I suppose these outward temptations would have no power over you, if that within which responds to them were to be taken away.

MRS. R. No, It would be like offering dainties to one who had lost all appetite for them.

PASTOR. And what is "that within," which you say responds to temptation?

MRS. R. I suppose it is that tendency, which we all have by nature, to please ourselves without regard to God. This is so strong originally, and become so much strengthened by long indulgence, that I don't see how any one can hope to be ever wholly rid of it.

PASTOR. Then you do not dread the temptations so much as the tendency to evil within?

MRS. R. O no ; that is the great trouble. If I could only be like the Saviour, who said, "The Prince of this world cometh, and hath nothing in me!" But this I never expect in the present life.

PASTOR. The Gospel, it seems to me, authorizes us to expect great things even in the present life. What can be stronger than the language used 1 Thess. v : 23, 24.

MRS. R. How is it possible to live in a world like this, and be always blameless?

PASTOR. You are like Nicodemus ; you love the Saviour well enough to go and talk with him, but when he offers you grace to discharge every duty, and meet every trial—offers to dwell in you, and keep you from all evil—in every temptation to make a way of escape—to cleanse as well as to pardon,—to give you perfect and permanent peace—you only reply, "How can these things be?"

MRS. R. But I never saw any one that was so fully saved.

PASTOR. Neither had Nicodemus ever seen any one that was born again ; yet the Saviour only answered, "marvel not!"

MRS. R. I would not limit the power of God ; He who can convert a sinner, is surely able to "preserve him blameless ;" but *will* he do it? *Does* he ever do it?

PASTOR. The apostle answers your first question, ‘ faithful is he that calleth you, who also will do it ;’ (that is, if you permit him.) As to your second question whether he actually does preserve any one blameless ;—It is not easy looking into people’s hearts, but there are some, who appear to have the love of God so fully shed abroad in their souls, that it moves them in all they do or say, and as far as we can see, they are preserved blameless.

MRS. R. Yes, I have known some Christians of this stamp, yet though they appear so well, no doubt they are conscious of much within that is wrong.

PASTOR. You know that God himself has spoken of some individuals as being “ full of faith and of the Holy Ghost.” Now it seems as if there could not be room for “ much that was wrong” in hearts *full* of faith and of the Holy Ghost.

Those Christians of my acquaintance who have a similar experience are very humble—they feel that in and of themselves they are nothing,—but if you question them as to what God has done for their souls, they will give a testimony to Divine grace, which is truly wonderful. It is evidently the same experience that was common in the primitive church.

MRS. R. Do these Christians always act, and speak, and feel exactly right.

PASTOR. Probably not. A Christian may love God with all his heart, as it seems to him, and trust in him fully at all times, and have it for his one great purpose to please the Lord in every thing, without any reserve, that is perceptible to himself ; yet his views of truth and duty may be comparatively limited ; this would lead to mistakes, and relative wrong doing. Then again, he may be deficient in judgment, and thus do or say things which another would not approve ; and according to the laws of mind he cannot expect to be delivered at once from the effects of former bad habits ; yet all the while he is honestly acting up to the light he has ; the one steadfast purpose of his soul is to please God in every thing, and he is constantly relying on the indwelling Spirit to enable him to do so ; therefore God, who looketh on the heart — observes the intentions — accepts him, and will constantly impart more light, provided he is faithful in using that already given. This is the true way to grow in grace.

RS. R. How did these Christians get where they are, and how do they stay there?

PASTOR. In the first place, it pleased the Holy Spirit to excite in them a great hungering and thirsting after righteousness; they sought it as earnestly as they ever sought pardon when they were under conviction; they were led to give themselves anew to God; they ventured to believe that he accepted them, and *would hold them to it*. In this simple trust they live.

You see, in this simple life of consecration and faith, a remedy for all your troubles. The Lord Jesus Christ offers to take you in his arms and carry you over the rough places. He will be to you wisdom, righteousness and sanctification. You are complete in him. Yielding, believing, receiving is your easy part. Yield yourself up continually to his control; believe without wavering that the promises are to you; and continually receive the offered influences of the Spirit. Then all will be well.
Friend of Virtue. S. J.

ORIGINAL.

SELECT THOUGHTS TRANSLATED FROM LETTERS OF MADAM GUYON.

BY P. L. U.

Continued. No. 2.

Prayer of the heart; sanctification by faith; benefit of temptations.

1. The letter you have taken the pains to write me, my dear A., making me acquainted with your state, has given me great pleasure. I see therein the mercy of God towards you, in giving you the desire to be wholly his. You will not be able to accomplish this desire by any austerities you may practise. There is a shorter way and more efficacious, and more acceptable to God, viz., by giving up yourself to Him, as a dear child, and living in his presence, by a continual inward recollection of him; or, in other words, by the *prayer of the heart*. Not that prayer, or inward recollection which is forced; — to which the mind compels itself, but that to which it is drawn by the sweet movement of the heart; that which love operates, and gives life to, as is said by St. Augustine, "Love is my strength." It is the heart of love that realizes the presence and strength of God, and not the mind compelled by force to think of Him.

2. In resigning yourself to God, you rely upon his goodness and mercy to conduct you in the way that pleases him, and is best for you; and believing that He will never desert you, however dark your way may be. I rejoice that God conducts you by the way of naked faith. It is the most sure, and I dare to say, the only way, inasmuch as faith takes away all honor from the creature, and gives back all to God. Faith also is the twin sister of Love. This faith, which operates by love, simplifies the mind, destroying its vain and multiplied reasonings; whereas the mind, without faith is bewildered in natural reasonings and left in its own darkness.

3. If you were never to suffer on account of temptations, you would believe yourself to be something, and thus nourish a secret self-esteem. God permits temptations in order that you may hate yourself, and be separated from everything which may injure you; in order to bring you to cast yourself, *just as you are*, into his arms, that He, himself may purify you. Therefore to practise great austerities, and neglect this abandonment of yourself to God in faith, is contrary to the designs of God, who wills himself to sanctify you, that he may have all the glory.

4. Humility, true, deep; a willingness to take the lowest place is the only remedy for temptations, for neither the devil, nor the flesh can operate upon nothing. Be not afraid of your nothingness. God will be glorified by the destruction of the vile man of sin, in order that you may become a new creature in Christ Jesus.

I advise you to live in the vocation, to which God has called you. To quit the world is not to quit oneself, because one carries himself with him, wherever he goes, and this self is his greatest enemy. You will find self in solitude and in the desert, as well as in the crowd. But God will give you the victory over yourself, and over all your enemies. He is able to command the winds and waves, and He will make the storm a calm in due time, when you are so convinced of your misery as to live wholly upon Him, and let self die out. Have courage, therefore. Love God with all your heart. Endeavor to keep his divine presence ever with you in the depths of your heart, by a

continual recollection of Him ; by a habit of entering within to converse with Him ; not in a constrained and formal way, but all simple and natural, remembering that the Kingdom of God is within the *heart of love*. I pray God to become all things to you. Believe me, in Him, your true friend.

ORIGINAL.

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

The following is from the pen of one of our valued contributors, who has recently returned from a long journey of many thousand miles, and in many different countries. It exhibits the power of Divine grace in preserving the soul amid the varied and exciting scenes of foreign travel, and the ease with which a mind habituated to such exercises can turn every event to spiritual profit.—EDS.

It is a common remark, I believe, that travel in foreign countries is favorable to improvement of manners. It aids also, by means of the multiplied objects of nature and arts, which it brings to notice, in the development of the intellect and of taste. But in addition to this, it has, or *ought* to have, a favorable effect upon the religious nature. It is with a feeling of sincere and devout gratitude, that I am enabled to say, that I found it favorable in this last respect.

My religious experience had been somewhat peculiar. By a remarkable series of events, which seemed to me to bear the mark of a providential designation, I had been led to examine the subject of the inward Christian life with no small care ; and had been brought to the conclusion, that it is the privilege of the Christian to make great advancement ; and indeed, with God's help, to bear on his own renovated soul the image of that sublime faith and love, which characterized the heart and life of his great Master while here on earth. Under the favorable influence of such a belief, I was encouraged to ask of God, and although I cannot go into particulars at this time, I will say, that I found such returns of grace and strength, as seemed to me to harmonize with this opinion. More than twelve years of subsequent experience, tested in multiplied forms of duty and trial, has served to strengthen the opinion then formed. And in reference to the situations in which I have recently been placed, I will add here, that, if a man wishes to travel into

distant countries with profit and pleasure, it will be much in his favor and conduce much to his benefit, as it seems to me, if he has reason to think, that his mind is guided and enlightened by that wisdom which is from above. In other words, and still more emphatically, it ought to be the feeling of his heart, that he wishes to see more of foreign countries, because his mind, continually searching after the infinite, wishes to see more and know more of God.

I left my native country in September, 1852. My leaving at that particular time was somewhat unexpected to myself, and under circumstances which precluded the ordinary preparation. I was unused to travel, my health was quite feeble. I knew not that I had friends, or should be likely to find friends in foreign countries, and took no letters of introduction except one to a person in London, which, however, failed of reaching its place of destination. In my physical weakness, which was one principal cause of my going abroad, and which naturally produced an unfavorable effect upon the mind's action, I could hardly be said to be able to take care of myself.

But still, such was the combination of circumstances, I had no doubt that the Word of Providence was uttered, which required me to depart. This conviction was a great consolation to me, because I had learned in my previous experience, that those higher results of the Christian life to which I have referred, could be reached only by harmonizing with providential arrangements. Harmony with providence is of course harmony with the God of providence, and as the providential adjustments which touched my case, were such that I could not well do otherwise than I did, I did not doubt that I went because God required me to go. But where he was to send me, — what I was to see, — whether my health was to be restored, — or whether I should be sick and perhaps die in a foreign land, — I did not know, nor had I any anxiety to know. I stood upon the deck of the steamer *Arctic*, which was the name of the vessel that took me away; feeling that I held the only hand which could rightfully and truly guide me, and satisfied that I was led into this novel situation by a wisdom higher than my own. And this was sufficient for me.

The ocean was a new scene to me, I had never been upon it before,—at least out of sight of land. Day after day brought nothing but the same expanse of wave added to wave. Space seemed to enlarge itself. Magnitude had new dimensions, and man, at least in his relation to material expansion, became a very little thing. The winds and the waves beat upon us; and at one time, on the coast of England, we encountered a very violent storm. Perhaps it was owing to my ignorance, but it seemed to me, at this time, as if our situation was a perilous one, with a rocky coast near at hand, a raging sea, and in the darkness of the night; but I found the lessons of faith, which God had been teaching me for a number of years, available at this trying juncture and sustaining the soul without murmurs or fears.

I had scarcely entered the river Mersey and set foot upon the shores of England, when I formed an acquaintance with a gentleman of wealth and piety, never seen by me before, who offered me the hospitality of his house, and in various ways exhibited a strong and generous desire to render my stay in England profitable and pleasant. My personal obligations for the marked kindness of this excellent man* can never be forgotten; and it was the more pleasing, because I saw that his wealth, his position and influence in society and in the church of which he is a member, and his assiduous personal labors, were all devoted to the cause of truth, religion, and humanity. I thus found that Providence, in not furnishing at my departure the ordinary letters of introduction, had not left me without friends; and that full faith in the present and protecting care of God is a letter of introduction and credit, which the great Being on whom it is drawn would not allow to be discredited.

Nor was this the only instance of providential interest and care. Other friends were raised up, other arrangements were made, almost without any care or effort on my own part, which gave a new distinctness and impressiveness to the great practical truth, that God will take care of those who believingly put their trust in him.

In regard to my journeyings, I have already said, that I had no anxiety, and I may here add, that I had but one specific

* Mr. George Pennell, of Liverpool.

desire; and that was, that it might be put in my power, if it were pleasing to God, to travel in those lands and to see those places, which have been rendered memorable by the residence and labors, the teachings and sufferings of his people. God was pleased to raise up friends, (and I should be glad to name them here if I supposed it would be agreeable to them,) by means of whose kindness this desire was fulfilled. The persons, to whom I now allude, were Americans, who were, at that time, visiting in England: persons of piety, but some of them never seen nor personally known by me before. They cheerfully consented to admit me to the privilege of their society, took the most friendly interest in my comparatively helpless situation, relieved me from many duties and cares which would have been beyond my strength, and contributed in many ways to my happiness, as we travelled together in France, Savoy, Sardinia, Tuscany, Rome, Naples, Malta Egypt, the peninsula of Sinai, and Palestine. It is hardly necessary to say, that I could see nothing but the hand of God in this favorable and unexpected arrangement, especially as the persons to whom I have referred, — one a distinguished clergyman in the city of New York, the others, a much respected and wealthy manufacturer in the same State, and his excellent and accomplished wife, constituted a little family, in which mutual confidence and respect mingled with Christian affection.

In the state of mind in which I was, I could not travel without seeing God in the works of which he is the author. With the exception of sin, the origin and relations of which are not easily understood, it is, I suppose, a just and commonly received idea, that God has a real and positive relation to every thing which exists, or which takes place, both natural and moral. He is, therefore, not far from every one of us at all times. And there is a pure and believing state of mind, of which the soul, as it advances in Christian experience, will not fail to be the subject; in which all existences, and all events and providences also, will become of the nature of divine revelations. He, therefore, who has an opportunity of seeing most of nature, (I speak now particularly of physical or material nature,) may expect to see most of God, if he has within him that opened and purified eye, by which the great fact of the divine presence and agency is

perceptible. In other words, the world is *God's book*—the embodied and finite representation, so far as it can be made, of that which is Infinite; and he, who has an opportunity of turning over its pages and seeing most of it, has an opportunity, other things being equal, of seeing and knowing most of God himself. In passing, therefore, from land to land, from ocean to ocean, along beautiful or mighty rivers, the Seine, the Arno, the Tiber, the Rhone, the Thames, the Nile, the Jordan, and over lofty mountains, the beautiful Tabor, the majestic Carmel, the snow-clad Alps, the wooded Appenines, the burning brow of Vesuvius, and the rugged granite peaks of Sinai, the conception of the Deity, aided by these vast objects of sight, greatly expanded and magnified itself. It seemed to me, as if my heavenly Father, as he thus went with me from place to place, held me by the hand and opened in my presence on each new river's bank or mountain height some new page or picture in that vast and wondrous volume of nature, which is in part the record and monument of his unsearchable glory. The letters which formed the great name of Jehovah, were made up, if I may so express it, of rivers and oceans, of vast plains and mountains; and I read and understood them on that account, the more easily. I cannot tell how my heart rejoiced—how it exulted—in these new revelations.

I must say further, in giving an account of the religious suggestions to which an acquaintance with different and distant countries gives rise, that I was led to think much of God, and to appreciate more fully the excellence of his character, considered in the light of his providential dispensations.

There is a providence of individuals. There is also a providence of nations. And it is to the last I particularly refer in the remark just made. It is not easy to tread among the ruins of buried or prostrate nations, without learning a moral lesson. And the more we know of the mighty power of right and wrong,—whether by the rewards or the sorrows which they bring,—the more we know of God, and the greater confidence we have in Him. I cannot be expected to go into particulars; but will make one or two allusions. If no nation of ancient times arose to greater power and influence than ancient Rome,

extending her sway as she did over a great part of the world, it is also true I think, that she reached that overshadowing position by a course, characterized not unfrequently by deception, and almost always by pride and cruelty. In completing the measure of her glory,—or rather what the world calls glory,—she completed also the measure of her sin. And in travelling over Italy, I saw every where, in broken walls and scattered columns, the fragments of a prostrate nation, which had fallen at the touch of Providence, because it had been founded, not on justice and mercy, but on ambition and violence. Not only invading armies had trampled on her gates, but making our way through the ashes and lava of Pompeii and Herculaneum, it was not easy to forget that burning mountains and tossing seas had also risen up in testimony against her.

At an earlier period Egypt had its grandeur. The Pharaohs were as proud as the Cæsars; and the massive monuments of the Nile cannot justly be regarded as inferior in extent and grandeur to the magnificent ruins, which are scattered on the banks of the Tiber. But the greatness of Egypt; a greatness which is sufficiently indicated and proved by the extent of its remaining desolations, could not sustain itself against that providential law, which pronounces death upon everything that is not sustained by principles which meet the divine approbation.

Among the tottering walls and the sea-beaten columns of the proud Phœnecian cities of Tyre and Sidon, and in the wasted plains, and crumbling mountains, and the desolate cities of Palestine, I saw other evidences, perhaps not less striking than those to which I have referred, that God, in the light of his providential history, is impressively revealed in his great attributes of power and justice. So true it is, that morality, having its foundation in the unalterable constitution and relations of things, has its practical development and its commentary in historical events; and that desolation itself, when viewed in the light of a just philosophy, will “vindicate the ways of God to man.” I looked down from the mountains of Judea on the Dead Sea, and remembered the fate of Sodom and Gomorrah, which sleep in silence beneath its dark waters. As I stood on the Mount of

Olives and beheld Jerusalem, I called to mind the sad prediction of the Saviour, which the sword of Titus and the gathering of the "Roman eagles" had accomplished.

My religious convictions were strengthened also in another way: — and so much so as to draw still more closely the bonds of communion and love. Providence so ordered my journey that I was led to travel over lands which have a connection with Biblical history; and every thing which came under my notice tended to confirm that great record of God's intercourse with men. I travelled that Appian way — I passed the site of that Appii Forum and the Three Taverns, of which I had read, or to which I had found references in the book of Acts. At Puccioli, where the apostle Paul first landed in Italy, at the Island of Malta, where he was shipwrecked, and at Rome, where he was a prisoner, and where he was put to death for Jesus' name, I felt I was treading upon soil, honored by eminent religious associations. On the Nile, at the Red Sea, in our long march through the wilderness of Sinai, at Hebron, at Bethlehem, at Samaria, at Esdraelon, at the Sea of Galilee, and in many other places, we found striking confirmations of the narratives and statements of the Bible.

I had never doubted the Bible. On the contrary I believed and loved it. Perhaps few persons have ever had a deeper and more abiding conviction of its truth; — a conviction resulting not only from the external evidence which may be brought to bear upon it, but especially from the evidence which it carries in itself. And yet in some way which perhaps it would not be easy for me to explain, the Bible seemed to me, when I had actually been amid the scenes of its wonderful narratives, to have more distinctness, more fulness of truth, more transcendent power. I shall not easily forget, how, on Judah's hills and at the base of the mountains of Gilboa, the songs of David echoed through my spirit, as if they were flung for the first time from the master's lyre.

I know not how it may have been with other travellers, but I am obliged to add further, that the works of art which I saw from time to time in different countries, not unfrequently inspired emotions, which harmonized with and strengthened the highest

religious sentiments. It is something to see the judgment scenes of Michael Angelo, and to stand in the presence of the historical events of the Bible, as they are brought to light in the miraculous cartoons of Raphael.

ORIGINAL.

CHRISTIAN PERFECTION.

A SERMON.

BY REV. D. W. GORHAM.

“Therefore leaving the principles of the doctrine of Christ, let us go on unto perfection.”—HEB. 6.—1.

Every building must have its foundation—every language its alphabet—every science its axioms,—so Christianity has its elementary truths, upon which its sublimest declarations and its richest experiences are based.

But a foundation is not a building. The alphabet is not the language. The axioms are not the whole science. In like manner a primary experience of gospel truth is valuable, mainly, as putting us into the Christian way and giving us the elements of the Christian character.

The text speaks of “leaving the principles of the doctrine of Christ.” By “the doctrine of Christ” is doubtless meant the doctrine of human salvation through Christ, as taught in the New Testament.

By “the principles of the doctrine of Christ,” I understand those truths of the gospel which relate to the earliest experience of a Christian.

By ‘leaving’ these principles it is intended not that we should leave them as a man leaves his place when he changes his residence, or as a man leaves his sins when he turns to the Lord; but we are to leave these principles as a builder leaves his foundation when he proceeds to rear his superstructure, or as a child leaves his letters when he goes into his abs.

The text further enjoins—“Let us go on unto perfection.”

Christian Perfection—What is it? What, then, is Christian Perfection, or what, specifically, is that state of grace to which

the Scriptures refer, in the use of the words perfect, perfection, purified, cleanse, &c.; and of the phrases, "perfect in love"—"sanctify you wholly"—"perfecting holiness"—"pure in heart"—"free from sin"—"dead unto sin"—"a clean heart," and the like?

There is reason to believe that one of the principal reasons why any true Christians have ever disagreed in regard to the doctrine of Christian Perfection is, that they have not understood each other in the language employed to express their respective sentiments. What, then, have the Methodists understood the Bible to teach, as the specific privilege of believers in the use of the terms before mentioned?

1. We have not held that man may become absolutely perfect. Absolute perfection belongs to God alone, and in this sense, "there is none good but one, that is, God."

2. Nor have we taught, that in this world, man may become as the angels of God in heaven. These creatures, though finite and dependent, are unfallen and pure by nature, and must be supposed to be endowed with powers and susceptibilities, both physical and spiritual, perfectly adapted to their spheres of action; and exhibiting perfect symmetry of development, as the result of uniform obedience from the moment of their creation.

3. Nor have we taught that man may be brought back, in this life, to precisely the position occupied by Adam before he fell. Adam's holiness must be supposed to have belonged to him in such a manner as to have been inherited by his offspring had he not lost it. His mental powers were such that he named the various animals and the woman at sight.

These considerations, and several others, have led the standard writers of the church to make a point of saying, when they insist on Christian Perfection, that they do not mean Adamic perfection.

Still, it should be remarked, that there is a point of perfect coincidence between angelic, Adamic, and Christian perfection. That point is, that every being in order to be perfect in its sphere must love God with all the heart—must be in a state of entire dedication to God of all its powers and possessions.

4. We do not teach a perfection in knowledge, or a freedom

from error or mistake, whether of opinion or practice, when we talk of Christian perfection.

5. We do not teach a perfection which excludes subsequent growth in grace.

6. We do not teach a state of grace from which temptation is excluded when we talk of Christian perfection.

7. Nor a state from which it is impossible to fall.

8. Nor a state of continual extacy.

9. Nor, finally ; have we understood the attainment of Christian perfection to bring with it the extinction of the instincts embedded in the physical nature of man. Paul, who every where professes this grace of perfection, says of himself, "So fight I, not as one that beateth the air ; but I keep under my body, and bring it into subjection ; lest that by any means, when I have preached to others, I myself should be a castaway."

What, then, is Christian Perfection ?

1. "It is the maturity of the graces of the spirit which believers may attain under the Christian dispensation."—*Fletcher*.

2. "It is the loving God with all the heart and our neighbor as ourselves."—*Wesley*.

3. It is being "*dead indeed unto sin*."—*Paul*.

4. More definitely, it is so much grace as to *exclude the opposites* of grace from the heart.

Thus the Saviour says, "Blessed are the *pure in heart*."

David says, "Create in me a *clean heart*."

Paul says, "Let us *cleanse* ourselves from *all filthiness* of the flesh and spirit, perfecting holiness in the fear of God."

The great Old Testament promise is, "I will sprinkle clean water upon you, and from all your filthiness and from all your idols will I cleanse you."

These passages represent a large class of Scriptures on the subject of entire sanctification, and it is manifest that the idea—the fundamental idea in them all is, that holiness consists in the extirpation of sin in principle from the heart through the abounding grace of God.

The passage cited from the epistle to the Corinthians may be set down as a technical definition of what it is to be perfect in holiness. Hear it again, "Let us cleanse ourselves from all

filthiness of the flesh and spirit, perfecting holiness in the fear of God," — indicating, in so many words, that to be cleansed from sin, is to be perfect in holiness. This seems every where to be the Bible idea of a perfect man in Christ Jesus. Let this truth be set clearly before our people at all times ; namely, that to be a perfect Christian is, to have grace enough in the heart to exclude all the opposites of grace from the heart. The question is not so much what *is* in the heart as what *is not* in the heart. Love enough to expel hatred from the soul with all tormenting fear is perfect love. Meekness enough to save the soul from all the inward motions of irritability and petulance is perfect meekness. Humility enough to banish pride is perfect humility ; and so of every other grace of the spirit.

This Scriptural view of entire sanctification gives the solution of a difficulty with which many persons have met in regard to Christian perfection. They have said, "If a Christian becomes perfect, what possibility is there of subsequent growth in grace?" The answer is obvious. Grace achieves the expulsion of all sinful appetites and affections from the soul : and this is Christian perfection. But from that point onward, the Holy Spirit continues to enrich, adorn, and furnish the soul more and more with his graces.

This progression in holiness is not only possible after the attainment of Christian perfection, but is likely to be far more rapid and constant than it was before. It is indeed true, that when grace has entirely purified the heart, it is not possible for it to carry forward the process further of separating sin from the soul. Still it is entirely manifest that the soul may constantly acquire increasing abhorrence of sin, and increasing knowledge, love and establishment in holiness.

Perhaps the idea of what it is to be a perfect Christian may be further illustrated by reference to the Scriptural figure presenting sin under the figure of disease, and purity under that of health. If the question were asked, "What is health?" the answer must be, "Health is the absence of disease." So, to the question, "What is holiness?" the answer is, "Holiness is the absence of sin in principle from the heart, through the abounding grace of God imparted to the soul." Of two persons, one in health and

the other diseased, it is not always true that the healthy one is the stronger or the larger, or the taller, or the more beautiful, or symmetrical in person. So of two Christians, only one of whom has yet attained entire purification, it does not always happen that the perfect Christian exhibits the greatest strength or the most perfect symmetry of character, or the clearest or largest views of truth.

This view, however, should not be dismissed without adding, that as the healthy man is constantly gaining on his fellow, so the holy man is daily progressing at a more rapid rate than the unsanctified believer, and so will very soon come to exhibit in a superior measure the attributes of the Christian character.

[To be Concluded in our next.]

ORIGINAL.

BENEVOLENCE—PROMOTIVE OF HAPPINESS.

BY W. O. C.

There appears to be nothing more apparent than that men were constituted for *action*, physical, mental, and moral. And it seems to be equally evident that all mankind act in view of happiness, which proves that the desire is innate and universal. Benevolence, from *benevolentia*, is defined to be the love of mankind, accompanied with a desire to promote their happiness. If this be the correct idea of benevolence, then it follows that the happiness, holiness and usefulness of intelligent creatures is promoted through the action of benevolence. Is not this true of superior created intelligences. Of angels and archangels, seraphim and cherubim? "Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation?" And is there not "joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth?" And while it may to a greater or less extent be true of those who are made superior to ourselves through gloryfying grace, for they are equal unto the angels, it is *emphatically* true of the children of men in this world. And hence the reflection that an act of benevolence, so improved by the receiver as to elevate him, either physically, mentally or morally, or perhaps in all these respects, is not only a very pleasing one, but effectually promotes the happiness and

holiness of the giver. Indeed there is not an act of created intelligences which so much imitates the Supreme Being as that of benevolence. The love of God toward the human race is indeed *incomprehensible*! The Earth may be measured,—the Sea fathomed,—and with a good degree of accuracy the distance calculated from one planet to another; but who by searching and investigation, can comprehend the love that moved God to the gift of his “only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him, should not perish, but have eternal life?” “It was the spontaneous tide of his own goodness setting in on our world, and rolling its billows of mercy on our desolate earth.” With angels and all the “blood washed” in heaven,—and all the truly regenerate on the earth would we joyfully exclaim, “Thanks be unto God for his unspeakable gift.”

Poetry.

SELECTED.

PERFECT LOVE.

The following lines were found among some promiscuous papers, after the decease of the authoress. She is now, doubtless, among the glorified saints, enjoying the blissful inheritance of those, who on earth possessed the Saviour's “Perfect love.” When they were written, the authoress was about twenty years of age. S.

“Oh love! thou sweet — thou heavenly word;
Exemplified in Christ our Lord,
I feel thee reigning in my breast,
I know—I prove thy blissful rest.
'Tis peace—'tis joy—'tis heaven below—
The depths of love divine to know:
And all the bliss of saints above
Consists in Jesus' *perfect love*.

Affection's smiles, 'tis true are sweet;
And friends on earth we love to greet;
But sweeter, lovelier, better far,
To meet our bright—our Morning Star.
We meet him when alone we pray—
We meet him all along the way—
In crowded hall—in silent grove—
If we enjoy his *perfect love*.

E'en in temptation's fiercest hour,
 We sit in love's delightful bower ;
 And Jesus says—Oh, blessed thought—
 "I've prayed for thee that faith fail not."
 Ambrosial fruits from life's fair tree
 We eat, and Oh how blest are we ;
 While all those mighty joys we prove,
 That spring from Jesus' *perfect love*.

SELECTED.

UNDISTURBED REST.

BY H. D. S.

"Thou shalt hide them in the secret of thy presence from the pride of man
 thou shalt keep them secretly as in a pavilion from the strife of tongues."

"When winds are raging o'er the upper ocean,
 And billows wild contend with angry roar,
 'Tis said, far down beneath the wild commotion,
 That peaceful *stillness* reigneth evermore ;
 Far, far, beneath, the noise of tempest dieth,
 And silver waves chime ever peacefully,
 And no rude storm, how fierce so e'er he flieth,
 Disturbs the Sabbath of that deeper sea.
 So to the heart that knows thy love, Oh Purest !

There is a temple, sacred evermore,
 And all the babble of life's angry voices,
 Die in hushed stillness, at its peaceful door.

Far, far, away, the roar of passion dieth,
 And loving thoughts rise calm and peacefully,
 And no rude storm, how fierce so e'er he flieth,
 Disturbs the Soul that dwells Oh Lord, in thee.
 Oh rest of rests ! Oh peace, serene, eternal,

Thou ever livest ; and thou changest never ;
 And in the *secret of thy presence*, dwelleth,
 Fulness of joy—forever and forever.

WHEN the Lord reigns supreme in the heart, how easily, how
 naturally holy aspirations arise, at all times, in all places, and in
 all circumstances.

Christian Experience.

ORIGINAL.

A SABBATH DAY'S EXPERIENCE.

BY L.

This has been a day of blessed rest to my soul. It has been very refreshing to sit beneath the droppings of the sanctuary, and once more listen to the sweet sound of the gospel from the lips of my beloved pastor and teacher. This evening the Lord blessed my soul beyond my highest expectations. He condescended to surround me, both at home, and while in his temple, with his blissful presence. I felt like closing my eyes and ears to all earthly sights, and sounds, and attend only to the whispers of his love and grace. While engaged in closet devotion, under a deep sense of my utter helplessness and nothingness, I suddenly felt an invisible power diffusing itself through my entire being: every avenue of my soul and every fibre of my body, seemed to feel and acknowledge the presence of the great I AM. A passage of Scripture which I had not previously thought upon, was presented to my mind as with the voice of God; it seemed as though I heard Christ himself say, "I am married unto you." And, Oh! What unspeakable thoughts filled my soul, while I felt that I was united to Christ, by an engagement for life, for better and for worse, by a union, which eternity itself cannot dissolve. "The mountains shall depart, and the hills be removed; but his loving kindness shall not depart, nor the covenant of his peace be broken," "nor life, nor death, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, shall ever separate me from his love." Though entirely alone, I seemed to be encompassed about with a great cloud of witnesses, and I thought I saw, and the sight seemed real to me, all the hosts of heaven, silently looking down upon the solemn transaction, and I called upon them with the most subdued feelings, by the most sacred and solemn invocations, to witness my union with their King and my Redeemer, while with a calm and deliberate understanding, with supreme

affection and attachment, with implicit confidence in his character and promises, and in humble dependence upon his continued assistance, I promised obedience, fidelity and constancy, and in this interesting and silent hour, in the most cheerful and sacred manner, I have given myself away to Jesus, and taken Him for my husband, Saviour, brother, friend, my portion and my all.

'Tis done, the great transaction's done,
I am my Lord's and he is mine,
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

*Now rest my long divided heart
Fix'd on this blissful centre, rest,
Nor ever from thy Lord depart,
With Him of every good possessed.*

High Heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear,
Till, in life's latest hour, I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

I feel my heart with strong affection cleaving closer, and closer to my beloved Saviour, my helpless soul hangs entirely and lovingly upon Him, as its only refuge, and I feel assured that he will not leave me alone, while I thus affectionately rely upon Him. He is the lover of my soul, and I will hide me in this Rock, until the storms and calamities of life be overpast. O I find in Him a secret and constant spring of happiness. He is indeed that "well of water springing up" in my heart, the antepast of Eternal Life. O! I felt so weak and helpless, both in the inner and outward person, when I arose from my knees, that I could scarcely stand or walk to my chair in the adjoining room, yet my body appeared as light, as if I had partaken of some ethereal essence; but Jesus seemed to say to me, "Lean all your weight upon your Beloved, as you come up out of the wilderness." *O, what a Saviour! all-sufficient to save now, to keep, to redeem.*

"Forever thy dear charming name,
Shall dwell upon my tongue,
And Jesus and salvation be,
The theme of every song."

It seems too much for a poor simple worm like me, to say,
 "For me to live is Christ, to die will be gain." Yes, Jesus, I
 may say it,—

"For when on thy bosom reclined,
 Thy face I am strengthened to see,
 My fulness of rapture I find
 My heaven of heaven's in thee."
 Eye hath not seen, nor ear hath heard,
 What Christ has for his saints prepared,
 Who conquer through their Saviour's might,
 Who sink into perfection's height,
 And trample death beneath their feet,
 And gladly die their Lord to meet.

Jesus has an unquestioned right to dispose of me,—I am his,
 by loving sacred ties, and voluntary engagements, which I shall
 be happy and grateful to acknowledge, and I trust daily to re-
 new. I leave all the circumstances of my future life to him—
 I place my interests entirely in his hands, let him give, or deny me,
 what he pleases, whatever comes from his hand shall be thank-
 fully received,—I must be safe in his arms—in his care, to which
 I now humbly resign myself.

"Whither, O whither should I fly,
 But to my loving Saviour's breast;
 Secure within Thine arms to lie.
 And safe beneath thy wings to rest."

Glory be to his precious name forever.

The Psalmist saith the wicked have no bands in death—neith-
 er have they in their life; they indulge their appetites, vent
 their passions, and form their habits according to their own sin-
 ful wills and purposes: they will not brook restraint in any
 wise, if they can at all compass their ends. But all these doings
 are remembered in the great book of accounts; there the long-
 forgotten record will speak in burning words of terror in the
 great day, if the heinous guilt is not washed away by the blood
 of Jesus. O, who would thus live in the unrestrained liberty
 of a depraved heart? Rather accept the yoke discipline, made
 easy by the yoke of Christ.

Editorial Miscellany.

THE SAVIOUR'S REPROOF.

"WHEREFORE DIDST THOU DOUBT?"

It is affecting to note the tender solicitude with which the Redeemer habitually sought to prop and nourish the wavering, feeble faith of the disciples in their Heavenly Father's love. "Oh thou of little faith—wherefore didst thou doubt?" "Blessed are they that have not seen and yet have believed." "Have faith in God." "Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? and one of them shall not fall to the ground without your Father. But the very hairs of your head are all numbered. Fear not, therefore, ye are of more value than many sparrows." Thus often ran the gracious current of his words. True, he never encouraged presumption—the vice of which persons of hesitating faith, are apt to be so much afraid. His warnings are frequent in their recurrence, and even terrifying in character, against hypocrisy, against those who hear and do not, against all deception, all cloaking of sin, all unrighteousness of men.

Still, whatever may have been the character at any former moment, the man who to-day honestly repents, finds ever, a benignant Saviour, patient with his weakness and irresolution, compassionate of his darkness and misery, and ready at once to hasten and cure, with the anointing of his own blood, the self-inflicted wounds of the now grieved and guilty spirit. All the measures of God's grace toward man are found in *his own nature*—He is merciful in act, because "*He delighteth in mercy,*" and not at all because the recipient is supposed to be worthy.

According to his mercy he saved us by the washing of regeneration and renewing of the Holy Ghost.

In whom we have redemption through his blood, * * * *according to the riches of his grace.*

Let it ever strengthen our faith therefore, to know that the processes of our salvation are carried forward by agencies wholly of God. True it is, indeed, that He does not consent to employ his omnipotence upon a heart to effect its salvation except with the concurrence of the volitions of the heart itself. Still it is true that the rapidity or the degree of the process does not depend on the power of human impulse. A man does not ride in the cars except by

his own choice, but if he choose to enter the cars and remain there, he is carried forward by a force not at all his own and the rapidity of his motion onward is thenceforth to depend not on his own agility or strength, but simply on his *remaining in the cars*.

So of the soul and its salvation. We shall never originate salvation for ourselves, as it is not possible that the soul should be the fountain of its own peace or purity. There is no salvation only *in Christ Jesus*. But if the soul remain steadily, moment by moment, *in Christ*, it does by that continuous act, resign itself to the action of forces having their seat in the omnipotence and mercy of Jehovah.

How fast and how far such a soul shall be saved are questions, therefore, which are to be answered only in the light of those Scriptures which declare the ability and will of God in the matter. "This is *the will of God* even your sanctification." "And the very God of peace sanctify you wholly: and I pray God your whole spirit, and soul, and body, be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Faithful is he that calleth you, *who also will do it*." "Wherefore *He is able* to save unto the uttermost all them that come unto God by him."

These Scriptures, poor trembling disciple, declare both the will and the ability of God in reference to the sanctification of thy spirit even its purification from all iniquity.

Let not your faith stand in the wisdom of man, but in *the power of God*. You will not conquer your difficulties by the force of mere resolution to conquer them, but if you continue "looking unto Jesus," abiding in him, and receiving him as your "wisdom, righteousness, sanctification and redemption," expecting nothing from yourself, but everything from him, you shall find that your enemies have Christ and not you to contend with. When the soul thus ceaselessly abandons itself into the hand of God, it realizes at once the rest, the fruition and the victory of faith.

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE THREE VOICES, or Light and Truth, through a thin veil of allegory. BY HODGES REED. This is a small volume, published by the N. E. S. S. Union. The author evidently understands how to write, so as to interest children. Important truths are conveyed through these simple allegories. Boston, Heath & Graves, 79 Cornhill.

We find on our table, THE RUNAWAY or *The Punishment of Pride*, FRETFUL LILLIA, or, *The Girl who was compared to a Sting Nettle*, and MINNIES PIC-NIC, or, *A Day in the Woods*, all belonging to

the series entitled, "My Uncle Tobey's Library." We take great pleasure in again calling attention to the successive issues of this series. The Christian parent in search of books for children between the ages of seven and fourteen, which shall be both safe and attractive, will find the very thing he wants in this Library. Boston: Geo. C. Rand, 3 Cornhill,—and Wm. J. Reynolds, & Co.

SPIRITUAL PROGRESS:—*Or Instructions in the Divine Life of the Soul.* From the French of Fenelon, and Madame Guyon. *Edited by James W. Metcalf.*

Through the politeness of our esteemed friend the author, we have recently received a copy of this work. We have not been able as yet, to give it a thorough reading; but so far as we have perused it, it has afforded us great pleasure, and we trust some profit. There are certain *mystical* forms of expression, which in our judgment, will not contribute to the utility of the book. This however is a mere matter of opinion, in which we may stand alone. There are a class of persons we are persuaded, to whom the perusal of the volume would be a *feast of fat things*. With the permission of Dr. Metcalf, we shall occasionally give extracts to our readers. New York: Published, by M. W. Dodd, Brick Church Chapel, City Hall Square.

THE MISSION OF THE COMFORTER *with Notes, by Julius Charles Hare. M. A.* This work consists of five sermons, founded upon John xvi. 7., very extensive notes from the Fathers and more modern writers, upon points having relation to the subjects discussed in the sermons.

It is the work of a discriminating and vigorous mind. It abounds in profound views of a most important branch of doctrinal and practical theology. No minister or intelligent Christian can fail to be spiritually and mentally enriched by its careful investigation. Boston: Gould & Lincoln.

THE ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE OF ART, *for December and January,* have also come to hand.

We never take up a number of this periodical and examine its illustrations, without wondering how the publisher can afford it at so cheap a rate. Each monthly part contains at least *thirty superb engravings*, several of which are printed separately on superfine Plate paper. \$3.00 per annum. New York: Alexander Montgomery. Boston: F. Parker, 35 Washington Street.

THE POPULAR EDUCATOR, for January, is also before us.

We regard this as one of the most useful of Mr. Montgomery's serial publications. Each department of science is here represented, and well illustrated by appropriate engravings. Price, 12 1-2 cents per number. Boston: F. Parker, 35 Washington Street.

PUBLISHED BY REQUEST.

THE GREAT LAW OF LOVE.

A SERMON.

BY REV. D. B. LAWTON.

"And thou shalt love the Lord thy God, with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength. This is the first commandment." MARK xii. 30.

May we not expect that men will pay attention to this command, in proportion as they conceive of it, as *first* among all the commands issued either on earth or in heaven! Let us notice a few of the many circumstances, which conspire to elevate this commandment, at the head of all others. "This is the first commandment." 1. In antiquity; being doubtless the original law among Angels; besides it was proclaimed to man in the first age of the world and engraven upon his heart. 2. In excellence; because it secures to man the greatest good, and to God the greatest glory. 3. In justice; as above all others it secures to God his due; his just claim; for what is more just than that he who made, redeemed and preserves us, should have our love and entire service? 4. In sufficiency; it is capable of itself alone, of making all who obey it, positively happy. There is no condition in which we could be miserable while loving God. If a soul were sent to hell, when obedient to this law, hell would cease to be such to him. 5. Fruitfulness; being the source of all other excellence whatsoever, whether in the heavens above, or in the earth beneath, every good we can behold or imagine, springs from or relates to the love of God. 6. In extent; embracing all the human family, every individual of whatever grade of intellect, color of skin, or condition in life. And not only so, it embraces every faculty and power of the individual, as we shall see if we proceed in this exposition. 7. In necessity; it is irrevocably decreed that he who will not love God must be miserable forever. Absolutely indispensable, there being no alternative. Either love God and be happy, or hate him and be miserable. Some laws may be violated and the offender escape, his sin being winked at; not so with this. 8. In

dignity ; it is not issued from any human court, but from the King of heaven. Now if any command be issued, or law made by any earthy Potentate, the subject considers it worthy of notice, in proportion to the dignity of its origin. How then ought we to heed this command, coming as it does from the Arbiter of nations, and the Sovereign of the Universe? 9. Lastly, this commandment is first in its duration. It will continue binding to the end of time, and will never cease to be binding in eternity. Most laws become null after a time, — such for instance, as those given to children or parents, to rulers and ruled, to husbands and wives, &c. But, not so with this law, for it will be pleasingly binding on the hosts of heaven during the roll of ceaseless ages, while its iron grasp, and uncanceled claim upon the damned, will constitute their wretchedness forever and ever !

Love is the chief of the affections, though a little child knows the difference between love and hatred, there is a depth and sublimity in this affection when elevated to God. The theme of the original word signifies vehement action. For the soul in loving God is drifted towards him with all its powers, prompted by admiration, approval and delight, in view of God's infinite perfections and moral beauties.

Having seen thus briefly what this law is in itself ; the next question is, how can it be obeyed? The answer is, by coming to Christ for a new heart. "The carnal mind is enmity against God : for it is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be." Rom. viii. 7. The carnal mind may consist with deep attainments in philosophy, and with a strongly impassioned poetic sentiment : the mere approval of the head, the heart not being affected. How can a man love God, when he "receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God, neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned?" 1 Cor. ii. 14. Men naturally are impelled to love themselves and the world : in short, any thing and every thing, before they will love God ; nor can they do otherwise till a radical change be wrought in their nature, called "regeneration, renewing of the Holy Ghost, new birth, new creation," &c. Such language must imply a very deep wrought change, one that requires the same

power that spake the world from naught, and made man holy in the beginning. It would offend the nice and genteel worldling to tell him, he hates God. But certainly he does not love him, unless he brings forth the fruits thereof. To prove this, only place him in contact with pious christians, whose shouts of praises, and hallelujahs are ascending to God, and he manifests great uneasiness, or looks on as coldly, as if encased in forty feet of polar ice. Let me put the question to such! If you cannot endure the rays of twilight, how can you bear the effulgence of the sun shining in his strength? And if the tone of your moral feelings does not chime with the feeblest note of praise to God on earth, how could you bear the songs of redemption, that come up from the myriads around the throne of God, like the voice of many waters? The fact is your heart must be attuned here on earth to the symphonies of the loving song; your sight must, to a good degree, be strengthened here, to look on this glory or you will never sing the song of Moses, nor see within "the palace of angels and God." But Christ is now ready to pardon your sins, "and to cleanse you from all unrighteousness." Since competent aid is offered you in Christ, whereby you can obey this command, by perfectly loving your Maker, he is as consistent in requiring you to do so, as he was in requiring Adam to obey in his primeval state.

The third question which naturally arises in the investigation of this text is, when may it be said that we love God with all our heart, soul, mind and strength, and what are the signs of this love.

1. A man loves God with all his heart, when he loves nothing in comparison with God, when God reigns without a rival in his affections. The heart is taken to mean the moral feelings, passions or emotions. As the sun in the natural heavens, so God in the moral heavens of his thought and feelings, imparts to him divine light and heat, and receives his supreme adoration. He leaves it for the African to divide his adoration between his gree-gree, and his clay image; for the Hindoo to reverence the crocodile, and the slaughtering car; the Egyptian to distribute his regards between the sun, moon, stars, and reptiles of the earth; the men of the world to scatter their affections

between their gold, silver, herds, houses and farms ; for the Unitarian so called, to parcel out his worship of superior and inferior, to God, a creature, and an attribute or emanation ; but he who loves God with all his heart, in a Gospel sense, worships "the Father the Son and the Holy Ghost," as the supreme one God, for "these three are one."

2. The Greek work rendered soul is often rendered life, and will make better sense to be so understood here. If so, then to love God with all the life, is to devote life entirely to him. True and genuine love seeks to promote the interests and honor of the object loved : and that love, if love it be, which is satisfied with mere good wishes and loud professions is base hypocrisy. If our love to God is to be tried by this standard, that is, if our love is in proportion to our effort to advance his glory and honor, how little love for God is there among men ! It was obedience to this command to love God with all the life, or more than life, that drew forth the blood of the martyrs. It is this principle that enabled the Apostles and early Christians to welcome the block, the stake and the faggots. This command devotes life, with all its riches and comforts ; honor and credit, authority and influence, time and talents, to God through Jesus Christ. It holds life with a slight tenure ; as being the gift of God, therefore ready to lay it down whenever the interests of his cause demand it. Let me ask the question, are there many at this time among professing Christians who thus love God ? To aid self-examination let me press this question and suggest to you how it may be answered. I have no sympathy with those who answer it in the negative, who complainingly lament that the Church is fallen, and that genuine love for Christ is generally extinct. That there is much sincere regard for Christ and the success of his kingdom is easily inferred from the Missionary Spirit, the Sabbath School cause, and charity among the churches.

It is easy to misjudge in this matter. We see a man walking erect and straight forward, and perhaps from a preconceived notion or prejudice we consider him a weak man. But bring him into straits or dangers, and he displays gigantic powers we little looked for. So with the Christian. He may have love enough to Christ for the present purpose, namely, "to deal justly, love

mercy, and walk humbly with God." But should he be required to renounce his religion or suffer martyrdom, his strength would be as his day. The principle of love though apparently latent, would develop itself suitably for the occasion. Yes, there are thousands in this country, who if put to the test, would shudder at the thought of living at the expense of Christ: who would say to the persecutor, "bring your stake, your fire, and your faggots." But there is another feature to this subject, though not contradictory. It is very far from true, that all who pretend to love God do so in truth. For there are hosts of professing Christians, of whom if our Lord should inquire as he did of Simon, "Lovest thou me?" the answer would be, "No, not at all." That this is so appears to me evident from two or three considerations. 1. Human nature is now no better than it ever was, and is worthy of no more confidence. It has no more courage to perform moral deeds than when St. Paul said, "By grace are ye saved, and that not of yourselves." 2. In the Apostles' days many "denied the Lord that bought them," and when Jesus was crucified they nearly all forsook him and fled: and Satan got possession of one of only twelve ministers! What if the same proportion of the Christian churches should prove to be apostates or false-hearted? What a vast possession would Satan obtain besides the unbelievers of Christendom and the heathen world? 3. But there is another reason, of more weight than both these, why I conclude so many fall short of true love to God, that is so many do actually turn their backs upon the cause of Christ, who, for the short-lived pleasures and gaudy spoils of this world, for the amusements of the theatre, the circus, or the ball-room, or the honor that comes from men, will renounce all love for the Lord Jesus Christ, all title to Heaven. Go into the houses of the irreligious and you will find a large majority of them backsliders, and even in the pale of the church there are hundreds upon hundreds, who show no love for God, only that their names stand upon the church record! If persecution should arise and the Smithfield fires be kindled again, how many of these who now deny Christ without any cause, being protected by wholesome laws, in worshipping God in a land of plenty, would give over Christ and his religion into the hand of their

enemies, and cry with the multitude, "Crucify him, crucify him." Let every one ask the question, "Lord is it I?" We are not at liberty to devote a certain portion only of our lives to God, and give away the remainder to the world and Satan. God commands us to love him with the whole of our existence from the earliest dawn of moral consciousness.

3. A man may be said to love God with all his mind, when he devotes his mind to study and know God and his worship. The mind is taken to represent the intellectual powers, by which we reason, judge and understand. In all our research and employment, whether as students, teachers, mechanics, merchants or agriculturalists, in the parlor, kitchen, or elsewhere our direct or remote object should be to increase our knowledge of God and his worship. Heretical books may be read by some persons, to the increase of their knowledge and love of God, or to heighten the beauty of the truth as colors appear brighter by the contrast. But inexperienced and immature Christians should keep to the "the sincere milk of the word" until they are able to endure "strong meat." We are not called to love God with the intellects of dwarfs, having no higher grade of intellect at three score years, than in youth; but with all the giant powers we can possibly develop, and cultivate by the best improvement of our time and talents. If we could arise to a par with Gabriel, Christ would be worthy of, and command our entire service. How unworthy then do men act who seek only such knowledge and improvement of their minds, as shall serve their own ease, honor or promotion. Most men value knowledge in just such proportion as it brings them money; whereas God requires us to know all we possibly can, in order that we may the more fully glorify him and enjoy him the better. It is true that knowledge may exist empty and alone; but He who has given men knowledge, requires that it should increase our love to him. The great absorbing topic among men is, wherewithal shall we be clothed, fed and housed; whereas, after being diligent in business, the great and all important object should be to know how to love God the most, that is how we may best answer the purpose of our existence, preservation and redemption: how we may seize the prey from the jaws of death and hell and bring lost sinners home to God.

4. A man loves God with all his strength, when, "whatever he does is all to the glory of God." We are not endowed with any surplus energy or reserved strength with which to love any thing independent of God; though he that loves God will necessarily love his brother also. We are not to love any creature in earth or heaven for its own sake. Here is a nice point,—the distinction between the love of God and the love of the world. When a man looks with delight and esteem upon his house or land, herd or purse, friend or relation, with no reference to or regard for God on account thereof, he is guilty of loving the world: and in such proportion "the love of the Father is not in him." The creature is designed to lead to the Creator. We see then, that the command to love God embraces the sum of man's powers, and the entire extent of his being. Nothing can be more clear. How far short do those Christians come of duty who consider love to God to be mere passion or emotion, however short-lived or fluctuating; and the service of God to be, only to get happy for the time.

5. Many who admit the reasonableness of the command, defer compliance with it, hoping for a more convenient season. Let me address a few candid words to such. Suppose you take it for granted that you will see the three score years, or more, and then find a *convenient season* being sure of heaven. Suppose you devote the strength and vigor of your years to the world and your own pursuits; what then? Why this must be your return to your Maker. "Lord it is true, I received my being from thee, this wonderfully wrought frame, and this immortal soul, capacitated to so large enjoyment and endless improvement; and thou hast upheld me, surrounding me with innumerable comforts, since my earliest infancy, moreover thou didst send thine only Son to die for my salvation, the ministry to call me, the Holy Spirit to reprove me, and the church to foster me.— Now I have had my fill of earthly pleasures, my sight is dim, my senses are all impaired, my hand is palsied, memory is treacherous, judgment is clouded, appetite and relish for this world are gone, so that I cannot get much more money, I am but a wreck of mortality; for it seems the devil cannot make much more speculation out of me in this life: therefore Lord, I pray

thee take this last vestige of my time, these dregs of my life, these fragments of my mangled powers: because for all thy manifold mercies to me this is all I can afford thee !” Merciful God ! can thy compassion reach such wretches as these ? How ungrateful, how unjust, how wicked, to pour out the hearts warm affections, as an oblation to the shrine of mammon, and devote thy towering genius to the god of this world ! But you need not be alarmed for fear you will be brought into such a dilemma, for most of you, my unconverted friends, will never see old age.—The leaves of next autumn may fall on your tomb, the winds of next winter may utter your funeral dirge, and the snows drift upon your grave. Alas, for you, that is not the worst ; your soul if not converted, and without love to God, will be in hell with the wicked of all ages, “ where their worm dieth not and the fire is not quenched.” Bring then thy heart, thy soul and body, with all thy time, talents and influence, offering them to God through Jesus Christ, and beg him in good earnest to pardon you, and cleanse you, and lay you up for heaven.

6. We observe, to obey this command, to be perfect, to be sanctified, to be holy, and to enjoy perfect love, are the same thing. God commands it, and to be consistent he has provided that “ the blood of Jesus Christ his Son shall cleanse us from all sin.” This love, it was said, is first in sufficiency, and so many have proved it. It has soothed many a widow in distress, cheered many a pilgrim on his journey, supported many a martyr at the stake ; and many more when they meet the monster death, shall sing with the poet,—

“ Sink down ye separating hills,
Let sin and death remove ;
'Tis love that drives my chariot wheels,
And death must yield to love.”

When the Lord reigns supreme in the heart, how easily, how naturally holy aspirations arise, at all times, in all places, and in all circumstances.

ORIGINAL.

THE BAPTISM OF THE HOLY GHOST.

FAMILIAR CORRESPONDENCE. NO. I.

BY IDA.

MY DEAR SISTER W.—The blessed doctrine of salvation by *simple faith*, is still very precious to my heart. You know that I have been for several years a decided advocate, for the "*baptism of the Holy Ghost*." You are aware I suppose, that very many deny its being the privilege of the christian church, to receive this blessing at the present time. It is asserted by them, that it never was given but twice, viz. on the day of Pentecost, and at the house of Cornelius. They also say that all who were then baptized with the Spirit, *spake with tongues*. The question has frequently been asked me, when speaking of some one, as having received the Baptism of the Holy Ghost, "Did they speak with tongues?"

The denial of the present attainability of the blessing led me to a more close examination of the subject, and I will record the result for the strengthening of your faith. Jesus, just prior to his ascension, commanded his disciples to "wait at Jerusalem for the promise of the Father, which says he, ye have heard of me." What was the promise to which he referred? "For John only baptised with water, but ye shall be baptised with the *Holy Ghost*, not many days hence." The "promise of the Father," he here denominates the baptism of the Holy Ghost. When had he told them about it previously? See John xiv, 16. "And I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you *forever*." Even the Spirit of truth, whom the world cannot receive, because it seeth him not, neither knoweth him, but ye know him, for he dwelleth with you, and shall be in you." 26th ver. "But the Comforter, which is the *Holy Ghost*, whom the *Father will send in my name*, he shall teach you all things, and bring all things to your remembrance, whatsoever I have said unto you." Chap. iv, 26. "But when the Comforter is come, *whom I will send unto you from the Father*, even the Spirit of truth which proceedeth from the Father, he

shall testify of me." Again 16th chap. 7 verse. "It is expedient for you that I go away ; for if I go not away, the Comforter will not come unto you, but if I depart, *I will send him unto you.*"

The objector must either admit that these promises were made to the first Christian believers *only*, or that the baptism of the Spirit is promised to the church to the end of time. The baptism of the Spirit is co-existent with the promise, for Jesus said it was in fulfilment thereof, that it was to be poured out upon them at Jerusalem. If that promise was given only to the first Christian church, then those living since, have none to plead, by which to receive the Comforter.

Peter, in defending himself from the unjust accusation of being "filled with new wine," alludes to the very same promise. See Acts. ii. 33, Jesus, "being by the right hand of God exalted, and *having received of the Father the promise of the Holy Ghost, he hath shed forth this, which ye now see and hear.*" He then exhorts them to repent, and be baptized every one, "in the name of Jesus Christ, for the remission of sins, and ye shall receive the *gift of the Holy Ghost.* For the promise (of which he had just been speaking) is unto *you*, and to *your children*, and to all that are *afar off*, even as many as the Lord our God shall call." This must then necessarily extend to believing throughout the whole gospel dispensation. Here, however I am met by the objector who says, "I believe the "gift of the Holy Ghost," is promised to all, but not the "*baptism.*" To such I say, the terms, "gift of the Holy Ghost." and "baptism of the Holy Ghost," are synonymous, and for proof of this refer back to the words of Jesus, Acts i: 4, 5. and 10th Chap. 44—47 verse. While Peter was speaking to those assembled at the house of Cornelius, the Holy Ghost fell on all them which heard the word. And they of the circumcision were astonished, because that on the Gentiles also was poured out the *gift of the Holy Ghost!* Peter then inquires, "Can any man forbid water that these should not be baptized, who have *received the Holy Ghost*, as well as we?" Now no one disputes but what the baptism of the Holy Ghost, was here given, yet it is not once denominated thus ; but, "the Holy Ghost fell on them," "was poured out,"

"the gift of the Holy Ghost," "received the Holy Ghost" is the language by which it is expressed,—terms signifying the very same thing, as the "*baptism*." The objector again meets me here, saying, "the Apostle settles the question that this was the baptism of the Holy Ghost, by saying, the Holy Ghost fell on them, *as on us at the beginning*." Yes, so it does, and it as clearly proves that "God gave them the *like gift*," as he did unto them. Acts xi. 15—17.

As I have much more that I wish to say on this subject, I will defer it until my next. It is not to convince *you* of the truthfulness of this blessed doctrine, that I write out the argument in its favor, for I thank God that he has enabled you for many years to be a *practical witness* thereof, but thinking it may aid you somewhat in meeting the attacks that are so frequently made upon it.

YOUR SISTER IN CHRIST.

ORIGINAL.

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

This concludes the valuable article of our correspondent commenced in the February No. We regret that by some misunderstanding on the part of the printer, the first part did not end at the close of the paragraph. We therefore repeat a few lines already published, in order to preserve the sense complete. *Ed.*

I know not how it may have been with other travellers, but I am obliged to add further, that the works of art which I saw from time to time in different countries, not unfrequently inspired emotions, which harmonized with and strengthened the highest religious sentiments. It is something to see the judgment scenes of Michael Angelo, and to stand in the presence of the historical events of the Bible, as they are brought to light in the miraculous cartoons of Raphael. It would argue but poorly for a person's religious sensibility, who should not find it quickened and strengthened in some degree by scripture scenes and events, as they are combined together, and revealed anew, as it were, in the paintings of Correggio and Murillo and of the other great masters, whose works are so frequently found in the galleries of art and in the palaces of Europe.

And I think it may be said further, that there is a sense, in which the works of art may be regarded without impropriety as the works of God; and in which we may associate God with them, much in the same way in which we may associate Him with the works of nature. Who made the marble which the chisel has wrought into shape? Who fashioned the hand that holds the chisel, or which guides the painter's pencil? From whom came that inspiring thought, in accordance with which the marble is modelled, or which gives harmony and inspiration to color? Genius is not an accident; but every thing which is true and good in it, every thing which harmonizes with nature and gives strength to virtue, has a divine origin. To the eye of faith which sees causes in effects and which traces the multiplied relations of things to their central element, God sits enthroned in the Capitol amid the countless works of art which he has inspired, no less than on the Alps and the Appenine.

These views might perhaps be presented in another and little different light. The traveller not only meets with flowers and trees, with rivers and mountains, which elevate his thoughts to God, — not only with works of art, which also have their moral and religious influences upon the mind; — but the power of association, operating strongly in connection with memorable localities, restores, and places before him, almost with the distinctness of real life, the powerful, or illuminated men of other days, who have imparted clearness to truth, or beauty to virtue; — men who have illustrated humanity by thought, or have honored it by suffering and action. When I came to the places, over which their memory and their spirits hovered, it is hardly an exaggeration to say, that they appeared personally before me. The mind created them anew. Let it not be considered strange, then, if I say, in a sense which is susceptible of a just appreciation, that I met with Somers, Chatham, and Burke, in the Parliament House of England, — with Wesley and Addison, on the banks of the Isis and Cherwell, with Shakspeare in Windsor Forest, — with Algernon Sidney on Tower Hill, — with Fenelon at the Seminary of St. Sulpitius, — with Dantè at Florence, — with Cicero in the Roman Capitol, — with Moses

in the wilderness, — with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, at Mamre and the cave of Macpelah, — with David on the hill of Zion. The reality of places gave reality to men. The mind seized upon what remained, and restored what had departed. The inward senses were opened with a power greater than that which belongs to the outward. The eye of the mind saw them. The ear of the heart heard them. They stood erect in the majesty of man, amid the majesty of art and nature; — sometimes in the hour of their joy, but more frequently, of suffering, — but always with the words of truth and liberty on their lips, and with kindness, courage, and honor in their deeds.

Can atheism thus give life to the dead? Can infidelity, which has no confidence in virtue, thus restore the men of other ages, whose memory remains, because their life was the teaching and the illustration of virtue? How can these things be, if there be no God? And how can they be, with that explanation, which a belief in God can give of them, without a juster appreciation, and a higher love of Him, who, in being the Source of all things, is the Centre of all just thoughts, the Mind of all minds?

One of the pleasant things of a religious nature, which increases the interest and happiness of the Christian traveller in foreign countries, is the evidence which he often obtains, of the essential unity, or oneness of character, which exists in religious experience. In Europe, Asia, Africa, America, the child of God is one. Under blazing suns, and in polar snows, under all forms of governments and diversities of education, as well as in all varieties of climate, the image of Christ is the same, — drawn in immortal lines by the same mighty architect, — not always completed, but filling out, with each day's added lines and touches, into the likeness of that great and beautiful model, which exhibited the soul of the Godhead in man's human heart. Names, sects, parties, have no power to hide it, — any more than diversities of language, government, and color. This beautiful image I saw in my travels, in countries and places far remote from each other; — on the banks of the Po and the Tiber, in London, in Florence, in Alexandria, in Jerusalem, in the cottages of Waldensian Mountains, as I had seen it before

in the mountains of America, — differing, undoubtedly, in degrees of completeness, but always true to the great Master's hand. It needed no letter of introduction. I saw it with the eye of the heart. I embraced it with the arms of the affections. I cannot say how much I rejoiced in this multiplication of universal brotherhood. It was more pleasant to me, than the beauties of nature, delightful as they are ; — brighter than the light of the morning sun on the mountain-tops.

Among other developments of religious feeling, or perhaps, I should say, of those feelings which have a close connection with our religious nature, I am tempted to give the following illustration. It presents a form of experience, related to, and yet, in some respects, very different, from that which I have just given :

One day, after reaching Alexandria, I occupied myself, in company with the friends who were with me, in making a short excursion along the banks of the Mahmoudie Canal. As I had just entered within the limits of those Eastern regions, everything was new. Nature, perhaps, was not more beautiful, than I had found it in other places ; but it was a beauty unknown before. Trees and flowers, which I had never seen until that time, rose up around me, and stretched out their blooming arms, as if to demand the delighted homage of my heart ; nor did I find any difficulty in yielding to those sentiments of admiration, which their luxuriant beauty was fitted to inspire. I think it is sound philosophy, as well as religion, to say, that it is the nature of a true heart, — and by a *true* heart, I mean one which is born into the truth by being born into God's benevolent image, — to enter readily into a sincere and cordial sympathy with the varied and multiplied existences, animate and inanimate, of which God is the author. But if I am erroneous in this suggestion, I must still acknowledge, that I was a subject, in some degree, of this sort of experience ; and that everything, whether it was a tree or flower, or a bird, or flocks, or herds of cattle, if there was something in them which I had not known before, seemed to touch a new chord of sympathy within me, and to call out the music of a new love.

On the shore of the canal, engaged in various occupations, or

strolling at leisure on its banks, were Turks and Arabs, — and not unfrequently with a group of children around them. To me they were a new race of beings, — differing from what I had been accustomed to see, in dress, and outward bearing, and deportment, as well as in their history and language. But under these differences of dress and peculiarities of manner, I recognized, in the “human face divine,” the signatures of a common heart, a common nature. None of the outward differences to which I have referred, no diversities of descent and history, of language, or even of religion, were capable of limiting my affections. My eyes looked upon them, and my heart loved them as promptly, and as strongly, as if they had been, as in fact they were, and are, “bone of my bone, and flesh of my flesh.” And I must confess, that this unprompted unity of feeling made me very happy for a short time. I was rejoiced to find, that in every part of the world, I had a great multitude of brothers, sisters, fathers, mothers, children.

Only a very short time, however, had passed, when I had inward misgivings; and indeed, the thought was strongly impressed upon my mind, as if by some unseen power, that I had done wrong, in thus promptly giving my heart to those of a different religious faith. An inward suggestion seemed to upbraid me, with placing confidence and affection in a race of men, who rejected the Christian religion, and had often shown hostility and contempt to that Saviour, in whom alone I was entitled to place my dearest hopes. What was a Turk to me? Or what was I to a Turk? Had not the scimeter been bathed in the blood of Christians? The embarrassment and sorrow of this state of mind was not small; and I was not relieved from it, till I had made it a subject of reflection, and had carried it to God, as the great source of truth. I was soon relieved, and so convincingly and distinctly, that I was not troubled afterwards. God said to me, — if I may be allowed to employ unusual language, but which more accurately describes the intimations and experience of my inward consciousness than any other, — that my business was *to love*; that God alone could know and appreciate the diversities of situations and creeds; and that I could not be born into the image of Him who died for his enemies, while I repulsed

from my bosom the man of any clime, or any belief, and that, in all cases, he who wishes to convey the truth to any people, and to do them good, must carry before him, as its precursor, the open banner of a generous and disinterested affection.

One of the results of these long travels, was a clearer and deeper impression than I had experienced ever before, that the presence and influence of God are not limited by locality.

Every man, who has a truly religious heart, has what may be called his sacred places. What I mean to say, is, that every man, in looking back upon his past religious life, is able to recal places which are associated with religious incidents, — places which are allied in his recollections with resolutions of amendment, or with remarkable developments of religious truth, or which have been consecrated by the sorrows of penitence, or by the joys of gratitude. This, I suppose to be the general experience; and I am neither able, nor have I any desire, to plead an exemption from it. My mind has never ceased to recal such places; and often it has recalled them with profit and pleasure. I remember the Bible which my mother gave me; nor is the place forgotten in which she gave it. I remember the places where I read it alone. I remember the garden, the wood, the valley, the river's bank, where I spent many hours in pondering the problems of salvation, and in seeking the great Central Source of Light. I remember the humble abodes, rude and solitary, perhaps, but yet consecrated in the religious affections, where, in the evening of a long summer's day, I stole secretly apart, to listen to the prayers of gray-headed old men, or to learn from their lips the wondrous things of God in glory, and of mankind redeemed. The teachings of God, therefore, and the various religious influences of which he is the source, had become associated, in some degree, with places; and undoubtedly, forgetting the difference between the Finite and the Infinite, I had a secret feeling, hardly perceptible to myself, that such gracious influences were more likely to be repeated in some places than others. A wider experience dissipated this natural and common illusion. I found that God could travel as far and as fast as any of his poor children. And when I set my foot on the ocean, to visit, for the first time, climes remote, and lands

unknown, I left my country and friends, but did not, and could not, leave my God behind me. Wherever I went, I found him at my side. On the ocean, and on the land, in the storm, and in the sunshine, amid the matchless beauties of Richmond hill, and in the sterility of Arabian deserts, in mountain tops, and in lowly vallies, in the palaces of the Thames, and the Seine, and in the Bedouin's tent, and the Fellah's cottage of clay, everywhere, and under all circumstances, I found him present, to guide, to counsel, and console. And it seemed to be an *actual*, and not merely a hypothetical and constructive presence, — a presence which is recognized by the heart, as well as by the intellectual conviction, — and which harmonizes with the expressions of the Saviour, when he said, "THE KINGDOM OF GOD IS WITHIN YOU."

I have incidentally referred to this experience in some other letters. I made records of it from time to time. I have sometimes thought, that it is the tendency of raised emotions, when they have harmony in themselves, by being in harmony with God and the universe, to strive after an outward expression in numbers. Whatever is not in harmony, — whatever is discordant with character, position, and all just relations, is, at least, not in the highest form of truth; and hence it was, perhaps, that these slight records of religious feeling, without making pretensions to poetical merit, often took the form of measure or verse. The following lines, from the date attached to them, appear to have been written in Egypt:

Compelled by wasted health to roam,
O'er many a land and tossing sea;
Far from the joys of friends and home,
I find, O God! a home in thee.

I pass from things of space and time,
The finite meets or leaves my sight;
But God expands o'er every clime,
The clothing of the Infinite.

Whatever lands my footsteps trace,
However far, — I find him there;
Again to make my dwelling-place,
Again to shield me with his care.

I could not leave Him, if I would ;
I would not, if the power were given ;
'Twould be to leave the True and Good,
The souls's repose, the spirit's heaven.

On other occasions, also, and not unfrequently, I made slight records of religious feelings. In reflecting, for instance, upon the inward experience of which I had been the subject, I had a clearer view, perhaps, than ever before, of that passage of Scripture to which I have just now referred, "The kingdom of God is within you." Being in such a number of places, and in such a variety of circumstances, I was enabled to understand more fully what I had already read in books of philosophy, that external things take their character, in a great degree, from the mind ; and that the kingdom of God in the soul, by the diffusion of its own beauty, can change any place, however rude and desolate in itself, into a heavenly mansion.

And in accordance with this view, I found my heart allying itself with all objects, animate and inanimate, which came under my notice ; and it found alliances and sympathies in return. The rock, which symbolizes the hardness of a fallen nature, was smitten ; the fountains of the central deep was broken up ; and love, which changes everything into its own beauty, flowed out in rivers. Not only varied and conflicting humanity, harmonized at last into universal brotherhood, clasped me to its bosom, but also material and inanimate nature revealed itself as the clothing or outward expression of a divine principle and life within. There was a voice in the winds. There was a song in the ocean waves. The desert struggled to scatter a few flowers at my feet. The very rocks smiled upon me. With the kingdom of God in the heart, I found no difficulty in understanding the vision of the New Jerusalem, and in beholding its descending brightness in everything around me. It is in the influence of such views and experiences, that you will find, in part, the explanation of the imperfect stanzas, with which I now close this long letter :

How oft our thoughts and hopes arise
To thee, the city of the skies !
How oft we sit in grief, and sigh,
Because thy brightness is not nigh ;
Forgetting that a power is here,
Which makes the high and distant near.

O yes! To man the power is given,
To bring to earth that distant heaven;
The power of FAITH, which has the art
To build God's kingdom in the heart;
The power of LOVE, which has the skill,
With God himself, the soul to fill.

'Tis faith, that conquers time and space,
And love makes heaven of form and place;
Their strength combined makes all things new;
It mars the false, it builds the true,
It plants on martyr'd heads the crown,
It brings the golden city down.

O then arise, poor child of tears!
Put on thy faith, put off thy fears;
And when the power, which faith bestows,
Hath met and crushed thy spirit's foes,
Light in the heart love's shining gem,
And be thine own Jerusalem.

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SELECTED.

FAITH THE GIFT OF GOD.

BY REV. JOHN FLETCHER.

But "how is faith the gift of God?" Some persons think that faith is as much out of our power as the lightning that shoots from a distant cloud; they suppose that God drives sinners to the fountain of Christ's blood as irresistibly as the infernal legion drove the herd of swine into the sea of Galilee; and that a man is as passive in the first act of faith, as Jonah was in the act of the fish, which cast him upon the shore. Hence the absurd plea of many who lay fast hold on the horns of the devil's altar, unbelief, and cry out, "We can no more believe than we can make a world."

Believing is the gift of God's grace, as cultivating the root of a rare flower given you, or raising a crop of corn in your field, is the gift of God's providence. Believing is the gift of the God of grace, as breathing, moving, and eating, are the gifts of the God of nature. He gives me lungs and air that I may breathe: he gives me life and muscles that I may move: he bestows upon

me food, and a mouth, that I may eat : and when I have no stomach, he gives me common sense to see I must die, or force myself to take some nourishment or medicine. But he neither breathes, moves, nor eats for me ; nay, when I think proper, I can accelerate my breathing, motion, and eating ; and if I please I may even fast, lie down, or hang myself, and by that means put an end to my eating, moving, and breathing. Once more : faith is the gift of God to believers, as sight is to you. The Parent of good freely gives you the light of the sun, and organs proper to receive it : he places you in a world where that light visits you daily : he apprizes you that sight is conducive to your safety, pleasure, and profit ; and every thing around you bids you use your eyes and see : nevertheless, you may not only drop your curtains, and extinguish your candle, but close your eyes also. This is exactly the case with regard to faith. Free grace removes (in part) the total blindness which Adam's fall brought upon us : free grace gently sends us some beams of truth, which is the light of the "Sun of righteousness ;" it disposes the eyes of our understanding to see those beams ; it excites us various ways to welcome them ; it blesses us with many, perhaps with all the means of faith, such as opportunities to hear, read, inquire ; and power to consider, assent, consent, resolve, and re-resolve to believe the truth. But, after all, believing is as much our own act as seeing. We may, nay, in general do suspend, or omit the act of faith ; especially when that act is not yet become habitual, and when the glaring light that sometime accompanies the revelation of the truth is abated. Nay, we may imitate Pharaoh, Judas, and all reprobates ; we may do by the eye of our faith what some report that Democritus did by his bodily eyes. Being tired of seeing the follies of mankind, to rid himself of that disagreeable sight he put his eyes out. We may be so averse from "the light which enlightens every man that comes into the world ;" we may so dread it because our works are evil, as to exemplify, like the Pharisees, such awful declarations as these :—" Their eyes have they closed, lest they should see, &c. : wherefore God gave them up to a reprobate mind," and "they were blinded."

ORIGINAL.

CHRISTIAN PERFECTION.

A SERMON.

BY REV. B. W. GORHAM

(CONTINUED.)

Why do I need it? On what accounts should I press on to the attainment of this great grace?

1. *As a human being*—a member of an apostate race how desirable is it to be again fully renewed in heart after the image of him that created man in righteousness and true holiness. How much to be abhorred are the taints and stains of sin. How desirable is the fact of purity—present, personal conscious purity, through the blood of the Lamb.

Holiness is the family likeness of the sons of God,—the primal characteristic attribute of the citizens of heaven. Nay more, it is the essential glory of the Everlasting Father. O what human being is there, who shall have taken a view of himself as a denizen of God's great universe, but must aspire to be delivered from the last vestige of the pollution that has transformed angels into devils and to be endowed with the attributes at once of similitude and sympathy with heaven.

2. *But you are a Christian.* You aim at symmetry of character. You have noticed that the exhibition of Christian principle presented in the lives of Christians are the source, whence for the most part, men draw their notions of christianity itself. You know too, that as the *effect* of every work of art is secured mainly or entirely by the *finishing touch*—the final strokes of the pencil or the chisel, so Christian character becomes effective mainly as the result of that completeness, maturity and symmetry, which are reached in the attainment of perfect love.

A slight distortion of a single feature in a group otherwise well done, will often destroy the whole effect of a piece; so a single characteristic defect in a Christian will often act fatally on his influence in a whole community.

A marred or missing feature in a piece of statuary will attract more attention than all its remaining perfections, so a single incongruity in a Christian's character is often found to neutralize the effect of many excellences. Eccl. x, 1.

There are many Christians, who, if they had but one tenth more grace than they now have, would be ten times as useful as they now are.

Let it then my brother be an object with you to make at least that point in Christian progress where antagonisms disappear from the character, and the whole life expends its force without disastrous counterpoises and discounts, in winning back the world to God.

3. *Are you a Methodist?* Then manifestly there is special reason why you should not rest till you are consciously purified through the power of the Holy Spirit.

The design of God in the very existence of the denomination has been understood to be to spread Scripture holiness over these lands. But how is that to be done unless the teachings of her ministry are to be illustrated by the experience and practices of her members.

Even the natural sciences can be successfully taught only as the theory is attended by the experiment and the illustration. The church has avowed her conviction of a special designation to the work of educating human hearts into the theory and practice of holiness. There are peculiar difficulties in this work. The science is comparatively occult, the minds of the pupils are often pre-occupied with counter teachings and they all come reluctantly to their tasks.

Is it then to be expected that the church will succeed in this work while her theory is not only not enforced, but actually *contradicted* by the current experience and lives of her own members.

With what immense power would the church act upon society were she throughout her membership and her grades of office to receive this great salvation, this mighty baptism.

4. *Every wife and mother needs it.* Upon her, fall a thousand little crosses and trials to which her fathers, husbands and brothers are strangers. Often while they are allowed to be at the house of prayer she is at home, confined to a tedious routine of domestic duties or suffering personal indisposition, or an anxious attendant at the bedside of an afflicted child. O how she needs the refreshing waters of life springing forever in her

soul. Blessed be the name of the Lord she may have them in inexhaustible fulness.

And what influence is there so far-reaching and so powerfully saving in its action upon us as that of a holy mother. There is an atmosphere very like our best ideas of heaven itself in that house where she moves like a ministering angel and rules with a sceptre of wisdom and love.

God meant that the female character should be attractive—that it should rule by its attraction—its purity, its symmetry, its rich celestial furniture.

Nothing but the grace of entire deliverance from the inbeing of sin can fit it for its true position.

“In a mind submitted to this touch of God there is a certain rhythm of music which however it may swell into the thunder or sink into a sigh has still a basis of clear unbroken melody. The discordant starts of passion, the whimsical snatches of appetite, the inarticulate whinings of discontent are never heard, and the spirit is like an organ delivered from the trembling of chance pressures on its keys, and given over to the hand of a divine skill.” *

5. But we are to follow peace with all men, and holiness, *without which no man shall see the Lord.*

All evangelical Christians agree in the doctrine that in some way at some point previous to its entrance into the bliss of heaven the soul of man must be purified from all sin.

In the nature of the case this must be so; for if our sinful affections could find admittance there, heaven itself would cease to be the abode of perfect purity, and therefore of perfect bliss. In other words heaven would cease to be heaven. Viewing it in this light, all Christians seem disposed to set it down as an axiom of theology that holiness—entire purity of heart—is a pre-requisite of heaven. There immediately arises however this question. “What then is to become of the Christian who dies in a state of justification and without entire sanctification?” I answer unequivocally, *If such a case could occur* the soul must be lost according to the teachings of the Scriptures as I understand them. Doubtless however it would be a sufficient answer

* Martineau.

to such an inquiry to say that *no such thing can occur*. If a man is now justified he is now in a state of complete consecration to God up to the measure of his light. While this is so, he is distinctly within the covenant of God's grace. If God shall take him instantly from time, he will doubtless prepare him instantly for heaven. We all believe that the infant (justified but not now sanctified) which shall be taken from time in its infancy will be perfectly purified through the blood of the Lamb, even in the very moment of its dissolution. I see no greater difficulty in believing that God will infallibly communicate the blessing of entire purity to the soul of a justified believer in the very article of death. By "a justified believer" I do not mean merely for one who has once experienced justifying grace, but one who is *now* in a state of justification, or freedom from condemnation.

Such a man has peace with God. Rom. v. 1.

He has the witness of the Spirit. Rom. viii., 16. 1 John, v. 10.

He responds affirmatively to every known requisition of Heaven and is therefore in a condition sincerely to mourn whatever he may discover in his heart of the remains of the carnal mind and to "hunger and thirst after righteousness" even "as the hart panteth after the water brook."

Evidently no one can retain his justified relation to God without the habitual exhibition of these characteristics. And no one will doubt whether such an one dying, even instantly, will infallibly be saved.

But the question of such a man's salvation is one thing; and the question of the salvation of multitudes of careless professors, who seem to reckon on heaven as certain, because they once had the witness of the Spirit, is very distinctly another thing.

Still it remains true, and God forbid that I should say a word to blunt that truth, that "without holiness no man shall see the Lord," and if any of us shall finally pass the gate of death without purity of heart whatever else we have or fail to have, we must certainly fail of heaven, according to the plainest declarations of the word of God.

It is sometimes objected to this view, when strongly presented, that it makes nothing of justification—that it mercilessly consigns to perdition all who do not exactly come up to its ideal

in the Christian life. The answer is two fold. 1. A careful consideration of the whole view will show that it does not undervalue justification as a state of grace and a step in the soul's progress of preparation for heaven.

2. The idea that the precept of grace, in order to count any thing for the ultimate end of the glorification of the soul in heaven, must be carried on to their completeness is not a new or a strange idea. We are very familiar with the generic idea in other relations.

It is said of one of the Roman Emperors, that "he counted nothing done while anything remained undone;" and the world has applauded the practical wisdom of the position. The most common occurrences of life daily illustrate the same principle.

A traveller starts upon a journey of a hundred miles and travels ninety five of the distance. What then? Why, every mile of his progress was alike important and essential upon the supposition that he is going to travel *the remaining distance*. But what if he stops there and goes no further. Why all that he has done is necessarily of no account whatever.

A farmer undertakes to fence a field around and he completes his inclosure lacking a single side, or even a single rod—all very good if he is to complete the work, but utterly valueless if it is to be arrested there, and never completed. You begin the construction of an arch and carry forward the work till only the keystone is wanting. If that is all you are to do you have done nothing. Your fabric will not answer its ultimate purpose even in the smallest degree. It will not hold up a single pound—Nay it must be itself artificially sustained and kept from tumbling into a mass of ruins. Now complete the process—insert the keystone and the weight of the everlasting mountains is insufficient to throw it down.

A husbandman proposes to raise a crop of grain on a given field. He breaks the turf with his plow—he harrows, and sows and then protects the growing crop through the season. Finally in the time of harvest he reaps down the waving grain and leaves it there to rot in the field.

Now who needs to be told that a man who should thus refuse

to *complete the process* on which he had entered, might just as well have done nothing at all.

Now do any of these views undervalue the earlier steps or stages of any process? Obviously no. Every successive step is assumed to be equally vital to the grand result. Nor could any of the others, any more than the final one be omitted from the series, but with fatal results.

The language of God's word then forbidding the hope of heaven to any measure of heart impurity is seen to be coincident with the teachings of as sound and obvious philosophy.

But O it seems a sorry business indeed to urge the attainment of heart holiness upon Christians by the use of any motive of fear.

To exhibit before a Christian the beauty of Holiness, and then to repeat the single passage to him, "This is the will of God even your sanctification"—ought to be enough. Spring forward, ye sons of God, to the prize. Make haste to appropriate this great salvation. Lay hold on this hope set before you.

Holiness is not only to be your credentials at the gate of heaven, but it is to be the very livery of heaven you are to wear on earth. Holiness is beauty—beauty that attracts the eye and wins the heart of God.

Holiness is health—purity—freedom—exaltation. And God says, "Be ye holy."

O my brother let not your soul cower under the command like the spirit of a slave before some dreaded and formidable task, but answer your Father with a shout of joy and hasten to his feet and with sacrifice and prayer wait the baptism of fire.

Concluded in our next.

The Lord is never at a loss for an Egypt wherein to hide and try his people; an Egyptian bondage or hiding-place precedes usefulness and honor. Then fear not, thou worm Jacob, to go where Jesus went before thee, down into secrecy and humility: there thy growth will not cease—holy angels will minister to thee and guard thy path, while the Holy Spirit teacheth thee.

Christian Experience.

ORIGINAL.

PERSONAL EXPERIENCE.

BY H. B. C.

DEAR BROTHER, — Should any one be induced by hearing what the Lord has done for my poor soul, to seek for a like blessing, my greatest expectation in forwarding you these lines, will be more than realized. I delight to speak of God's mercies to me, and ever wish to do it with the deepest humility.

It has been only a few months since I started in the way of life. The "Guide" was the instrument in the hand of God in rescuing me from the power of the adversary. It was my determination at that eventful period, not only to seek religion, but to serve the Lord with my whole heart the remainder of my life. My soul was set at liberty in a very short time after forming this resolution. For several days all was love, joy and peace. But it was not long before I discovered in others a state of grace that I was a stranger to; and this made me feel uneasy. I heard them speak of being saved from the fear of the world; of having an assurance that a crown of life was laid up for them; and of the burning desire they had for the salvation of others, &c. This in many respects differed from my own experience. Considering it a duty on all proper occasions to speak to my brethren of what God had done for my soul, I did so; and in the act, frequently felt a peace and joy within, which the world knows not of. But the same bashfulness and fear of the world I had formerly experienced, still clung to me and caused me much trembling. And when I thought of the dying hour, though I felt no condemnation or fear of death, yet I did not enjoy the full assurance of a perfect meetness for Heaven. Still I was endeavoring in my thoughts, acts, and words, to lead the life of a Christian, and as far as I knew it, to do all God's will; but it was a hard warfare. Before my conversion I had been troubled with a hasty spirit and became easily angered; and now it seemed notwithstanding my prayers and efforts to the contrary, as though I was more inclined that way than ever. Up to this time I had thought but little of the subject of entire sanc-

tification. I had on several occasions heard Christians converse on this topic, but from all I could learn, it appeared to be something that was intended for but a chosen few, and only for them after many years of faithfulness. About two weeks after my conversion, I, for the first time listened to a discourse on purity of heart. Among other things the preacher remarked, that it was generally believed that God was not only able, but willing to cut short the work, and that even young converts might obtain the blessing. These were words of encouragement to my soul, and I silently resolved that I would seek for it with my whole heart. At a meeting, held the evening after the sermon above alluded to, a sister arose in the congregation, and while speaking of the goodness of God, received such a baptism of the Holy Spirit, that through physical weakness she was obliged to resume her seat. This little event made me feel strangely and tended to convince me that others were in advance of me in their religious enjoyments.

I commenced praying from that time for a full salvation. The next Tuesday, a friend gave me a description of a meeting held at a private dwelling, in which during prayer, the Holy Spirit fell upon nearly all in the house; and added, that since then little was heard in the neighborhood but prayer and praise. These tidings increased my sense of want, and caused me more intensely to "hunger and thirst after righteousness." A meeting being appointed for that evening, I resolved to attend. As I entered the house, I felt that I had reached a point in my experience where I must either attain a higher attitude, or lose what I had already gained. To live as I had I could not. The meeting presented a scene well calculated to deepen these convictions. Several were upon their knees fervently praying for salvation; others were praising God for deliverance, while one or two were warning the impenitent to flee from the wrath to come. I fell upon my knees and began to cry, "Lord come to my soul!" I felt a spirit of holy determination to urge my suit until victory was gained. As I kept my eye fixed upon my Saviour, I seemed gradually to soar until I reached a certain point, when some temptation or unbelief would set in, and I again fell back to my former position. This struggle continued

nearly through the evening, when all at once my praying spirit left me entirely. I arose from my knees in a calm state of mind. My old fear of the world was gone—I cared nothing for it, and such a deep sense of my own nothingness I never felt before. The next morning I awoke with about the same exercises. In the former part of the day, while conversing with one of my neighbors upon the subject of religion, I felt the quickening power of God, and a deeper interest in his cause; and these feelings gradually increased till I went to the evening meeting, when my heart became filled to overflowing. As the invitation was given to those who felt their need of the pardoning love of God to come forward, I felt a spirit of prayer, and a burthen of soul for them that was new and strange. I could scarcely forbear, even while upon my seat, crying to God to have mercy upon their souls. An opportunity being given, I arose to declare what had been done for my unworthy soul; and while speaking it appeared to me as if the room was filled with the glory of God. I no longer feared the face of clay, and would have gladly proclaimed to millions what great things God had done for me. His love seemed diffused through my whole system. It was now my meat and drink to do the will of my Heavenly Father. Several days thus transpired without my suspecting that this blessing was the purity for which I had been seeking, when overhearing the conversation of some friends who were speaking of the experience of some persons who enjoyed this grace, the joyful conviction took possession of my heart, that I was indeed made *clean* through the blood of the Lamb! Entirely sanctified! I immediately promised the Lord that I would embrace the first opportunity to declare what he had done for me, not only in forgiving my sins, but in cleansing me from all unrighteousness. Before however, an opportunity for confessing occurred, I was beset by the enemy in such a manner that my joyous spirit left me, so that when the time came to declare the truth, I had nothing but the consciousness that I had given all to Christ, and the promise which he had made of acceptance to lean upon. Never did the cross seem heavier—not owing to any fear of man, but to the overwhelming sense I had of the solemn import of the profession I was about to make. As soon however as I opened my mouth, my soul was again filled with the love of God.

May the Lord help me ever to remain his faithful witness, not only to the power of Christ in forgiving sins, but to the efficacy of his blood in cleansing from "all unrighteousness." Glory to God in the highest! there is a *fulness* in his love; an ocean into which the believer may plunge deeper and deeper, until he is lost in love's immensity.

Hartsgrove.

Editorial Miscellany.

THE EXAMPLE OF JESUS,

"WHO WENT ABOUT DOING GOOD."

It is the province of grace to assimilate the soul to Jesus, its divine model. "As he is, so are we in this world." Whatever, then, may be our profession, if the power of grace in us has not been such as to produce the same submission to the Father's will, the same meekness under injury and insult, the same patience under suffering, and the same active zeal in the amelioration and elevation of man in his temporal and spiritual condition, that characterized Christ, we can hardly be said to stand complete in him. An abiding union to the vine cannot be otherwise than productive of great fruitfulness. The very consecration that must precede the act of appropriating faith, ensures this, as far as the pledge of the creature can do it; but superadded to all this, the soul that is baptised with the Holy Ghost, besides enjoying the graces of the Spirit, is inwardly moved to embrace every occasion, and to seek out opportunities of doing good, both to the souls and to the bodies of men.

The Saviour's mission was one of benevolence, and in that work he was ever active. He had compassion on the multitude, where his disciples lacked it. Helpless infancy, decrepid age, the sick and sorrowful, all found in him a commiserating friend. Nor did he wait to be applied to for the distribution of his benefactions. "He went about doing good." Wherever the services of the good physician were needed, thither he lovingly directed his steps. The hovel of the poor, and the palace of the rich were alike visited; and all classes and conditions of men, found in him a benefactor and friend. Such was the spirit of Christ, and such will be our spirit, if we are truly his.

We have been led to these reflections, by reading recently a very interesting book, entitled "The Old Brewery, and the New Mission House at the Five Points," published for the benefit of the mission, by Stringer & Townsend, New York. We hardly knew in its perusal, which to admire most, the Christian love which prompted the efforts of these self-denying ladies, or the power of the gospel in coping with, and saving from the most repul-

sive forms of degradation and vice. In both, we found occasion for devout gratitude to our Heavenly Father, for his "unspeakable gift." There are but few, probably, who have ever heard of New York, but that have also heard of that portion of it called the "Five Points." It derives its name from five streets, which open here into a large square. Of the Old Brewery, a large, yellow colored, dilapidated old house, which formerly stood in this square, Miss Bremer, in her "Homes of the New World," gives the following description :

"We—Mrs. G., and myself—went alone through this house, where we visited many hidden dens, and conversed with their inhabitants. We considered it better and safer to go about here alone, than in company with a gentleman. Neither did we meet any instance of rudeness, or even incivility. We saw a young lad sitting at the gaming table with old ruffians—unfortunate women suffering from horrible diseases—sickly children—giddy young girls—ill-tempered women quarrelling with the whole world—and some families also we saw, who seemed to me wretched rather through poverty than moral degradation. From unabashed, hardened crime, to those who sinking under the consequences of vice, are passing down to death—without an ear to listen to their groans—without sympathy, without hope; there is every grade of moral corruption festering and fermenting in the Old Brewery; filth, rags, pestilential air—every thing was in that Old Brewery, and yet there, after all, I did not see anything worse than I had seen before, in Paris, London and Stockholm."

Such was the place which the ladies connected with the Methodist Churches in New York, have chosen as the seat of their missionary operations. The Old Brewery has been torn down, and through the generous aid of a liberal public, a new mission house has been erected on its former site. Already has this become the centre of a healthful influence. Did our limits allow, it would afford us great pleasure to spread out before our readers a detailed exhibit of the success that has attended the self-denying labors of these Christian ladies and their faithful missionary. But we must leave the "Old Brewery" to tell its own tale. Suffice it to say, souls have been redeemed here, a church has been formed, schools have been established, and attention is being given to the temporal and physical, as well as spiritual necessities of these victims of sin and folly. As an illustration, however, of the power of the gospel in overcoming deep rooted prejudices, as well as with a view of giving an idea of the stirring incidents with which this book is filled, we venture to submit the following :

"Not long since," said Mr. Adams, the missionary, "as I was sitting in the office, a poor-looking Jew, with the longest possible face, and wo-begone expression, came in and asked me if I could do "something for him." I told him that I did not know what he wanted. "He said, "I want some clothes to make me look so as people will like me, and give me work." "What is your business?" said I. "I am glazier; but my diamond is in the pawnshop, and I has not de means to get it out, so as I can work." "Where do you live?" "Around in de next street; but I is very poor, and cannot get any sleep all tree nights. I wish you could give me some place to sleep." I told him I would help him in some way. He brightened up at this, and I asked him, "Do you love Jesus?" "No!" "Do you believe in him?" "No." "Do you believe in God?" "Yes! but not Jesus. No! no! not Jesus!" "Do you believe the New Testament?" "No!" "Well come

with me," said I, as he followed me to the wardrobe, where I clothed him; and then inquired, "Do you think Nature a sufficient teacher?" "Yes! do you know my faith?" I said I did not. "Well, den, I am pantheist, and don't believe nothing." "It was the religion of Jesus," I replied, "that put it into the hearts of Christians to send these clothes to me for you, and then put it into my heart to give them to you, and (handing him some silver) gave others, and me a heart to give you this? Do you not think there is something in the religion of Jesus?" "I don't know," he said, shaking his head; but as he was going out, I saw the big tear roll down his cheek. I was deeply moved with his cold, cheerless unbelief, and as I knew not how to meet his many objections to the religion of Jesus, I the more earnestly prayed for him.

It was sometime before I saw him again; and when I did he said he was sick, and I sent him to Doctor McNaire, who examined him, and found his liver somewhat affected; though convinced, as he has since told me, that his trouble was more of the mind than the body. He came back to me from the Doctor, and said he "felt very bad." I at once began the old story. "You must be converted—the blood of Jesus can alone take away your sins, and without it, you will be lost after all your good thoughts." He sighed deeply, and I spoke earnestly to him, showing him that immediate reconciliation with God through Jesus Christ was his only way of escape. I was called away, and when I came back, he was gone.

Some time elapsed before I saw him again, and then I met him in the street. I asked him how he felt, and to my great surprise and wonder, his only answer was, "I tink I need the blood of Jesus." Without another word, I went on my way, thinking that the spirit was doing the work, and needed me not. Some days after, I met him full of smiles, with the queerest expression of face imaginable; a tear standing in each eye, and his mouth in a half laugh, half cry form. "How do you do?" said I. With deep earnestness, he replied:—"I feels such a loveness to Jesus, I could not sleep last night." "Do you believe the Bible, now?" I asked. "Yes! I believe, but I do not understand." "Are you sure your sins are all forgiven?" Laying his hand on his breast he said, "O, yes! I know it here."

What a potency there is in the gospel! It is indeed the power of God unto salvation. What encouragement do such instances afford to those who have a heart to labor for God! Beloved, if you have indeed become assimilated to Jesus, obey the impulses of the Holy Spirit within you, and devote life's best energies to the work of doing good. Content not yourselves with simply meeting the calls that may be made on you, but seek out the haunts of degradation and sin, and become through the blessing of God, the means of dispelling their gloom. Imitate him of whom it is said "*he went about doing good.*" But guard against viewing even these deeds of mercy in a self-complacent light. The sainted Chalmers, who originated a very similar enterprise in Edinburgh, was alive to this danger and thus devoutly prays against it—"Lord let me not set my affections on any created thing—not even on an enterprise of Christian good, in such a way as to withdraw me from that direct intercourse with Thyself, in which I meet with the light of Thy countenance, and rejoice in the Lord." May your heart dear reader, respond to this prayer.

☞ Book Notices are omitted this week for want of room. They will appear in our next.

ORIGINAL.

CHRISTIAN PERFECTION.

OBJECTIONS ANSWERED.

BY N. BANGS, D. D.

I have endeavored in previous articles, to define the word "perfection," to adduce the Scriptural arguments in its defence, as well as to exhibit some examples of its power and influence on the heart and conduct of its professors, both in life and death. Notwithstanding the force of all these, there are not wanting those who still prefer objections against the doctrine, contending that it is impossible for any one to attain to this desirable state of Christian perfection in this life. Some of these objections are taken from Scripture. Let us attend to the most plausible of them.

Thus, 1st Kings viii. 46, "For there is no man that sinneth not," is often quoted in support of the notion that it is utterly impossible for any, the best not excepted, to be saved from sin in this life. On this sentence it may be remarked, that the learned tell us that the Hebrew verb here translated *sinneth*, is in the *potential* mood and not *indicative*, as our translation implies, and therefore expresses the *possibility* merely of sinning, and should have been rendered, "For there is no man that *may* not sin;" and this rendering makes it accord with the preceding clause, "If they sin against thee," whereas the present rendering makes the supposition entirely nugatory; for why say *if* they sin, when it is admitted that *all* must inevitably sin while they live! On this admission, most assuredly the supposition would be perfectly gratuitous.

But without insisting upon this criticism, which, however, I believe well founded, we may observe that the expression as it stands in our version, by no means sustains the idea it is brought to prove. *There is no man that sinneth not.* For what is this quoted to prove? Why that every man, the holiest not excepted, daily, hourly, and momentarily sins in "thought, word, and deed." But does the text say so? I think not. It simply says, *there is no man that sinneth not at some moment of his life,*

and not that he sins *every* moment in thought, word and deed ; and though this is true of most men, even of professors of religion, that they sometimes sin, it does not follow of necessity that holy men and women, those who have been entirely sanctified by the "blood of the everlasting covenant," must inevitably sin continually in "thought, word and deed," as those against whom we contend, insist they do.

Take the same in connection with the context, and we have a plain, common sense meaning, perfectly according with the doctrine taught throughout the sacred Scriptures. Solomon was offering a solemn prayer to God at the dedication of the Temple, for the preservation of the people of Israel, and knowing their liability to wander from the worship and service of the true God he earnestly besought God that He would keep them from that great evil ; but, that if they should so far forget their obligation to God as thus run into the sin of idolatry, and they should afterwards see their sinful error, repent, and return unto the Lord with all their heart—"then hear thou their prayer and their supplication in heaven, thy dwelling place, and maintain their cause." See verses 48, 49. This gives a plain consistent sense, exactly tallying with every other part of the sacred volume, and the universal experience of the Christian Church, illustrating equally the peccability of holy men on the one hand, and the merciful forbearance of God on the other, showing that if they sin, as all men are liable so to do, and they afterwards repent, and do "works meet for repentance," God is abundantly able and willing to forgive them, and restore them to His favor and image. St. John teaches the same consoling truth where he says, "If any man sin we have an Advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ, the righteous," and may therefore be forgiven, the moment he repents and turns unto God with full purpose of heart.

The following text is also quoted in proof of the notion that no one can become pure from sin in this life. "Who can say I have made my heart clean, I am pure from my sin?" Prov. xx. 9. Hence say the advocates of sin, none can have a *clean heart*, or be *pure* from sin, as though because we cannot make our *own* hearts clean, and thus *purify ourselves*, therefore God cannot or will not give us clean hearts, nor purify our natures

from the defilements of sin. That Solomon did not intend to teach such an absurdity is most evident from his words in other places. "But as for the PURE, his work is right." Chap. xxi. 8. "The words of the PURE, are pleasant words." Chap. xv. 24. Though therefore no one can say, I have made my own heart pure, there are those who can say in truth, that through the faith that is of the operation of God, by which the blood and merits of the Lord Jesus have been applied to their hearts, they have been cleansed from all unrighteousness." Peter would say, teaching a doctrine in perfect accordance with that taught by Solomon in the above quoted words, to the sanctified believers to whom he directed his epistle, "Seeing ye have PURIFIED yourselves in obeying the truth, through the spirit into unfeigned love of the brethren, see that ye love one another with a PURE HEART fervently." 1 Peter i. 22.

In these words the doctrine of the Divine and human agency is fully asserted, so that we may see how it acts in harmony in the complete salvation of the soul. They had "purified themselves," but it was done by "obeying the truth," and this obedience was rendered through the "spirit's" influence, subduing their unholy desires and passions, and "helping their infirmities," and all this produced that "unfeigned love of the brethren," which gave an evidence that the work of holiness had been thoroughly wrought within them. In this way, and in this way alone, can the sinner, or the believer in Jesus Christ, be brought into the possession of that purity of heart which will qualify its possessor to see God and live.

"If we say we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us." 1 John, i. 8. How any one can cite this text, considered in connection with its context, to prove the necessity of living every moment in sin, it is difficult to understand. Thus considered, the sense is plain and obvious. In the 7th verse, the apostle asserts that on condition of walking in the light, as He is in the light, "the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all unrighteousness." To the necessity of this cleansing some might object, and say, that because they had been pardoned, or justified, they had no sin left to be cleansed from. Such the apostle declares deceive themselves, inasmuch

as there still remain in the heart those hereditary sins which we bring into the world with us, and which defile the soul and render it unfit for the pure enjoyment of the saints in heaven. And to tear up this error by the roots, that when we are justified we are at the same time sanctified, and therefore need no further cleansing, the apostle affirms in the 9th verse, "If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness," plainly declaring that to "forgive" is one thing, and to cleanse from all "unrighteousness" another; whereas to make the one include the other, is to accuse the apostle of a senseless tautology, by making him say, "He is faithful to forgive us our sins," and, if cleansing mean the same thing, "to forgive us our sins."

So far from this being his design it appears to have been his principal aim, throughout the entire epistle to exhibit the all-cleansing efficacy of the blood of Christ not only to pardon our actual sins, but also, to effect a thorough inward cleansing; and that those thus cleansed should exemplify its reality by "keeping the commandments of God;" for he that saith that he "loves God, with all his heart," as those do who are thus cleansed and "keepeth not his commandments, is a liar." This was plain truth, and went to cut up root and branch, that corrupt doctrine taught by the gnostics, that however unholy their lives, if they did but know God they would be saved.

On the whole, I cannot but conclude that these and other similar texts, so far from militating against the doctrine of Christian perfection for which we plead, that when rightly understood and explained, they tend to confirm it the more steadfastly by showing the delightful harmony of the several parts of sacred Scripture on this important item of Christian experience and practice. On the other hand, admitting the notion so strenuously contended for by our opponents, namely, that it is utterly impossible for us to be delivered from sin in this life, from sinful desires and actions, the sacred Scriptures contain a crude mass of contradictions, and hence render them unworthy of credit by a rational being. But take them in their plain and obvious meaning, these apparent contradictions disappear, and we behold their harmonious testimony, all going to support the

general truth, that though man is naturally and morally corrupt, yet God has provided a sovereign remedy for his pardon and purification ;—that though man is ignorant, God is ready to enlighten and instruct him ; that such is his ignorance that he could not devise a plan for his deliverance from the evils of his nature, but that God has devised and executed such a plan ; that though man is so weak, morally and intellectually that he cannot apply the remedy thus provided, yet such is the goodness of God that He is both able and willing to apply it to the hearts of all those who are ready to receive it by faith in the Lord Jesus Christ :—In a word, though man has neither wisdom nor righteousness of his own, yet Christ is made unto him wisdom, righteousness, sanctification and redemption.” God awakens ; man sees ;—God calls ; man hears ;—God promises ; man believes ;—God promises grace ; man believes and receives grace, the grace of pardon and sanctification, and thus runs in the way of God’s commandments all the days of his life, and finally receives everlasting life as his ultimate enjoyment.

This view of the subject, it appears to me, presents every theme consistent and harmonious, while the opposite view renders it discordant, contradictory, and of course, absurd. I cannot better express this subject respecting divine aid to help, guide, and to sanctify us, than in the following words of the poet :—

“Jesus, thou art our King !
To me thy succor bring ;
Christ the mighty one art thou ;
Help for all on thee is laid ;
This the word ; I claim it now ;
Send me now the promised aid.

High on thy Father’s throne,
O look with pity down ;
Help, O, help, attend my call ;
Captive lead captivity :
King of glory, Lord of all,
Christ, be Lord, be King to me !

Triumph and reign in me,
 And spread thy victory ;
 Hell, and death, and sin control ;
 Pride, and wrath, and every foe,
 All subdue ; through all my soul,
 Conquering unto conquer go."

Let the reader ponder deeply every word in these expressive lines, and he will perceive how perfectly they accord with the doctrine contended for in this article.

ORIGINAL.

ARE YOU WILLING TO BE HOLY?

BY C. W. S.

Dear Reader ; Ponder the above question. You have often expressed your love of the doctrine of holiness. You have often wished you were holy. You have often, in public, prayed that the Lord would make you holy. I do not say you were not sincere, but there is a question that lies back of all your efforts after holiness that ought to be settled intelligently and honestly—*Are you willing to be holy ?* or in other words, are you willing to assume that position required, that the blessing may be bestowed—to take all the responsibilities incident upon a profession of holiness—to accept joyfully all that God may call you to do and suffer ?

You say you have prayed for the blessing, but you cannot exercise faith. I fear you do not understand yourself. Are you willing to be holy in God's way ? You cannot be holy in your own way. The difficulty is not a want of faith, but a spirit of obedience. Ponder these words, "How can ye believe which receive honor one of another, and seek not the honor that cometh from God only." God says, "Come out from among them and be ye separate and touch not the unclean thing ; and *I will receive you.*" Are you willing to be holy ? Are you willing to make the separation *a complete separation, to do it now*, to consider it a *permanent* act—to take the ever blessed Trinity to the

eternal companionship of your heart? Do you say yes, I am willing? While Jesus says come, can you respond,

"I leap to meet thy kind embrace,
I come O Lord I come?"

Then the exercise of faith is easy. I have done what God has required; He has bid me make the separation. I have done it. God is my witness. He has said He *will receive me*. He is true. Lord I believe I am now received.

"Tis done the great transaction's done,
I am the Lord's and he is mine."

You say you desire to be holy. Are you willing to assume all the responsibilities incident upon its profession and practice? Do not be appalled here. Nothing unreasonable will be required. The commands of a *Father* you are called to obey; His yoke is easy. The commandments of God are not *grievous*, but joyous. The law is holy, just and good. The question is, are you willing to renounce your own ways, your own selfish plans and purposes, to have your will joyfully acquiesce in the will of God? Look within you—look around you—what is your spirit? what your employment? what your business habits? Can you say understandingly, "Thy will be done." You are near the blessing and the exercise of faith is easy. But do not complain of a want of faith to inherit the promise, when you are holding on to the world with both hands, indulging in sinful tempers and delighting in your own ways.

You desire to be holy. Are you willing to seek it and practice it in the path God shall think best. Should he see fit to lay affliction upon you—to call you to toil and suffering, is the blessing so desirable that you would rather be deprived of all things than fail of its possession? Do not start back and think of your property swept away, your children smitten by the hand of death; no such process has been prescribed. But are you willing to live and practice holiness in just such a way as your Heavenly Father shall appoint? If you can answer all these questions in the affirmative, be of good cheer, you are not far from that kingdom which is righteousness, peace and joy in the Holy Ghost.

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ORIGINAL.

BAPTISM OF THE HOLY GHOST.

FAMILIAR CORRESPONDENCE, NO. II.

BY IDA.

My Beloved Sister W——. Nearly every objector to the doctrine, I am endeavoring to establish, connects the “gift of tongues” with the “Baptism of the Holy Ghost,” asserting that in every instance where it was received, speaking in an unknown tongue, was the result. To be consistent with themselves, they ought then to admit that the disciples whom Paul found at Ephesus, were baptised with the Holy Ghost, for “they spake with tongues, and prophesied, after the Holy Ghost came on them.” See Acts xix. 1–7. This however they will not do, because it would conflict with the position taken by them, that the “baptism” was never given except in two instances. We will now proceed to an examination by the Word, of the assertion “that all spake with tongues.” For proof of this, Acts ii. 4–8 is quoted. “And they were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and began to speak with other tongues, as the spirit gave them utterance.” “*All* were filled with the Holy Ghost, and *all* spake with other tongues,” say they. Will the text bear this construction? It does not say *all* spake with tongues, but those who were baptised with the Holy Ghost, “spake with tongues, *as the Spirit gave them utterance.*” Did it give utterance to *all*? The text does not say so. But says the objector, is not this clearly taught in the eighth verse, where it is asked, “And how hear we *every man* in *our own tongue*, wherein we were born?” We answer this is explained in the 6th verse, where it is said, “Every man heard them speak in his own language.” “Every man,” refers evidently to those who *heard*, and not those who spake. But admitting the point even, it does not follow that all who *afterward* received the baptism of the Holy Ghost, spake in unknown tongues, and the Word clearly establishes the point, that they did not thus speak, as we shall show by reference to 1 Cor. xii. The Apostle in this chapter is speaking of the “diversity of gifts, but the same Spirit.” “For to one is given by the Spirit, the word of wisdom; to another the word of

knowledge by the same Spirit; to another faith, by the same Spirit; to another the gift of healing, by the same Spirit; to another the working of miracles; to another prophecy; to another discerning of spirits; to another *divers kinds of tongues*; to another the interpretation of tongues; but all these, worketh that one and the self-same Spirit, dividing to every man severally as he will." "For by one *Spirit* are we *all baptised* into one body, whether we be *Jews*, or *Gentiles*, whether we be *bond* or *free*; and have been all made to drink into one Spirit." What! *all baptised*? Yes, "all." *By one Spirit*? Yes, "by one Spirit!" O, methinks that one text, ought to settle the question *forever*, that *all believers*, were *baptised* with the *Holy Ghost*. And yet, will you believe me, my dear sister, I have had it said to me, in answer to this text, "The apostle refers here to *water baptism*!" Why did not the apostle then say, "For by *water* are we all baptised into one body?" The apostle has previously been enumerating the varied gifts of the church, in connection with each of which he uses the phrase, "by the same Spirit;" he then shows that the body is *one*, yet hath many members, so with Christ's body, the church. "*By one Spirit* all are baptised into *one body*," yet the members composing that body, "have not all the same office."

After dwelling somewhat on this point, he proceeds to ask the following questions: "Are all apostles? Are all prophets? Are all teachers? Are all workers of miracles? Have all the gifts of healing? *Do all speak with tongues*? Do all interpret?" Shall we answer nay, to all except one; and to that reply in the affirmative?

When I look over the testimony given in favor of the reception of the Baptism of the Holy Ghost at the present time, I am led to the conclusion that it was a precious legacy given by Jesus to his Church, to comfort, strengthen, establish, and guide them into truth, until he should *return again*, to receive them unto himself. Those who deny this say, "it makes no difference whether we believe in it or not: we do believe in having just as much of the Spirit as the Primitive Church had, but we do not believe in calling it the "*Baptism* of the Holy Ghost!" But it does make a difference, for as I have shown those who take this

position, are deprived of the promise by which to claim the Holy Ghost; as "the promise of the Father," was that which was shed forth on the day of Pentecost. I believe in calling things by their right names. But my full sheet admonishes me to close. In my next I will give some incidents which have come under my own immediate observation in relation to this interesting subject.

That we may be enabled to hold fast whereunto we have attained, so that we may abound yet more and more, is the prayer of
 YOUR SISTER IN CHRIST.

SELECTED.

A HOLY LEADERSHIP.

BY JESSE T. PECK, D. D.

In every Church some are the guides of others. By character or office they have prominence and influence. Upon such Christians rest high responsibilities. No merely natural qualities can fit them for their position. It is not amiableness of heart, sternness of intellect or elegance of bearing that they are called upon to teach. Of simple goodness—the highest style of goodness, they are to be models.

The Leader of a Class is constantly before his members, and the church, and the world, in the spirit and character which he actually possesses, and these are decisive of the influence he exerts. Profession is not certainly based upon reality. It cannot be relied upon to determine the reputation of the leader nor the tendency of his efforts. To make earnest and continued claims to a devout temper of mind, a strong sympathy with the wants and sufferings of others, and a lively desire for their religious prosperity, can in no sense answer, instead of inward and outward holiness. If there be cherished depravity—unpardoned sin, it will surely develop itself. Devout minds will see and be grieved at it. The Church, and especially the class, will feel the chill of it. It is vain to vociferate and affirm. Even tears cannot supply the deficiency.

In the same proportion are the effects of remaining depravity. It is a relief to come before a class with a clear sense of accept-

ance with God—with a heart melted to tenderness, under a sense of forgiving mercy and Christian love. A relief!—A blessing indeed, for which no language can make adequate expression. Happy would it be, if the church could be honored and blessed by such Leaders only. There would be in such communion with God—in such representation of his Divine prerogatives and power, a conservative, quickening influence, under which pure spiritual religion would everywhere revive and prosper. But alas! it cannot be claimed. Humiliating as is the fact, it must be acknowledged that multitudes of Leaders go to their classes late or irregularly, because they attach paramount importance to secular avocations—reluctantly, because they have no clear and quickening sense of Divine forgiveness—that they begin and perhaps continue their exercises in a cold, indifferent, mechanical style, because the power of divine love is not upon their hearts. To tell the evils that result from such unfortunate, I ought to say *criminal* misrepresentations of the spirit of our Master, is utterly impossible. There is the chill of faith—the paralysis of spiritual life—the fearful contagion of example—the backsliding of members—the thin attendance—the weakness of the church, and the general suspicion of insincerity pervading the community. Eternity alone can reveal the harm to souls. It is surely worth while to inquire searchingly into the cause of such fatal tendencies, and if we are not mistaken they will develop themselves in a sound discussion of

HOLINESS AS AN ELEMENT OF SUCCESS IN THE CLASS LEADER.

And first of all we must consider the fact that every *form of character exerts its own silent influence upon the minds of others*. If the soul of the leader has been entirely consecrated to God—cleansed from sin, and *filled* with perfect love, in its numberless involuntary revealings, you shall see none of those earthly longings—those ruling creature attachments—those potent secular influences, which mingle so much of dross, “with the pure gold of the sanctuary.” You will feel none of that worldly, selfish spirit, which degrades religion into so striking a resemblance to irreligion—which so nearly annihilates the distinction between the kingdom of light, and the kingdom of darkness. You cannot see nor feel them, because they are not there. By

the blood of Jesus Christ—by the baptism of the Holy Ghost and of fire, they have been cleansed away. When you come into the presence of your Leader, in the spirit that pervades his soul, that illuminates his countenance, that quivers upon his lip, sparkles in his eye and trembles in his voice, you realize religion. There, in one instance at least, is a living demonstration, apart from all he says, of the existence and power of a spiritual Christianity. By its quiet imperceptible agency it inspires you with a dread of the world—an abhorrence of sin—a loathing of self. By its intrinsic charms, it attracts you to the Saviour, and fills you with unearthly longings after “the fulness of the blessing of the gospel of peace.” Deep solemnity rests upon the meeting. There is more of heaven than of earth in the classroom. The heart tenders and the eye weeps under a sense of the melting presence of God. The devout aspirations of the soul are kindled afresh, and whatever may have been the condition of the member when he came in, he goes out saying, “my heart and my flesh crieth out for God—for the living God.” This is an attempt to attract attention to the *personal* effect of holiness in a Leader. It ought to be so in theory. It is so, in fact; as all men of experience in this department of Christian labor can fully attest. How easy to get full attendance in the class of such a Leader. How often does the class become too large to remain together, and how difficult the task of division, with such fond and devoted attachments, do members cleave to a man whose worth is of God, and whose power is in his goodness. He may be a plain man—an illiterate man—a man in humble life; but he bears about him the charms of holy love, and there is a chord in the penitent heart striving for spiritual excellence, which responds to the influence of love.

And this faithful reflection of the Saviour’s image, is not confined to the spiritual vision of the little class. It shines out with so pure and steady a light, that all the church and world can see it. Not by the intended exertions of the humble man, for that effect—nor even to his own apprehensions, as a peculiarity in his case, elevating him above his fellow Christians, and giving him a conscious right to say to any of them, “stand aside, I am holier than thou”—but by the simple fact that he is all

the Lord's. God's grace has subdued and sanctified him. The divine image beams from his countenance. The Holy Spirit is soul to his body of Christian profession and outward forms. It is God—God alone whose light is seen—whose power is felt in the feeble worm of earth. And none more decidedly and perseveringly than he, denies all honor to self, all glorying to the mere mortal. The very spirit and fact of his consecration is in the renunciation of self, and the installation of his Divine master as the object of his adoration, and the ground of his glorying. You cannot grieve him more than to elevate his poor unworthy self to the place he has assigned to his Saviour, and he is thus at once an example of perfect humility, and a guide to "the Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world." It is in this divine union that the church beholds him, and that he becomes a spiritual leader to the hosts of God. What would the church do without *such* guiding minds? Who would conserve the great cross-bearing, self-denying, humiliating, and saving doctrines of the gospel? Who would represent, exert, and diffuse her spirit and power? Who would give life and energy to her prayer meetings, and her benevolent operations? Who would sustain her reputation before the world when she is charged with insincerity—with supporting an impracticable system, and commending to the people a standard of goodness, which never has been, and never can be realized? Alas! we are deficient enough at all these points. But holiness alone, vindicates us so far as we are capable of vindication. I repeat—a wider than a class influence is exerted by holiness in a Class Leader. The honor of his position is conceded to him. He is felt to be the man to be among the advance-guard of the army of God. His hands are clean—his heart is pure. He is able to command the confidence of his brethren, without a word to ask it, or an act to implore it.

And what power has such a man over the moral feelings, decisions and destinies of men. Apart from all he may say or do, he is a standing demonstration of redemption by Christ and of the truth of the gospel. Sinners of all grades believe in him, and Infidels are confounded by him. While *he* lives and his presence is felt, no man *dares* to say the blood of Jesus Christ cannot cleanse from all sin.—*Beauty of Holiness.*

ORIGINAL.

CHRISTIAN PERFECTION.

A SERMON,

BY REV. D. W. GORHAM

Concluded.

“*How shall I get it?*” The blessing of Perfect Love is seldom reached as the result of a mere desire to grow in grace and to be in general terms a good Christian. It must stand before the mind as a specific object of pursuit. “*I must be holy.*” Not merely “*I must be better,*” but my whole being must be appropriated to the dominion of grace. All my powers—all my susceptibilities—all my possessions—all my life.

Again, I must desire holiness in all its relations and with all its pre-requisites and attendants, for there are multitudes of persons who desire the *bliss* of holiness, who nevertheless shrink from its peculiar *sacrifices, labors and crucifixions*. Holiness is intrinsically so beautiful that all men love her at sight—all who have any measure of the Christian life. But alas! in many cases—

“’Tis distance, lends enchantment to the view.”

For when this grace is brought so near that I see not only itself, but also its attendant duties and conditions; the offending right hand cut off or right eye plucked out, favorite schemes abandoned, honor laid in the dust, and friends and goods and reputation and life all surrendered up to Jesus Christ; and the soul bereft of all latitude of indulgence, and shut up to spiritual joys or none—ah! that is another view of the case; and, just for the present, on account of a new farm, or five yoke of oxen, or a young wife—“*I pray thee have me excused.*”

Whoever would be a successful seeker of full salvation must be willing to know God’s utmost will concerning him. There must be no shrinking from the light—no attempt to reason away any Scriptural conviction of duty or of privilege—no wish that the claim of God upon the heart were less imperative or exacting. This state of thorough internal honesty will be reached only as the result of continued prayer and repeated acts of self-scrutiny.

Where it is reached, the light will rapidly increase in the soul and you will know something of the meaning of the words of

Jesus, "If thine eye be single, *thy whole body shall be full of light.*"

You are then in a condition to advance rapidly to the goal. You will get new and still more painful views of your depravity than ever, and you will see an admixture of sinful motive tainting even those acts and feelings which you had regarded as wholly good. A deeper sense than ever of your own helplessness will pervade the soul, and the contrast between itself and the infinite purity of God will crush it into the dust so that you will be brought literally to abhor yourself and repent in dust and ashes. Still take courage. Your redemption draweth nigh. This searching light—these painful revealings—this dreadful process of self-acquaintance, seeks an object beyond itself. The remedy is at hand, and these are but the expedients of mercy to crush out your pride and evoke from your inmost soul such an imploring cry, as shall bring the Saviour speedily to your deliverance. Fix your eye on the Cross. Abandon every thing for Christ. Open your bosom to the truth—aye the very sword of truth. Consent to die—utterly—now—here, and as God is true, He shall instantly become your exceeding great reward.

SELECTED.

SHADOWS ON THE HEBREW MOUNTAINS.

BY H. B. S.

"Nevertheless, I am continually with *Thee*: thou hast holden me by thy right hand. Thou shalt guide me by thy counsel, and afterward receive me to glory. Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire besides thee." Psalms lxxiii: 23-25.

O fresh and beautiful words!—words full of upspringing and joyous life now, in our day; yet first uttered in those dim, backward ages, when even the morning star of Greece had not risen, and her songs were yet an unawakened melody.

While in other nations dark superstitions of fear lay like a nightmare on the soul; while Egypt struggled and sweltered in circles of idolatrous degradation, and men worshipped reptiles, beasts, and insects—broke forth, in the Hebrew land, this beautiful conception of a confiding friendship and intimate union

with a father, teacher, comforter, and guide—this rest of the finite in the love of the infinite !

What a tender and beautiful pastoral seems this friendship of the ardent and sensitive poet and shepherd-king with an unseen, all-perfect Friend ! While all other forms of religion seemed touched by earthly selfishness—like snow mixed with dust—this rises pure as those glacier regions which human footsteps has never defiled, and which give back at morning and evening every tint and hue of the sunlight, rosy and beautiful. Here is love, warm as life-blood, yet snow pure ; it is adoration in the dust, yet familiar as a child's knowledge of its mother. As a dew-drop exhales, drawn up by the silent tenderness of the sun, so this poet-soul exhaled in love and adoration to its God.

“ I am *continually* with *Thee*,” he says. To him as to us, there was the coarse, cold, hard outward of life ; there was the collision, the selfishness, the deadness of men as they are. Worse than that was the consciousness of darkness, disorder, selfishness, weakness, and defect within. In his soul was an inner world, all hid and unbreathed—feelings sensitive as the innermost bark of the tree or foldings of the bud, and who could know ? There too, bitterly felt, conscious sins, weaknesses, and errors ! Who could guide and purify ? Who could keep the inner life from becoming a consuming fire, burning away the strength of the soul ? Could we put an impassable barrier between the stream and the ocean, what chafing, what restlessness, what tossing and ceaseless motions ! But how calmly glides the stream that finds no barrier, and loses itself there, day by day, in the great untroubled sea ! So in the human soul is an ever-surging tide of thought, feeling, emotion, hope, fear, desire, that must pour itself out somewhere ! What human soul cares for it ? Nay, what human soul can or will receive it ? Who understands or wants it ? Who can guide, restrain, and govern it ? Thus come disturbances in the current ; the accumulated waters of feeling chafe and wear into the very foundations of life. Some times there are human souls that can receive and appreciate a part of the soul's fulness—as when some waters of the rivulet trickle and struggle around barriers, and through sands and morasses to the ocean ; but who understands or can receive

all that another soul can feel? Is there even an invented language that can utter it?

The greater, wider, more sensitive is the soul, the more is this inward chafing, and wearing, and complaining. That soul may become wonted to a wearing pain or a chronic ache; but it is *ever there*. And whenever sweet music; or art, or poetry, or the song and bloom and magical loveliness of Nature arouses the inner consciousness of the soul, then comes this struggle, this inner anguish, this dim, aching sense of something never attained, for which the soul bleeds and strives in vain.

Amid the grandeur and beauty of the Alps, in the sweet, low stillness and seclusion of Lake Lemman, how did Byron complain of an ever-throbbing immedicable wound, a dim, inexplicable anguish!

But the shepherd-poet, with his yearning, loving heart, his wide, many-voiced, and sensitive nature, had found healing for the wound, and, for the anguish, rest. "*I am continually with thee*," was the alpha and omega of peace to his soul. Habitual as his breathing was his communion with the Unseen Loveliness which was ever at his side. What though all around was sealed with defect and decay? What though in himself he felt with anguish the weakness the ignorance, the darkness of his mortal state? What though he seldom looked within with approving eye—yet by his side, holding his hand, walked the Only True and Beautiful, guiding him by his counsel, afterward to receive him to glory.

It is a beautiful power of our existence, that if dissatisfied with ourselves, we may make, as it were a transfer of ourselves in friendship. We may pass out of self and live in another. We may glory in the beauty, wisdom, strength, and goodness of our friend, and therein take comfort, though we feel ourselves in all these poor. So the human soul is capable of this blest exchange with the Father of spirits. It can give itself away to Him and receive him in exchange. His glory is then its glory; his beauty, worth and excellence is its own; of itself it thinks no more—more blest in thinking of him. True, it sees itself in all things imperfect, it feels itself sinful, but none the less can it rejoice that He is spotless; true and beautiful.

“Whom have I heaven but thee? and there is none on earth that I desire besides thee!”

This disinterested love—this exchange of the human for the divine, is peculiar only to the Hebrew type of religion. The Greek in his aspirings dimly groped for, but did not attain it. Seneca taught that in the perfect submission of the human will to the divine was the highest point of rest for the soul; but Seneca could not say, “I am continually with thee; thou hast holden me by thy right hand.” And Plutarch taught that the violent emotions of the soul in enthusiasm were her struggles after God. Both saw that the barrier between the river and the ocean was the cause of the chafing and disorder of its waters; but neither breathed forth, as in this psalm, that long sigh of relief and repose with which the pent up soul breathes itself into the bosom of a long-lost Father, *found* never to be lost again. At the shrine of Venus, of Minerva, of Osiris, of Jupiter, arose petitions for beauty, health, wealth, strength. At all these, the worshipper sought *gifts*. The Judean alone was inspired to seek and pray for the *Giver*. To no heathen god went up the prayer, “*Give me THYSELF.*” To none the exulting voice, “*THOU art my portion. Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none on earth I desire beside thee.*”

If we ask, Why to these glorious Greek souls, so earnest in their inquiries, was not this light and communion given? we can only answer, “Even so, Father, for so it seemed good in thy sight.” Not to every child of the heavenly Father is it given thus to see him in this brief state; but since, in every nation, “he that feareth God and worketh righteousness is accepted of him,” let us hope that even now these struggling souls have seen what in other days they dimly sought; that Plato has found the beautiful, and Socrates the true, and Plutarch no longer feels the soul’s anguish in enthusiasm, but knows the soul’s eternal rest in God.—*Independent.*

’Tis the brand of a hypocrite to have devotion come by fits; to seem like an angel one day, and like an atheist the next.

ORIGINAL.

SELECT THOUGHTS TRANSLATED FROM LETTERS OF MADAM GUYON.

BY F. L. U.

Continued. No. 3.

Vicissitudes in experience to be expected ; submission to all states.

1. I have read your letter with great pleasure, seeing there the progress of your mind in grace. Your present state, wherein you experience so much of your littleness and unworthiness, although painful, is a mark of progress.

The interior is a continual paradox. "When I am weak," says St. Paul, "then am I strong." Where there is true poverty of spirit, there is more of God. "*Blessed* are the poor in spirit," says our Saviour, "for theirs is the kingdom of heaven." This kingdom is within.

2. Vicissitudes in experience form and mature the interior, as the changing seasons make up the year. It is important to bear in mind that it is the same God who makes the summer and the winter ; the scarcity and the abundance. And he who prefers one state to another, who loves more high spiritual joys, than to sit in lowliness at the feet of Jesus, waiting to do the smallest errand, loves more the gifts of God, than God himself.

Each change in your inward experience, or external condition, is a new test, by which to try your faith and love, and will be a help towards perfecting your state, if you receive it as from God.

3. Endeavor to understand the beauty and worth of pure love and obscure faith. By obscure faith I mean a willingness to be conducted blindfold, under the strong influence of that love, which sees all things clear in the issue, although the present prospect is dark. Faith and love can never be disjoined. Where faith is perfect it goes out as did Abraham, on the issue or going forth of the commandment of the Lord. Where faith is perfect there is love, a pure flame, rising above all selfish interests, to expand itself in God.

4. Leave yourself in the hand of love, which is always the same, although it makes you often to change your position.

Be under God, indifferent to all states, as water, which takes the form of the vases where it is put, and the colors also.

It is enough for you to know that God loves you, and therefore chooses what is best for you. He takes pleasure to do with us, as the waves of the sea; and whether he takes us to his bosom or casts us upon the sand, that is to say, in ourselves all is well. Let us be the air-balloon, the empty vessel of our good master. It is His space in which we move, His wind that carries us. It is in His will we shall live in eternity, so let it be in time.

5. For myself I am contented with all he orders for me. I hold myself ready to suffer not only imprisonment but death; perils every where—perils on the land—on the sea—among false brethren—all is good in Him, to whom I am united for ever.

ORIGINAL.

THE OPENED FOUNTAIN.

BY F. E. KEELER.

“Call’d from above I rise,
And wash away my sin,
The stream to which my spirit flies,
Can *make the foulest clean*.
It runs divinely clear,
A fountain deep and wide,
’Twas opened by the soldier’s spear,
In my Redeemer’s side.”

O yes! There is a fountain—a fountain opened in the house of David for sin and uncleanness; and although many hundred years have rolled away since it was opened, and many poor polluted souls have washed, and been made clean; it has, nevertheless, lost none of its efficiency;—nor is the stream less abundant than when it first issued from our Emmanuel’s side. Flowing, still flowing, is this mighty stream, ever free—ever full—ever cleansing. O glorious, mysterious fountain! Never will it lose its power,

“Till all the ransom’d church of God,
Are sav’d, to sin no more.”

How sad is our state by nature. Alas! we were ruined by the fall; and there was none to pity, none to save, until his own arm brought salvation. “He looked and there was none to help, and wondered there was none to uphold,” and He gave *his* side

to the soldier's spear, and trod the wine press alone ; " of the people, there was none with him." " He was led as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so he opened not his mouth,"—despised and rejected, "a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief." O earth be silent, wonder, and adore, while He undertakes thy redemption! Almighty Love has devised the plan! and with sorrowing mien the Lamb wends his way to mournful, sad Gethsemane. In agony he prays, "Father if it be possible, let this cup pass from me." But a fountain has been promised, and on mount Calvary the cross is upraised! *the fountain is opened!*

" See, from his wounded side,
The purple current flow!"

" Is this the Infinite! 'tis he!
My Saviour, and my God!"

Clad he is in dyed garments, but his "*apparel is glorious!*" and He is "*mighty to save!*" Hallelujah to the Lamb! O there is virtue in that flowing blood! Although our sins be as scarlet and crimson, and upon our hearts are stains of deepest dye; although we are meet companions, for none but the impure and unholy, yet plunged in this fountain—washed in this purple current, our sin and guilt are *all taken away*, and we are brought into companionship with the Triune God! Father, Son, and Holy Ghost! O glorious, mighty union! God is our Father, the Holy Ghost our comforter, guide, and great teacher; and Christ our precious and adorable Saviour, our elder Brother; our *all prevailing* Advocate when we sin; our *Redeemer*; his arm hath gotten for us the victory, and through his worthiness, and his *all atoning blood*, we are made meet to enter into the "holy of holies," and to forever rest,

" Upon the bosom of our God,
The bosom of his love."

O why such condescension! O why such love to poor, erring, sinful man! "He was bruised for our iniquities, and by his stripes we are healed." O, my soul, be silent, wonder, love, and adore!

" 'Tis mystery all! the Immortal dies!
Who can explore his strange design?
In vain the first-born seraph tries,
To sound the depths of Love Divine;
'Tis mystery all! Let earth adore!
Let *finite* minds inquire no more."

O wondrous plan! we aspire to comprehend it! Far back in the distance we stretch our gaze to take in redemption's scheme; but we are lost in God. Far in the future our mind's eye reaches, and, leaping the bounds of time, in unmeasured eternity, and trackless space, we seek to fathom its mysteries and find its consummation; but we are still lost in God. We cannot grasp the mind of the Infinite. O wondrous plan! we'll cease to gaze, but in silent wonder, adore. This gracious provision avails! 'Tis all sufficient! O, sing for joy ye inhabitants of this sin stricken earth! "*It is finished!*" Once we were lost, and on the threshold of perdition,—now we are hard by the gate of heaven;—so near, we list to hear the music of the heavenly choir, and to unite in the shouts of the eternally redeemed!

"Lift up your heads ye everlasting gates,
And wide unfold the bright ethereal scene!"

A thin veil hides at present the glories of heaven, our purchased inheritance from our view, and, "it doth not yet appear what we shall be." Draw it aside. Take one step. "*Who are these arrayed in white robes, and whence came they? These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. Wherefore, are they before the throne of God, and serve Him day and night in his temple, and He that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them. They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more, neither shall the sun light on them or any heat, for the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne, shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.*"

"There is a land mine eye hath seen,
In visions of enraptured thought.
So bright, that all that comes between,
Is with its radiant glory fraught."

'Tis the same fair land; the saint's sweet home; the eternal resting place of the weary pilgrim.

"Soon, soon we'll learn the exalted strains,
That echo through the heavenly plains,
And emulate with joy unknown,
The glowing seraphs round the throne."

Carmel, N. Y., March, 1854.

P o e t r y .

BR. DEGEN :—The following sublime stanza, which I copy from memory, has often filled my heart with deep emotions of love. If you approve it, please give it a little corner in the Guide. Yours, J. A. S.

GOD IS LOVE.

Father, I love thee ! in the silent hour
Of the deep, quiet midnight, thus alone,
My spirit turns from sublunary things,
Seeking communion with its Maker, God.
My soul is filled with burning thoughts of thee,
And fain would tell in utterance of fire,
Its humble wonder at thy glorious name !
O Infinite Perfection ! Deity !
Thou self-existent, uncreated One !
Even to thine awful majesty, my heart
Dares bring its best affections, (while my mind,
Trembles with its conceptions of thyself;)
And lowly bending on thy footstool, earth,
With holy rapture feel that God is Love.

SELECTED.

ALL THE LORD'S.

'Tis done !—those doubts and fears are past,
And I am all the Lord's at last,
According to his word;
To love Divine I yield, I yield,
The eternal covenant is sealed
With Jesus' precious blood.

That boundless love which on me smiled,
And owned me as a trusting child,
Speaks all my sins forgiven;
Yes, Jesus owns—faith triumphs now,
He stamps upon my fading brow
The deep impress of Heaven.

With grateful heart for Mercy's call,
Into those gracious arms I fall,
Extended arms of love;

While from my soul ascends the flame,
Back to the fountain whence it came,
Eternal fount above.

Glorious Saviour! now He raises
Cheerful and delightful praises,
From my confiding soul;
And while his grateful praise I sing,
High let the joyful echo ring,
Jesus hath made me whole!

Now He soothes my lengthened sorrow,
Tells of peace and joy to-morrow,
Among the pure and blest;
Now all the passions of my soul,
Yielding to his supreme control,
Are calmed and hushed to rest.

Oh! I would sing a song of praise
As joyful as the angels' lays,
Or with them bear a part;
Oh, sing with me, swell loud the strains,
Give praise to God! The Saviour reigns
O'er all my grateful heart. *Oberlin Evangelist.*

SELECTED.

HOW BEAUTIFUL.

'Tis not in temples made with hands
The great Creator dwells,
But on the mountain top He stands,
And in the lowly dells;
Wherever fervent prayer is heard,
He stands recording every word;
In dell, on mountains, everywhere,
He never fails so answer prayer.

The temple thy Creator owns,
That temple is the heart:
No towering piles of costly stones,
Nor any work of art:
The cloud-capt spire that points on high
May draw the lightning from the sky;
But 'tis the humble, modest flower,
That bows in meekness to his power,
And in turn for favors given,
It breathes its fragrance back to heaven.

Oberlin Evangelist.

Christian Experience.

ORIGINAL.

PERSONAL EXPERIENCE.

BY J. H. B.

Having enjoyed for a few months past the privilege of reading the Guide, and being often refreshed by its perusal, I have been rather impressed with the conviction that it may be a duty to contribute my mite to your department of Christian experience.

But a few years have passed, since, on the morning of one rainy day, at the close of a Camp Meeting held within the bounds of Prattsville District, I resolved to seek the forgiveness of my sins and the evidence that I had become a child of God. I had sought but a short time, when the Saviour revealed himself to me as the "One altogether lovely." Oh how sweet was the sound of Jesus name! What peace filled my heart that afternoon! It was not long however before I became convinced that my heart was not in all things exactly right. At our weekly prayer meetings for instance, I often felt a degree of indifference that made me an easy prey to the enemy who strove hard to persuade me that I was deceived. I endeavored however to repel this temptation and continued in the discharge of every known duty.—Another thing that led me to believe that my heart was not right was that my spiritual enjoyments were so transient—the blessings which I had received at some good meeting frequently leaving me before I reached my home. Then again anger, pride, hatred and other evil propensities would occasionally arise in my heart and disturb my peace. Thus I continued to live for about six months, fighting daily against those inward and outward foes that were striving to bring me into subjection.

While attending school at ———, a good brother, on a certain occasion, referring to his Christian experience expressed himself as being perfectly willing to die at any time; assured that whenever called to do so he should go to rest in the arms of Jesus. Turning to me he said, "Brother B., do you feel thus?" Without waiting for an answer, he then dwelt at some length

upon the blessedness of the state into which he had been brought by Divine grace. There was something in his manner and in the very expression of his countenance that deeply impressed me with the conviction that there was a blessed verity in what he had said ; and from that hour my soul became athirst for the fulness of the gospel. I began to examine myself and was astonished to see what degree of depravity still lurked about my heart. As soon as I began to seek for a full salvation, it seemed to me as if all the forces of hell were arrayed against me—but notwithstanding this, I persevered in calling on God day and night for a clean heart. The greatest obstacle I had to encounter was my unbelief. I endeavored to surrender all I had to God for time and eternity, a very poor sacrifice at best ;—and then remembering that the blessing was suspended on the simple condition of *faith*, I endeavored to believe but found it difficult to do so. At times it would seem to be within reach, when an unbelieving heart would suggest “you are not ready for it now—you are too sinful,” and thus cheat me out of its possession. A quartely meeting being held in that place, I went to it determined if possible to find the fulness which my soul so ardently desired. On Saturday evening while wrestling with God in prayer, I was greatly blessed and felt for the moment as though I loved God with all my heart. It was deeply impressed on my mind that I should arise and confess what God had done for me :—but the enemy suggested “you had better wait a little while—perhaps what you have received is not the blessing of a clean heart—you have not the witness yet—wait and you may feel better,” and listening to these suggestions, I was led to doubt, and left the place in a state of condemnation.

Not long after this, being urged by the brother already referred to, to make a confession of the grace received, I went to the chapel on Sabbath evening for this purpose ; but as I arose to do so, the adversary again presented the danger of being overconfident and suggested to my mind a word by which to qualify my profession. I was led to say “I *think* I love God with all my heart.” I sat down and felt in a measure relieved. From this time, I embraced every proper occasion to confess my state, and it was not more than two weeks before I was brought into

the full liberty of the sons of God. Oh! how inadequate is language to describe the bliss of that occasion. My heart went out in praise continually, and I was so filled with the Divine presence and glory that for several days I could not prosecute my studies. To believe, then seemed to me to be the easiest thing in the world, and I wondered why I had not done it before. Blissful as was my state I did not rest in its enjoyment—I saw before me an ocean of love, and my barque had only put off a little from the shore. For nearly two years, I have been sailing on this ocean, and scarcely a day has passed that has not brought with it some fresh discovery of God's goodness, thus increasing the measure of my love to him. *Jesus!* Oh how sweet and precious is that name! To him my heart's warmest affections constantly tend and shall continue to do so to all eternity. The thought of spending an eternity with my Saviour inspires me with untiring zeal and activity in his service—and the love which constantly glows in my heart towards him renders every burden light and every duty pleasant. Glory be to God in the highest!

Ashland, Nov. 29th, 1853.

ORIGINAL.

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER.

BY M. J. W.

When but ten years of age, I have good reason to believe that God, for Christ's sake, forgave me my sins. For a time I rejoiced greatly in God my Saviour; and thought that certainly all my troubles were over, and that I had nothing to do but set down and "count the laurels." But I was shortly made sensible of my mistake. I soon found that "I must fight if I would reign," and that I still had the seeds of sin remaining in my heart. I lived in this state, at times rejoicing, and at other times fearing, for some eight years.

About this time, I read "The way of Holiness, with notes by the way;" and in the blessing there unfolded, I saw the very thing that I needed. O how my soul panted for entire purity! But I found many things in the way of my obtaining it. I had been edu-

cated to believe that such an attainment was utterly impossible, and that I must always bear about with me an evil heart of unbelief. Added to this, the church with which I was then connected totally discarded the idea; and having no one to take me by the hand, and encourage me in its pursuit, I did not then receive the blessing. But I began to seek for more religion.

About two months after this, on the 9th day of January 1849, I heard a sermon on the subject, by one who could affirm, "I speak that which I do know." After the sermon, he appointed a prayer meeting for those who desired this blessing; and in that meeting he gave a recital of his own experience. As he proceeded, I could hardly forbear exclaiming, "this is just what I have been seeking for!" and the sudden conviction sprung up in my heart,—“surely it is for me.” Oh what unutterable longings I then felt! I resolved that I would not leave the house till I obtained it. My faith took fast hold on God, I did not for a moment doubt his willingness to save me then. We engaged in prayer. I endeavored to throw myself upon the Atonement; and praise his holy name, my Saviour appeared for my deliverance. I was completely filled with God. My only language for some time was "Glory to God in the highest." Opportunity being given to witness for God, I was about doing so when the enemy suggested, "you need not speak of it—you can enjoy it and yet keep it to yourself." To this suggestion my poor heart yielded; and almost instantly my joy was all gone. I saw my error but it was too late; the witness was gone. Oh! what dearth succeeded! I felt as if I had lost my all. The language of my heart, and my words as far as I can remember them, were "Lord, again bestow this blessing upon me, and I will proclaim it to the world if thou requirest it." Praise his name! He did again appear for my deliverance. Since that time my enjoyment of the witness has not been uninterrupted; but whenever I have lacked it, I have felt an aching void which nothing could fill. Praise the Lord, that I can now say "He saves me from all sin!" That all Christians may speedily be brought to realize their gracious privilege and the world become deluged with the glory of God, is the sincere prayer of

YOUR UNWORTHY SISTER IN THE LORD.

Schenevus, Feb. 26th, 1854.

Editorial Miscellany.

MEETINGS FOR HOLINESS.

Objections considered.—Their usefulness.—How conducted.

A correspondent asks that something may be said in the Guide on the best methods of conducting meetings for the promotion of holiness. As we have already had frequent occasion to refer to these meetings, we had intended at first simply to announce our brother's request, and leave it to those who have had more experience in the matter to enlighten him. On further reflection however, we have concluded to state our own course, hoping that others may be called out on the same subject; that thus by a comparison of the different methods adopted, our inquirer and all others interested may have an opportunity of judging which is the most likely to accomplish the desired object. Before doing so however as we have fully committed ourselves in favor of these meetings, we should esteem it a privilege, if our readers will bear with us, to give in brief, our reasons for regarding them with favor. Perhaps we cannot do this better than by noticing the objections that are frequently urged against them, and the grounds on which we dissent from those objections.

And 1st, we have heard it urged against separate meetings for the promotion of holiness, that there is no call for, or need of such meetings; that the church (the Methodist in particular,) recognizes it as her special mission to spread Scriptural holiness throughout the earth, and that consequently every meeting should be a meeting for holiness. While we admit that our pious founder, and his co-adjutors regarded this as the end for which Providence raised up the people called Methodists, and while we admit further, that the precious doctrine of "entire sanctification" committed to our trust as a denomination, is still recognized as an article in our creed, can it be denied that it is but seldom comparatively that the subject is presented from our pulpits! Nay more, must it not be admitted that such is the prejudice awakened in some societies against this doctrine, such is the want of sympathy for those that profess this grace, that they can hardly make allusion to it without giving offence! If these things be so (and we leave every one to judge for himself,) then it is very evident that whatever our meetings *should* be, they are not meetings for the promotion of

this distinctive grace. But even admitting that the entire church, stood where she should on this subject, it seems to us that there can be no more impropriety in holding separate (we mean by this, *special*) meetings for the promotion of holiness than there is of holding enquiry meetings for the benefit of those who are seeking religion, or concerts of prayer in behalf of missions, Sunday schools, &c. &c. They are all designed to concentrate the thoughts, desires and faith on a definite and distinct object.

2d. Another objection urged is, that they tend to engender a spirit of *exclusiveness*, and create invidious distinctions. No one, theoretically or experimentally acquainted with the nature of this precious grace can charge it with begetting such a spirit. That which distinguishes the sanctified soul from others, is its poverty of spirit, its deep humility, its fervent love; and these so far from repelling are *attractive* in their influence. Such to be sure can have no sympathy with a cold, formal, worldly minded, time serving professor of religion—but even toward such they have learned to bear themselves with meekness and patience. Holiness then is not chargeable with such results. If the spirit above referred to exists at all it must be sought outside the circle of those who are in the enjoyment of perfect love. Here we are sorry to say this feeling sometimes prevails. But wherever it exists, we think it will be found that there is, either a lamentably low state of religion, or the design of such meetings is misapprehended. They are not meetings for “*the holy ones*,” as such are sometimes sneeringly called, but for all that have tasted justifying grace, to pray for and mutually aid each other in securing that perfect love which casteth out fear:—And can any, whose hearts have been touched by the finger of Divine love, lack interest in such an object? Nay so far from this we are persuaded that the doctrine only needs to be understood in the church, in order to enlist their warmest sympathies: and that meetings for the promotion of this grace instead of erecting partition walls, will tend perhaps more than anything else, to tear down those already existing. We do not advocate separate *organizations* but plead for measures which we believe would secure greater efficiency to those already in being. We would not separate the leaven from the lump—but rather have it so disposed in its relation to the mass, as that it may act the more speedily and powerfully in bringing the whole under its leavening influence.

3d. Lastly it is urged that such meetings draw together persons of an excitable temperament, and that they tend to promote and foster more of a spirit of enthusiasm and fanaticism, than deep, sound, heartfelt piety. There may be persons of the description here referred

to, frequently drawn together on these occasions—this we are free to admit:—but that they find, in a well conducted meeting for the promotion of holiness, anything to cherish a spirit of enthusiasm we deny. So far from this it is our deliberate conviction that were these meetings not only countenanced, but conducted by the pastor, or some suitable person appointed by him, they would furnish a good opportunity to impart correct views on the subject of holiness and to check even the appearance of extravagance. Is it not too frequently the case that our members are drawn into these errors and excesses, by being suffered to grope their way alone in their endeavors to find and walk in the Kings highway?

We attach great importance to the supervision of these meetings. Where suitable persons cannot be obtained to preside over and control them, they had better be discountenanced. But where these precautions are taken, who can estimate the amount of good that may be accomplished by them. Look for instance at the meetings which for the last fifteen or twenty years, have been held weekly at the house of Dr. Palmer, in New York, over which the venerable Dr. Bangs still continues to preside. Eternity alone can disclose the gracious influence that has emanated from this centre.

The meeting which we have established among our own people, has tended perhaps, more than anything else, to keep alive a spirit of vital godliness in the church. The spirit of consecration which is there constantly enforced leads to active efforts in behalf of sinners, and young converts by being brought immediately under this holy influence, are stimulated to "leave the principles," and "go on to perfection." In the management of these meetings, we have felt most deeply the need of divine guidance. After the opening exercises, which have generally consisted in singing one of our inimitable hymns on sanctification (in the progress of which we have taken occasion by some word of comment to impress the sentiment on the mind) and the reading of an appropriate chapter, we spend some time in imploring the Divine presence and guidance. This is followed ordinarily by the narration of Christian Experience, both from those who enjoy the witness of perfect love and those who have "not yet attained." These testimonies besides doing incalculable good themselves, furnish a ground for subsequent comment and instruction by the pastor. They also draw out the state and feelings of those present and thus prepare the mind to engage intelligently and feelingly in the supplications with which our services are closed. We are not confined, however, to this order, but resort to various expedients to promote interest and variety. Sometimes we have requested each one to commit to


memory and repeat a text of Scripture relating to the subject of holiness—and in this way supply the meeting with fruitful topics of thought and meditation. At other times we have given to our exercises the character of a class meeting,—and not unfrequently, we have found it very profitable to spend nearly if not quite all the time in prayer. After all, it is impossible to fix on any one course that shall be applicable to all occasions. In this, however, as in every thing else, it is promised that if we acknowledge Him in all our ways, He will direct our paths.

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE OF ART.—The February and March numbers of this popular pictorial lie on our table. Like their predecessors they abound in illustrations;—and so far as we have had an opportunity to examine them they are of the useful kind. They are mostly copies of the works of distinguished painters and sculptors—though the illustrations of other departments of science and art are by no means meagre. The March No. has a well illustrated article on “Bells and Bell founding.” The Magazine, however, like the popular literature of the day, has its tales of fiction, of which we cannot of course speak with commendation:—still, we are free to admit that it has least of what might be deemed exceptionable, of any similar Magazine of which we know. *New York: A. Montgomery. Boston: Frederick Parker, 50 and 52 Cornhill.*

FORRESTER'S PICTORIAL MISCELLANY, FOR BOY'S AND GIRLS. *Boston: F. & G. C. Rand. Providence: J. K. Stickney, 19 Westminster street.* This is the book for the juveniles. It contains 336 pages of most interesting matter, which is illustrated by one hundred engravings.

FORRESTER'S BOY'S AND GIRL'S MAGAZINE.—*Boston: F. & G. C. Rand, No. 7 Cornhill.* We take pleasure in again calling the attention of parents to this little monthly. It cannot fail to interest children; while the fact that it is edited by one of our own ministers, is a sufficient guaranty to parents that it shall contain nothing that will be injurious to morals. See advertisement on the cover of the January number of the Guide. \$1,00 per annum.

 We hope hereafter to go to press in season, to enable our subscribers to get their Guide by the first of the month.

wholly to the service of my Saviour, I attended a camp meeting. I was at a meeting in one of the large tents, where the spirit of supplication was poured upon the people in an extraordinary degree. There, in humble prostration were bowed, some seeking to be perfected in love, and others seeking pardon. Such a company of earnest pleaders I have seldom witnessed, as with strong crying and tears they sought the promised grace. In heart I exclaimed, O! that some one would talk about that faith through which the grace is to be received. God is eminently present to give. These suppliants seem to have been prepared through the Spirit's mighty workings, for the reception of the grace, and all now needed is that they be directed to the exercise of that *act* of faith which appropriates the promises. And why do *you* not do it? was suggested. I saw teachers in Israel bowed there, with other responsible persons, and thought that I must have a *special* commission before undertaking such a work. If I had resolved that the emergency should make the duty, as I have since, I do not doubt but that God, through the omnipotence of faith, had saved many. But instead of this, I hastened away to my private tent, a few steps distance, in order that I might with certainty know the mind of the Spirit. I had scarcely begun to inquire of God, when it was suggested,—“Did you not this morning ask to be filled with the knowledge of the will of God, with all wisdom and spiritual understanding? And did you not believe, when you asked, that you *received* the thing you desired of God? Why then did you not go forward during that which was in your heart, knowing that the Lord was with you?” I saw my error, and hastened back to do the work; but the opportunity was gone! I had occupied the time which ought to have been spent in doing the work, in inquiring of the Lord about that which my judgment should have made plain; and now the trumpet sounded, calling the people from the social circle to the more public exercises at the preacher's stand. I was convicted of my error in judgment, and felt ashamed before the Lord; but I felt my heavenly Father did not *condemn* me, for He saw that my intention was to please Him. I have since been endeavoring to act upon the principle of *faith*, believing, when I ask to

be filled with the knowledge of God's will, that He hears me. Trusting in Him for a sanctified judgment, I hasten, as emergencies call for promptness in action, believing that Providential indications are manifestations of the will of God.

CAN ONE MADE MEET FOR HEAVEN, REMAIN ON EARTH?

"Giving thanks unto the Father, who hath made us meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light." And can one, after having made all ready *meet* for heaven, still remain below, carrying out the purposes of God on earth, as angels carry out the purposes of God in heaven? This question, says Bishop J., is satisfactorily answered in the foregoing text. Paul includes himself as among the recipients of this grace, "made *us* meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light." Yet, Paul remained on earth after this was written, some time. And not until we are in this state, are we raised to that entire newness of life, contemplated in the scheme of redemption. It was not a partial redemption, but a redemption from ALL iniquity which was wrought out by Christ. And not until we experimentally know the power of this redemption in the entire renewal of our nature—having this meetness for the inheritance of the saints in light, are we prepared to do the will of God on earth as angels do in heaven. Not until this is our experience, have we a full fitness for our work; for it is not until we are delivered from the hand of our enemies, that we are prepared to serve him without fear in holiness and righteousness, *all the days of our lives*, leaving it most evidently inferrable that our entire meetness to serve the Lord *on earth*, just *begins* at precisely the point where the majority of professed Christians strangely persuade themselves it must end. "We are members of the royal family, and our Father would have us wear our white robes every day;" so says my dear Dr. P. Aye, more, we are of the royal priesthood, a holy nation. Surely our Father will be displeased, after he has, at such an expenditure, purchased white robes for us, if, as his children, we go about with garments soiled and polluted by the world. We cannot walk *worthy* of the Lord unto all pleasing, unless we wash our garments in the blood of the Lamb, and then follow Him whithersoever he goeth.

P. P.

ORIGINAL.

BAPTISM OF THE HOLY GHOST.

FAMILIAR CORRESPONDENCE, NO. III.

BY IDA.

DEAR SISTER W——. I promised, in my last, to relate some incidents which have come under my own observation, in connection with the blessed doctrine, which has been the subject of my recent letters.

Never, my dear sister, did I stand up in defence of this precious truth, but God has imparted to me a blessing, and I have felt moved upon by the Spirit to urge it home upon the weak, fearful, doubting soul, as being just what they needed to make them strong, hopeful, and believing. I have seen the striking change wrought in them, and heard their shouts of praise, when "endued with power from on high." A few years since, I was attending a tent meeting in the town of M——, Mass. I was there introduced to a sister, with whom I had considerable conversation upon the subject of faith. She spoke of one of her own sisters who was hungering and thirsting for righteousness, and who had come to that meeting in the hope of hearing something that would aid her in obtaining the blessing she so ardently desired, but had left the ground, disappointed. Sister C. was anxious that I should see and converse with her, but expressed a doubt whether she would come again, as she resided some distance from the place, and had left in so dejected a state. The next day, however, while we were conversing during the intermission, her sister approached us. After being introduced, sister C. wished me to proceed with my remarks, saying, "my sister will be happy to hear you." I had been speaking but a short time of the way by which I was led into the blessed freedom of the gospel, (in the relation of which sister A. seemed much interested), when the bell rang for services, and we were obliged to close our interview. The sermon was not adapted to her state of mind, and I heard that she again left disappointed, and with the resolution not to return. I felt a great deal of sympathy for her, and would have been happy to have spent the afternoon in imparting such instruction as I was able, on the

subject of the way of faith, had I known what turn the meeting would have taken.

About a week after, while at the town of A——, sister C. came to see me, prompted, as she said, by a divine influence. I regarded this as all imaginary, and felt at the time quite tried about it. She stated that her sister had a great desire to see and converse with me, believing, if she could do so, she should be brought into the liberty she was panting after. As sister C. was a woman of uncommon faith, it did not appear to me at all reasonable that the Lord would send her twenty miles for so feeble an instrument as myself, and I was disposed to treat the whole affair rather lightly. In compliance, however, with her request, I betook myself to prayer for direction, and the result was, I became impressed with the conviction that it was my duty to return with her. I was very cordially received by her sister on our arrival, but as it was late, and I was fatigued, we did not converse much that night. The next day she took me into her chamber, and freely opened to me her state of mind. She had been troubled with fears respecting her salvation; temptations had troubled her very much, and not being able to distinguish between temptation and sin, she had been led to cast away her confidence; and her conscience being tender, she was ready to accuse herself, on almost every point. To my own surprise, and probably her disappointment, my mind was so closed up, that I was wholly unfitted to instruct her. In the afternoon, she requested me to relate my experience. I told her my barren state of feeling would not allow me to speak of it with any degree of interest, and that it would be difficult for me to converse at all. Being urged, however, I did the best I could, but I was entirely destitute of the assisting influence of the Spirit. I hardly knew what construction to put upon this singular exercise, but supposed that the Lord was probably teaching her that she must not lean on the arm of flesh; and *me*, that without Him, I could do nothing. I gave the entire matter up to Him, and prayed that I might be led just right.

After tea, my mind began to be exercised somewhat in relation to her case. Turning to her, I said, "I will tell you just what is lacking in your experience—you have never received the

baptism of the Holy Ghost!" This was the first time I ever made such a remark to any one, but I believe the Spirit dictated it. I then asked her, "Do you want it?" "Yes, I do," she replied, with much earnestness, while the tears filled her eyes. After dwelling on the blessed change that would be wrought in her mind by this baptism, until she became deeply in earnest for its reception—I told her the simple way by which she might obtain it—namely, entire consecration and the exercise of appropriating faith. I quoted various promises, and among them the one, "that if two of you shall agree on earth as touching any thing that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my Father which is in heaven."

"Now, will you," said I, "agree with me in asking that the baptism of the Spirit may be granted to you; and will you unite your faith with mine, in claiming the promise?" "I will try," said she, with much earnestness. After saying a few more words for the encouragement of her faith, we knelt in prayer. I felt that the power of supplication was given;—the Spirit made intercession, and helped our infirmities;—faith rose with divine energy, and bore the promise to the throne, and in Jesus' name claimed its fulfilment. O how easy to say, "*Thou dost hear us! Thou dost answer us! The blessing comes! We do receive! The work is done!*" Then came the *glory*, wave after wave, and filled our hearts full even to overflowing!

Sister — said she felt the divine influence sensibly, all through her system. The next morning, she remarked that she was so filled with a spirit of rejoicing, that she could not sleep, but spent the night in praising God. Commending her to God, I then left with a glad and grateful heart. Several times since, I have heard of her steadfastness, and strength of faith. To God be ascribed glory and honor, forever! In my next, I may give other incidents bearing on the same point.

Yours with much affection.

SPIRITUAL SENSIBILITY increases as we pursue our course heavenward; we become nice about our subjects of thought, speech and reading. The pure spirit is quickly sensitive to a wrong chord.

SELECTED.

HUNGERING AND THIRSTING AFTER RIGHTEOUSNESS.

[From James' Christian Progress.]

"Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled."—*Mark* v. 6.

This is a passage too much overlooked and forgotten by most professing Christians. Its terms are exceedingly strong, its sentiment amazingly important. Among all the appetites of our animal nature none is so strong—none so imperiously demands supply—none so constantly returns—none inflicts such suffering when not supplied, as this of hunger and thirst. And this is the appetite which, in the figurative language of Scripture, is selected to express the vehement desire we should feel after righteousness or holiness; and it is not only *one* of our natural instincts of this kind, but both hunger and thirst, that are spoken of. It is not the faint and feeble desire which by one filled almost to repletion is felt after some luxury, which, if it be not obtained, the person can do very well without. Oh, no; but the insatiable, unappeaseable desire of the empty, hungry stomach, after necessary food, that is employed. Such should be the longing of every renewed soul after holiness. Righteousness should be to it that which bread is to the body, and in reference to which we should say, "Evermore give us this bread." Instead of those longings after earthly blessings which characterize the worldly mind—those pantings after wealth, honor, and pleasure, which excite such energies and call forth such activities, the mind of the believer should be intent on spiritual blessings. No measure of holiness to which he has already attained should satisfy him. There are sins yet to be mortified, and he must not be content till they are dead. There are heights of moral excellence above him which he has not reached, and he should long to climb up to them. What he has yet attained to are but as crumbs to a hungry man, who longs for the full meal, or drops of water to a thirsty one, who pants for the copious draught. It is astonishing and affecting to see with what low degrees of righteousness some professors are satisfied. How little they seem to have of the *spirit* of holiness.

How very little is there of forgetting the things that are behind, and pressing forward to greater things yet! How many are there who are contented with the average piety of the church and the age, who seem only anxious to stand well in the estimation of their fellow-Christians, who are no better than themselves! How few are there whom nothing can satisfy but an ever-growing conformity to the divine image!

Perhaps there is in some persons a sad disposition to pervert and abuse a passage of most instructive, and encouraging, and cautionary import: I mean the question which was asked concerning the small beginnings, in the erection of the second temple at Jerusalem, "Who hath despised the day of small things?" Zech. iv. 10. This has been applied also in a spiritual way to the commencement of religion in the soul; and we are told that little grace is better than none at all; that faith is still faith though it be weak, just as diamonds are diamonds, and gold is gold, though it be in small pieces. Or, to return to the idea already dwelt upon, life is life, though it be but that of a babe, and therefore is not to be despised. We know it, and admit it. But then if little things are not to be despised, ought *great* ones to be so treated? And is not satisfaction with little things, when great ones *may* be obtained, to despise the latter? Be it so, that fragments of gold and diamonds are not to be rejected, yet who are contented with the dust of either, when they might have ingots of the one, or large and costly jewels of the other? No; the least measure of holiness is *not* to be despised. It contains a powerful principle of expansion and enlargement. Does the gardener despise the germ of a flower or the seed of a plant, or the acorn of the oak? Or does the parent despise the day of small things in the life of his babe? No; but then neither the gardener nor the parent is satisfied with the day of small things. So neither should the Christian. It is well, therefore, to consider, as Barnes, the commentator, remarks, that there is no piety in the world which is not the result of cultivation, and which cannot be increased by the degree of care and attention bestowed upon it. No one becomes eminently pious, any more than any one becomes eminently rich or learned, who does not *intend* it; and ordinarily men are in religion, *what* they intend to

be. They have about as much religion as they wish, and possess about the characters which they *design* to possess. When men reach extraordinary elevations in religion, like Baxter, Payson, and Edwards, they have gained only what they *meant* to gain; and the gay and worldly professors of religion, who have little comfort and peace, have in fact the characters which *they* designed to have.

ORIGINAL.

THE BLOOD CLEANSETH.

BY W. D. MALCOM.

Can this be true? Many hundreds of years have passed since the soldier, with his spear, pierced the heart of Jesus. The blood that flowed from His side, and may have rested on the rock of Calvary, has been long exhaled. How can it be that *this* cleanseth? Or, if the precious red stream was flowing to-day, could it reach and affect the inner man?

Do you see that individual in rich apparel, with cleanly person, who fares sumptuously every day? Ask the poor bystander, how is it that that man appears and lives as he does? The quick response is, money does it. Money?—why, his clothing is of finest wool, not silver; his body is bathed in pure water, not in gold fresh from the heated crucible; his food is animal and vegetable substances, not jewels from a distant mine. But I mean, money *purchased* his conveniences, is the explanation of the bystander.

So the *blood* cleanseth. It *procured the grace* that purifies the soul. That very blood shed on Calvary secured, *when shed*, the blessing of your present and full salvation. But what is *the grace* that cleanseth, and has been purchased with blood? *The grace of the Holy Spirit*—His influences, bearings, power. These come in *actual* contact with the inner man, and cleanse him. These break the bands of sin, and enter the heart as a “refining fire.” These cleanse from all impurity of heart and life—send away vile affections—unholy dispositions—every

thing contrary to God, the love, the will of God, — and plant and maintain within us the “life that is hid with Christ.”

“Spirit of Truth, be thou
In life and death, our guide,
O, Spirit of adoption, *now*
May we be sanctified.”

Danville, Vt., March, 1854.

SELECTED.

[SIN DESTROYED AND THE BODY SUBJECTED.]

[From the Unity with God.]

In a former number, in an exposition of the term *flesh*, as used in the New Testament, we promised to resume the subject, and show how far the flesh is to be destroyed by sanctification, and the power of the natural passions when purified from all that is carnal. In that article it was shown that the terms “flesh,” “carnal mind,” “old man,” and “body of sin,” all mean the same thing. Whatever difference of opinion there may be on this point, it is clear that this principle, whatever may be its nature, must be destroyed. We use the term destroyed because the Bible uses it. Says Paul to the Romans, “Our old man is crucified with him, that the body of sin might be *destroyed*.” In the letter to the Galatians the same apostle has these words: “They that are Christ’s have *crucified* the flesh with the affections and lusts.” Now if these texts mean anything they must mean that the flesh or carnal mind is entirely destroyed, so that it no longer exists.

It must not be understood by this that any organ of the body or faculty of the soul is destroyed; it is only the destruction of a wrong *moral state*. This state is personified and represented as having a real living existence, producing “lusts,” “affections,” and “works,” or desires, passions or feelings, and acts. These may all be crucified or destroyed in the sense intended by the apostle, and the soul and body be left in the full possess on of all their original powers and passions. We have found it necessary to be thus explicit here, because some, attaching to the apostle’s words too literal a meaning, have misunderstood the

nature of this moral crucifixion, supposing it to imply the destruction of the natural and lawful passions.

After the destruction of the "body of sin," there still remains in man a nature that needs subjecting to grace. Hence the apostle Paul in 1 Cor. ix : 27, says, "I keep under my body, and bring it into subjection, lest that by any means, when I have preached to others, I myself should be a cast-away." The term body in this text cannot mean the same as that in Romans vi : 6, there called the "body of sin." That is to be *destroyed*—this only to be kept in *subjection*. Neither can it mean the "flesh," or "carnal mind" referred to in the 8th of Romans. That "is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be." Hence we are shut up to the plain, literal meaning suggested by the words "my body"—the physical body, with its natural and lawful appetites and passions. Now, although a state of entire sanctification does not imply the destruction of any lawful passions ; such, for instance, as Adam possessed in paradise, or such as our Saviour possessed in his incarnation—it does imply such a government over all of them as to prevent any violation of the law of God. It gives victory over sin, the world, and self? it enables a man to rule his own spirit, to be master of himself ; or rather, to so commit himself to the government of God as to be ruled by him in all things. Still all the useful appetites and passions of our nature remain, requiring us to watch against their unlawful exercise. But we will pass to the practical part of the subject.

1. We ought always carefully to discriminate between the lawful and the unlawful feelings of the soul. It may be laid down as a general rule, that all the feelings which are purely the offspring of the fall, are in their nature sinful, and must be crucified. All malice, guile, hypocrisies, and envies ; all anger that is not voluntary, and that is not under the control of love ; all malicious feelings, are numbered among the doomed principles, and must be destroyed by the spirit of true holiness. But after all that is sinful in its nature and tendencies is destroyed, there will still remain in man such passions as are adapted to a state of probation in a world like this. There will still exist the passion of fear, that we may be led to shun danger ; anger, in

a qualified sense, that we may hate and successfully oppose what is wrong ; appetite for food, that life and health may be preserved, etc., etc. But it should be stated here that none of these passions exist in the sanctified soul as masters, but as servants ; being purified from all the dross of sin, and consecrated to God, they are all useful, and helps in the divine life, instead of hindrances as in an unsanctified state. They *may*, however, still be a means of temptation ; Satan may endeavor to enter the soul by unduly exciting, or taking advantage of, our natural feelings ; but we can resist, if we will ; true faith will always enable us to triumph. Our Saviour was tempted, through the appetite for food, to supply the demands of his nature in an unlawful manner, but was enabled to stand by unwavering confidence in God. And so surely may every one of his followers triumph by keeping his body under, and his eye single.

2. For want of light upon this subject, some have objected to the doctrine of sanctification, and, as a consequence, have never earnestly sought this grace ; and others, who have sought it long and earnestly, have feared to claim it. Some years ago, the writer, after preaching upon the necessity and attainability of complete holiness in this life, called upon a brother in the ministry, who was present, to conclude after him. The good brother took particular pains to inform the audience that they need not expect any such a state of grace in this life in which they would be exempt from a *warfare*, in which there would not be a lusting of the flesh against the spirit, &c. His indirect opposition to the doctrine of the sermon was all honestly meant, and originated more from a want of light than from any hatred to holiness itself. Had he been able to distinguish between indwelling sin and the lawful passions of our nature, he would have known, that while the devil lives and man is man, there will be warfare enough for all practical purposes at least. The holy man need not lay aside his armor ; he will need it to the end ; the devil is to be fought, the world is to be kept under his feet, and his body is to be kept under, lest that he—even after he has preached to others, and witnessed a good confession before many witnesses—“ fall away, and count the blood of the covenant wherewith

he was sanctified, an unholy thing." The language of Christ to all is, WATCH. Let him that standeth take heed lest he fall.

Distinctly before the writer's mind is the case of a pious brother, who for nearly a score of years has been seeking the grace of sanctification. He has fasted, prayed, and tried to believe, and at times has believed the blessing his while under the influence of very strong religious emotions. But being a man of very strong feelings naturally—though we are not aware of his manifesting externally any unchristian temper—when his overwhelming religious emotions would subside, and he would find within him still human feelings, such as he had supposed would be destroyed in sanctification, he would lose his confidence, and sink back into his former state. Now it may be that this good brother has never made a proper distinction between what is natural and lawful, and what is sinful, and has thus been induced by Satan to throw away the beginning of his confidence on improper grounds.

This is an important and critical point, and much care is necessary to present it in a way that will assist truly sincere seekers after truth, without lowering the Bible standard of holiness. Let us make it as plain as possible. As an illustration of all the other lawful appetites, take for instance the appetite for food. We know this to be a lawful appetite; it is necessary for life and health that it should exist, and that it should be gratified to a certain extent. Yet it must be restrained within the bounds of temperance and propriety. It is not wrong to *feel* hunger, but it would be wrong to resort to unlawful means to gratify this appetite. For this we have the personal example of our Saviour, when tempted in the wilderness to make bread out of the stones which lay at his feet. This would have been to have taken his case out of the hands of God. Whereas, by resisting the tempter as he did, he has left an important lesson to all his followers in every age—that even a lawful appetite is not to be gratified in an unlawful manner. To this it should be added here that the spirit of true holiness will not only have regard to the lawfulness of the gratification, but also to the degree of it; the health of the body and mind will be taken into

the account; God's glory will govern, whether in eating or abstaining.

3. Another inference from the above, of some practical importance is, that even the highest form of true religion does not destroy the natural constitutional traits of character. True holiness will make all who possess it in the same degree of one heart and one soul, though they may differ materially in their constitutional tendencies. These differences will still call for the exercise of charity. A person naturally quick in mind and body, must not condemn another of entirely opposite characteristics for not acting precisely as he does. We should have fervent charity among ourselves, bear one another's infirmities and so fulfil the law of Christ.

But it is hoped that no one will take advantage of any of the positions taken above, and plead them to justify any unlawful exercises of the natural passions. Some professing Christians do indulge in wrong tempers and acts, and try to justify themselves by the strength of their natural passions. This is always evidence of a bad state of heart. No true Christian who either enjoys or is panting after holiness will do this. He knows that however strong his passions, the grace of God is sufficient, so that he *need* not sin, and that this grace is measured out according as he needs, in view of the strength of his passions, and all other circumstances surrounding him, so that if he sin he is wholly without excuse.

“Dear reader, in conclusion will you suffer an inquiry? Are you Christ's? Have you the apostolic evidence of that relation—have you crucified the flesh with its affections and lusts? Is there any unholy anger, any feeling of resentment, burning in your breast? Has envy, pride, or vain ambition a place there? Is there not too much love of money in your heart? Is your heart inwardly pure? Do no lascivious thoughts find a welcome in your mind? We do not ask what your views are upon the subject of holiness, nor whether you have professed that grace—but what is the present state of your heart? If any of these soul-destroying works of the flesh are found within or about you, be entreated to come at once to the all-cleansing fountain of the Redeemer's blood. Throw yourself this very

day on God's holy altar, and bind the sacrifice there with cords that neither Satan nor the world can sever. Resolve now to have all that is sin within you utterly destroyed, or to die in the struggle. *Now*, while the word is inviting and the Spirit calling—*now*, while the blessed Saviour is pleading, draw near and take hold of his strength, and a glorious victory is yours.

"The moment we *believe*, 'tis ours ;

And if we love with all our powers

The God from whom it came ;

And if we serve with hearts sincere,

'Tis all discernible and clear,

An undisputed claim."

Then let the price be what it may,

Though poor I am prepared to pay ;

Come shame, come sorrow ; spite of tears,

Weakness, and heart-oppressing fears :

One soul at least will not repine

To give you room ; come reign in mine !"

SELECTED.

REV. JAMES CAUGHEY.

The name of this eminent servant of God is familiar doubtless to all our readers. The following interesting sketch, is from the pen of the editor of the *Class Mate and Revivalist*, a monthly published by H. S. Elliot, Centerville, Ind.

On a late visit to Cincinnati, I had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of this distinguished minister, and servant of God, and of hearing him preach two excellent and heart-stirring sermons. He is a native of Ireland. Emigrating to this country in youth, he became the subject of converting grace, afterwards a member of the Troy Conference, and was ordained Deacon in 1834.

The first years of his ministry were not remarkable for success, and gave little promise of his late distinguished career. His attention was particularly drawn, by some part of the writings of Dr. A. Clarke, to the importance of the spirit's influence, in the work of Saul's conversion ; and from that time it became a ruling idea, engaging all the energies of his head and heart—leading and directing all his operations. A deep and abiding impression was made upon his mind that it was his duty to visit the old countries—his native land and England, and that great

good to the cause of God would result from his labors there. He disclosed his project to his friends, some of whom were at first disposed to treat it as chimerical, but seeing his earnestness and unwavering confidence in his Heaven-suggested scheme, his brethren of the Conference, granted him leave of absence, that he might carry out his design. He visited Montreal and Quebec; and finally crossed the Great Waters, thus gaining the object of his most ardent desires, the privilege of preaching to his countrymen on their native soil. He spent six years in Ireland and England, visiting their large cities and more important towns. A glorious flame of revival attended wherever he went. The people flocked in crowds to hear him, the majority to wonder and gaze, some to sneer, but many—thank God—remained to pray, repent, agonize, and find pardon. Twenty thousand converted souls, were the fruits of his six year's labor on the other side of the Atlantic. What an astonishing result accomplished by the instrumentality of one faithful servant, in his Master's vineyard! It seems unparalleled in the history of the triumphs of the cross. What an array of redeemed immortals rise up around him, and claim him as their spiritual father!

Since his return from Europe, Bro. Caughey, has been laboring in Canada and the eastern states. The friends of the cause of Christ, in Cincinnati, have succeeded in obtaining a visit from him, and he proposes spending a week or more in each charge of the Queen City. He has labored a week at Ninth street Church, and some fifty have professed conversion, or received the blessing of perfect love. Great interest is manifested, and immense congregations wait upon his ministrations. From present indications, we expect and trust that much good will attend his visit to Cincinnati.

It was in the evening, at Christy Chapel that we heard him. The rain was rapidly falling, and the evening very disagreeable; and consequently instead of a perfect *jam*, there were only about a good Sunday congregation present. The seats for ladies were rather sparsely occupied. The utmost interest prevailed, and every eye was directed to the pulpit, where sat Mr. Caughey. It was but a moment; he arose, as the time for services to commence arrived, cast a hurried glance over the congregation, saying

in a manner perfectly natural, and with that peculiar emphasis, and sweet simplicity of a mind deeply impressed with a sense of the Divine presence, "Let us worship God ;" and read his hymn clearly, and with *much pathos*. Simplicity, earnestness, and strong faith characterized his introductory prayer. A portion of Scripture was read, and another hymn sung, and he rose and gave out his text, reading it twice, distinctly—impressively. In few words he explained the scope and bearing of the passage, and launched into the subject without announcing his divisions, aiming with tremendous energy at the heart and consciences of the hearers. Breathless attention is secured from the commencement to the close, and ever and anon an earnest amen is heard from a dozen voices, and occasionally a shout of Glory, half suppressed, yet from glowing hearts, goes up.

In personal appearance, Mr. Caughey possesses no very striking marks, which some would consider the stamp of genius. He is of about the common size, apparently about forty years of age, black hair, dark complexion, erect in posture, pleasant countenance, and expressive eyes. His voice is neither heavy nor shrill, but very agreeable and susceptible of great compass and power. His gesticulation is natural, somewhat exuberant and sometimes unusual. In speaking of the motives of preachers, and the disregard, which they should have for fame and the riches and honors of the world, he held his hand tightly pressed over his eyes for some time, exclaiming, "*Let me not see them. God forbid that I should see them.*"

He is not what most would call a great preacher, nor is he remarkable for system, or for strong, lengthy, and logical discussion. He evidently aims not at anything great and striking, though he possesses strong imagination and great beauty of fancy. His whole object is to present the truth in Christ, with the demonstration and power of the Holy Ghost. Yet his discourses abound with apt and striking illustrations, and gems of thought, possessing rare brilliancy. And passages of highest sublimity are interspersed through his discourses, which render them exceedingly attractive. As soon as the sermon is ended, mourners are invited to the altar, also those seeking sanctification, and a prayer meeting is held. The peculiarity of his

operations consists in carrying on two revivals at once, a revival in the Church, of holiness, and a revival outside, for sinners. In the afternoon he preaches to the Church, on sanctification, at the close of which, he holds a prayer meeting. A select meeting is held at night, beginning half an hour before the public services, in the preacher's study or some other convenient room, designed for all who are seeking religion or the blessing of perfect love, where the time is spent by all on their knees, while he converses with them presenting appropriate passages of Scripture, asking questions, and exacting vows and promises, to which all present are expected mentally to respond. From this room they adjourn to the Chapel, and public preaching. If all ministers had the faith, earnestness, zeal, and full reliance upon the aid of the Holy Ghost, of James Caughey, what a change would soon be effected in the Church, and in the world! May God give us many more men of the same kind, and arouse the slumbering Church everywhere.

THE NOBLER MODE OF "CHURCH EXTENSION."—The desire to spread and strengthen a *sect* may become an unholy ambition; it may engender a yet ranker sectarian antagonism. There is a mode of "church extension," obnoxious to neither of these evils, nor indeed to any other; hence we deem it the "more excellent way." It is ably sketched in the following paragraphs from the Cincinnati Christian Herald, and every Christian should delight to endorse it.

"We do not ask for your eloquence or your wealth, but for your consecration of heart; for your cultivation of personal holiness; for your growth in grace.

"The kingdom of God is within you.

"Christ has set up his standard there and commenced a career of conquest. But broad domains of thought and feeling are still unsubdued. You cherish unholy habits. You give much of your time to pursuits that are hostile to Him. Satan holds many a fortress over which the black flag of sin is unfurled, while a host of carnal lusts rally around it!

Here, then, is a work for you, Christian. A *great* work. Every pure desire which you cherish—every holy habit which you form, every part of your nature which you permit the Holy Spirit to cleanse and sanctify, is an extension of Christ's kingdom—an extension of the church.

P o e t r y .

The following lines were forwarded to us some time ago, but by some means they have heretofore been overlooked. The writer will please pardon the delay.

EDS.

ORIGINAL.

P A R A D O X .

LINES WRITTEN IN SICKNESS.

BY M. A. BERNHARD.

A prisoner I am,
Fast fettered is my wing,
And yet on pinions free
I soar on high and sing.
Faith bears the sinking spirits up;
Faith makes sweet the bitterest cup.

I'm weary, faint, and sick,
And gnawing pains distress me;
Yet I'm active, strong, and well,
With nothing to oppress me.
Faith makes the heaviest burden light;
Faith turns to day the darkest night.

I'm panting now with thirst;
Thick darkness gathers o'er me;
And yet I quaff of "living streams,"
And all is light before me.
He whose presence makes my day,
Chases every cloud away.

I am a lonely thing,
No kindred souls around me;
Yet while here I lie and sing
Bright angel bands surround me.
And Jesus too is ever near,
Even my faintest wish to hear.

On stormy seas I'm tossed,
Wild waves are bursting o'er me;
Yet on placid stream I glide,
With waters calm before me.
With faithful Pilot ever near,
My frail and trembling bark to steer.

O happy, happy state,
 By faith's strong eye to see ;
 "Though sorrowing, yet glad ;"
 "Though bond, yet ever free."
 Poor in the fleeting things of earth,
 Yet rich in those of greater worth.

Cleveland.

SELECTED.

THE WAY OF HOLINESS,

Isaiah xxxv. 8-10,

BY W. T. E.

How beauteous are their feet
 Who walk in this highway ;
 They're shod with heavenly peace,
 In search of endless day :
 Their features glisten in the light
 Of holy thought and purpose right.

The way these pilgrims tread
 Was cast up by their Lord ;
 They're from his table fed—
 Directed by his Word :
 A cloud of joyful witnesses
 Are swelling *now* his worthy praise !

They've left their labor here
 For an eternal rest—
 Obtained by faith and prayer
 A home among the blest ;
 Where holiness will ever reign,
 Dispelling guilt, and fear, and pain !

Come, let us join the train
 Ascending Zion's mount ;
 Cleansing from every stain,
 And quaffing from the fount :
 The fount of purity and love—
 'Tis at the throne of God above !

February, 1854.

Southern Observer.

SELECTED.

THIRTY LEADINGS OF THE SPIRIT.

[From an old English work.]

"As many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God."—Rom. viii. 14.

Have I been led by the Spirit
 To FEEL that I by nature am a child of sin and death ?
 To MOURN that I have gone astray e'er since I drew my breath ?
 To *make a true confession* that I merit endless woe ?
 To *fight* against the world, and flesh, and my satanic foe ?
 To *trust* alone in Jesus' blood so freely shed for me ?
 To SEE, by faith, that all my sins He bore upon the tree ?
 To TAKE *Him* as my righteousness, my title to the skies ?
 To VIEW Him as my only and atoning sacrifice ?
 To OWN the Lord of Glory as my Prophet, Priest, and King ?
 To TALK of His salvation and delight His love to sing ?
 To SPEAK of his Divinity, believing He is God ?
 To YIELD unfeigned obedience, and tread the path He trod ?
 To PRACTICE self denial, and to bear my daily cross ?
 To LOVE the dear Redeemer, and "count all things else but dross ?"
 To REST on all the promises, receiving them by faith ?
 To *search the Scriptures* prayerfully, to see what Jesus saith ?
 To BOW to all his wise decrees, and suffer all His will ?
 To HEAR in tribulation's hour his whisper, "Peace, be still ?"
 To PROVE myself a fruitful branch of Christ, the living Vine ?
 To GROW IN GRACE and knowledge too, and in His image shine ?
 To WASH my robes in Jesus' blood, and feel my sins forgiven ?
 To PRAY for holiness of heart, and rendered meet for heaven ?
 To FEED by faith, with thankfulness, on Christ, the heavenly bread ?
 To SEEK a closer union with Him my living Head ?
 To MANIFEST an active zeal to circulate his Word ?
 To *be "always abounding"* in the work of Christ my Lord ? "
 To strive by every lawful means to benefit mankind ?
 To SHOW in all I say and do a meek and heavenly mind ?
 To HOPE to see my Saviour Christ in yonder bright abode ?
 To WORSHIP in a Trinity the unity of God ?

ALL SELF-COMPLACENCY is excluded in the experience of holiness. However deep our peace, however freely justified and uncondemned we stand before the cross, abasement before God is the attitude of the soul praising the grace which saves to the uttermost.

Christian Experience.

ORIGINAL.

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER.

The following extract from a letter lately received, will be read with interest and profit. But for its great length, the whole letter might have been properly inserted. After certain other statements, the writer proceeds:—

I now saw that to exercise faith in God, would be to leap out of a “waste-howling wilderness,” upon the green, fertile, solid ground in the midst of the ocean. I saw that all my struggle was with those things that hindered my confidence in God, my reliance upon Christ. I knew that without faith it was impossible to please God, and I began to ask the Lord at once to show me the way of faith as it was taught in his word. I desired to have complete victory over sin, to have sweet communion with God, to love my neighbor as myself, and seek his good to edification. I wanted to know Jesus as my present Saviour from all sin, and seek the glory of God as the single undeviating purpose of my life. Again I covenanted with God, that if he would give the victory, and the evidence that my heart was cleansed from sin, my future life should be entirely devoted to his service:—and here I could proceed no farther, my strength failing me to such a degree, that I could scarcely utter a word. I went to the meeting, Saturday evening, deeply convinced of the awful sin of unbelief. When Br. G. knelt down to pray, he commenced preaching a sermon to me upon that very sin. This was his text, “He that believeth not God hath made Him a liar.” John v: 10. I saw then and there as I never did before, how exceedingly wicked it was to disbelieve God; and immediately many passages of Scripture were presented to my mind, encouraging my faith, and they seemed to draw me nearer the throne. I felt unbelief give way in a measure, the clouds began to disperse, light glimmered from on high, and I felt a joy like that which we feel when expecting to meet a beloved, long-absent friend. I continued in this peace of mind during the Sabbath, at times feeling, especially in the afternoon, when Br. G. was reading to us the “will of God, even our sanctification,” just like leaping, or, as he told me on

Friday, like jumping right into the arms of the blessed Saviour. After the sermon in the evening, and while singing at the altar, "Glory to the Lamb," I felt faith spring up in my heart without any effort of my own, almost causing me to shout aloud to Jesus:—I caught a view of my Saviour, and wanted immediately to be alone, and pour out my soul before him. After my return home, I began to lift up my eyes to the "hills from whence cometh our help," and the Lord did send me help from his holy place; my heart melted down before him like wax before a blazing fire; he discovered my heart to me, and showed me clearly *that I had no righteousness at all*. An awful dread came over me, and I felt that I deserved nothing but banishment from his presence and the glory of his power. In that solemn moment I felt the power of God settling down upon me, and I beheld the Lamb of God taking away my sins. Then I felt that I had redemption through his blood. I had the happy assurance that "my Beloved" was mine, and I was his. This evidence continues to the present moment. "My soul did magnify the Lord, and my spirit did rejoice in God my Saviour" with joy unutterable and full of glory. With many tears I said, "Glory to the Lamb! glory to the Lamb! Hallelujah to Jesus, my sins are washed away in the blood of the Lamb!"

Since that delightful evening, December 24th, I have been enabled to hang, moment by moment, by faith upon the dear Redeemer, and his praise has been continually in my mouth. O glory to the Lord forever, what a salvation is this! I have freedom from sin, constant peace, and not an unholy desire. My heart grows warm while I am writing. My soul is sweetly at rest, and I desire no other portion on earth or heaven.

Insatiate to this spring I fly,
I drink and yet am ever dry;
Ah! who against thy charms is proof,
Ah! who that loves can love enough.

The Lord shows me clearly, what is pleasing to him, and I am enabled continually to do his will in love. I receive daily from him strength and peace, and I have nothing to do for him but what I love to do—praise mingled with every duty. The least omission pains me exceedingly. I cannot tell you how grieved

I felt, in not being able to witness for God in the meeting. I wept excessively, all the way home; but it drove me to the blood again, which makes the wounded whole.

While praying this morning, the thought that God would hear *me*, and answer *my prayer*, humbled me in the dust at his feet; and then he gave me such a sense of his presence, and such a view of the fulness of his grace in Jesus for *me*, that it quite overwhelmed me, and while wave after wave of love and glory rolled over my soul, tears poured in streams from my eyes, and I exclaimed,

*My God, my all-sufficient good,
My portion and my choice;
In thee my vast desires are filled,
And all my powers rejoice.
From thee alone my joys shall rise
And run eternal rounds,
Beyond the limits of the skies
And all created bounds.
Long as I live, I'll bless thy name,
My King and God of love;
My work and joy shall be the same
In the bright world above.*

Oh! glory be to God for these foretastes of heaven! May eternity be spent in these sublime pleasures and joys! I feel that I have already begun my eternal song, and with all my heart ascribe salvation and honor, dominion and majesty, to Him that sits on the throne, and to the Lamb forever, who has *loved me*, and ransomed me with his precious blood. Glory to the Lamb! I hope to gain the skies through the blood of the Lamb. Glory to the Lamb forever! glory to the Lamb!

The commencement of the new year has been the most solemn and the most joyful period of my life: the Lord has made it the commencement of a new era in my religious experience. I know I still inhabit a tenement of clay, and I have no confidence in the flesh, for every hour's experience convinces me more and more that I am a sinner saved by grace; still I live, "yet not I, but Christ liveth in me, and the life that I now live in the flesh, is by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me and gave himself for me." I now desire to serve God understandingly, faithfully, cheerfully. *His yoke is easy and his burden is light.* I praise him for the facilities offered me of late, for learning his will and my privilege, and I esteem the

instruments very highly for their works' sake. Will you pray for me, that the anointing "which I have received of him may abide in me," and that I may so abide in him, "that when he shall appear I may have confidence, and not be ashamed before him at his coming."

L. G. P.

ORIGINAL.

SHE, "BEING DEAD, YET SPEAKETH"

SCHUYLerville, N. Y.

DEAR BROTHER DEGEN,—The following is the experience of our departed Sister Lockwood, who died some few months since at Victory Mills in this charge. On her dying bed, when her recovery began to be doubtful, she sent for me and committed to my charge the substance of what is here written, with the request that I should prepare it for press, and forward it to the Guide. She was a sister of precious memory, and was, during the past winter, a most *efficient* laborer in our revival in this place. She said she wrote this article while watching with her sick child, who has, since her decease, also departed to the spirit land. As she committed the papers to me, she said, "I became exceedingly happy while writing it."

Affectionately,

S. P. WILLIAMS.

I was converted to God Dec. 11th, 1831; and three years afterward received the witness of perfect love. The subject was brought before the congregation of which I was a member, by Bro. Lull. This was the first time I ever heard this doctrine distinctly presented. It was just what I needed. I purchased a book devoted to the subject, and so deeply was I convicted of the need of this grace, that I spent nearly the whole night in reading and praying alternately, yet my soul found not the peace it sought. Through the constant assaults of the enemy of souls, I was thrown into a state almost bordering on despair. At a conference meeting held at our church, I endeavored, in the strength of the Lord, to give a plain statement of my feelings. My confession seemed to astonish all, as from my outward deportment they had judged me a devoted Christian. Indeed, I *had* endeavored to live according to the light I had: my sins were more of omission than commission. So deeply was I convicted for the blessing of inward purity, that I considered no sacrifice too great to make, in order to obtain it, and with joy would have suffered martyrdom, if called to it. Oh, how tempting the martyr's crown appeared to me! I had indulged the thought of being a missionary from my earliest recollections. With joy I would have sacrificed friends and home. The glory of God was with me the supreme object of

desire. I thought if I could not be employed in the missionary field, I would gladly be transported to some lonely isle where, in solitude, I might seek that preparation of heart which would fit me for death. I looked at others who, by their holy lives, were better qualified for usefulness than myself, and longed for that sanctified state of heart which would prepare me for the work of my heavenly Father. The precious promise, that "they that turn many to righteousness" shall shine "as the stars for ever and ever," awakened in my heart an ardent desire to lead sinners to the Saviour.

But to return to the subject. At the close of the meeting, Bro. Stillman, who was then our Pastor, came and imparted some suitable instruction, after which, all retired but myself. I resolved never to leave the house until the Lord had fully sanctified my soul. Whenever I had endeavored to make this committal before, the enemy had thwarted me by suggesting that nothing but a disappointment would ensue; but thanks be to God who giveth us the victory, I was now enabled to repel the suggestion. When I found myself alone, something seemed to whisper in my heart, "you are not alone, for God is here." I knelt and prayed, and Oh! what precious access I was permitted to have at the mercy seat. I asked and received. My tears were speedily dried up. My burden of soul was gone, and I felt an inward consciousness that I was made pure by the blood of the Lamb. I could then have performed any duty. My soul was filled with sweet peace; and it seemed as if I was endowed with new senses—hearing and seeing as I never did before. After retiring from the church, I felt no disposition to mingle in conversation; but wished to be alone with God. In the evening, I again repaired to the sanctuary and took the seat I occupied when the Lord sanctified my soul. Here, in an important sense, I was again alone with God. My soul enjoyed uninterrupted communion with him, and love, like a steady flame, glowed on the altar of my heart. At the close of the sermon an invitation being given to penitents who were seeking the Saviour, and to those who were willing to present them to God in prayer, to gather around the altar, remembering the promise I had made to discharge every known duty, I ventured forward with others and engaged with them in prayer.

In the earnestness of that exercise I wholly lost sight of myself, and of the position which I had assumed.

At a subsequent meeting, held on the same day, the congregation having assembled before the time for commencing public service, the Pastor arose, and remarking that there were some ten minutes which might be improved, requested some one to lead in prayer. I immediately fell on my knees and commenced praying. When I first heard my own voice I was somewhat frightened, but my heart was so full of love and my mind so overflowed with holy thought, that I found myself borne on in my supplications for sinners.

In this manner I continued to perform every known duty, giving glory to God, and blessing the day in which I had resolved to be wholly his.

Those were happy, golden days,
Sweetly spent in prayer and praise.

As it was not customary for females to participate in public exercises, these duties were somewhat crossing, but in their performance I inwardly received a great blessing.

About this time I visited some friends who were not interested in religion, and I was obliged to listen to their idle and vain conversation. Separated from the public means of grace and the society of Christian friends, I became the subject of powerful temptations: but faith in God's promises and prayer gave me the victory. Blessed be God whose kind care is ever over his children, and who will not suffer their feet to slide.

Editorial Miscellany.

WHY ARE THERE NOT MORE WITNESSES OF HOLINESS IN THE CHURCH.

Don't understand us as intending to intimate by this question that the witnesses of the power of Christ to cleanse the soul are not in the aggregate numerous. We rejoice to know that they are told by hundreds and by thousands.

Still they constitute but a small minority of the whole church, and why are they not more numerous?

Certainly the provisions of the gospel are adequate to the highest development of the Christian life in any given number of instances. This is understood by the majority of Christians.

If men would but think they would see that it is obviously easier to maintain a *constant* walk with God, than to get along in the exercise of a remittant piety.

Christ attracts the soul in proportion as the soul draws near him. The facility with which the soul follows the Saviour is, therefore, always greater, as it cleaves with the greater tenacity to him.

In many things the whole is easier of accomplishment than a part. Total abstinence is easier than partial reformation for an inebriate. To walk uprightly is easier than to go half prone or to creep. The *centre* of a "way cast up" is precisely the line where the traveller will find the easiest walking, and where his feet will be least likely to slide.

The soul can only hope to "mount up with wings as eagles," when it has "laid aside *every* weight."

So the man who gives no *quarter* to sinful indulgence or appetites finds it vastly easier to maintain a heavenward direction, than he who allows himself in a variety of oscillations from time to time.

Aside from these considerations men know that holiness is bliss in itself, and bliss is what all seek as by a common intuitive impulse. Its conscious purity—its mute acquiescence in the will of God—its supreme delight in an object always present—its freedom from the antagonisms of sin—its prelibations of the future heaven—these are perpetual sources of bliss to a holy heart.

The wonder that there are not more persons who personally prove the power of Christ to save from all sin is further increased by the consideration that the peculiar spirit of the age is one pre-eminently of inquiry, and enterprise, and progress. Men evince everywhere the greatest eagerness to make the most of every known truth.

The polarity of the needle has made man at home on the ocean and in the desert.

The knowledge of the expansive power of steam has wrought a revolution in locomotion and commerce, and brought men of the same nation and of every nation into near relations with each other. Some knowledge of electricity has resulted in expedients by which men of distant cities stand talking with each other as if face to face.

Indeed, every new truth of physical science which men acquire may be said to agitate society by its advent; nor do men rest till they have laid the last burden upon the new-comer which it can bear.

But here is the truth of God—truth sent from heaven by express, in the hand of a Mediator—truth baptized in blood, and ordained to save the world—a system of truths, a constellation, a whole heaven of truths. How much can be made of them? Let us know immedi-

a ely, for human want is most pressing. Alas, society exhibits but little indeed of its wonted eagerness to push inquiry, or to test by experiment what may come of the revelation. Nay, the very priests at the altars of God are seen delivering the frequent caution to the worshippers not to expect too much of the system. Strange is it not?

G.

LITERARY NOTICES.

ISRAEL'S SPEEDY RESTORATION AND CONVERSION CONTEMPLATED; or, "*Signs of the Times,*" in *Familiar Letters* by Mrs. Phæbe Palmer, Author of "*Way of Holiness,*" &c.

This pamphlet is a reprint of certain "Letters by a Christian Lady," which appeared in the *Christian Advocate and Journal* some months ago. They have been republished also, we believe, in the *Jewish Chronicle*.

The positions taken by the author are, that there are numerous promises in the prophetic writings of the Old and New Testaments, of the recovery of Israel from their dispersions, and of their conversion to Christianity; that as these predictions have not hitherto been fulfilled, the events are to be looked for in the future; and finally, that the signs of the times indicate "Israel's speedy restoration."

Like the other writings from the same pen this pamphlet aims at an immediate and practical result.

The author would move the church to the immediate establishment of a mission in Jerusalem. In this respect we devoutly hope the effort may be successful.

Evidently the subject has been thoroughly and prayerfully considered by the author. The citations from Scripture are very numerous, and many of them are highly apposite.

These "*Familiar Letters*" are destined without doubt to contribute largely to the awakening of an interest in the church on the subject upon which they treat.

Printed by Gray, 95 Cliff street. New York.

G.

THE ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE OF ART, for April, has come to hand. It is illustrated by upwards of thirty engravings. Its table of contents is varied, embodying much that is interesting and useful. Among other things is an illustrated article on pencil making, and another on a subject which at this time is invested with considerable interest, on Russian serfs and Russian nobles. Boston: Frederick Parker, 50 and 52 Cornhill.

D.

THE METHODIST QUARTERLY REVIEW, for April, is also received, but too late to admit of an extended notice. *Contents.* I. The Conflict of Ages. II. Revival of the Black Arts. III. Science and Revelation. IV. The Point of Power. V. The Prohibitory Liquor Law. VI. A Theodicy. VII. The Ground and Method of Human Knowledge. VIII. Short Reviews and Notices of Books.

New York: Carlton & Phillips. Boston: J. P. Magee, agent, 5 Cornhill.

D.

ORIGINAL.

THE RESULTS OF HOLINESS ARE DESIRABLE.

BY JESSE T. PECK, D. D.

We ask the reader to recall the proposition with which we began. *It is desirable to be holy.* To make this very evident truth more deeply felt we have referred to the nature of sin, to the effects of sin and to the nature of holiness. The argument would be incomplete if it did not include *the effects* of holiness. These are matters of experience. They can never be appreciated without experience. We begin to realize them at conversion when the work of holiness begins. Happiness which no tongue can describe arising partly out of relief from the enormous burden of sin—from the deep consciousness of guilt, from a terrible sense of the wrath of God, from the awful fear of punishment. Happiness produced in part by the contrast which the soul feels between a state of pardon and a state of condemnation: But besides all this the beginnings of a new and spiritual life. The present manifest workings of the Holy Spirit upon the heart and the feeling of inward renovation are all suited to the constitution of the soul. Where the power of inward depravity is broken, and the feelings, motives, and will are brought into harmony with the will of God, inward comfort and joy are the natural results. And there is happiness in faith; for we are formed to believe;—to trust implicitly in God and the manifestation of a Redeemer, suits precisely this propensity to confide in a power able to support and to ransom us. This is *the rest* of the soul. In unbelief it is “like the troubled sea,” agitated, weary away from home, incapable of repose. In faith the soul is *at home*, and must be happy. And there is happiness in love. We were made to love. The malevolence of sin is its principal virus. No man can be happy with a consciousness of *hate* within him. Hatred to God, to man, even to an enemy, will make the noblest soul upon earth the home of wretchedness. Love harmonizes with a sense of duty—with the primary fundamental laws of the soul; and he who first feels the gentle, sweet, subduing power of love can hardly fail to rejoice. To all

really converted we may say, "whom (Jesus) having not seen ye love. In whom though now ye see him not yet believing ye rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory." And then there is bliss imparted—direct—rich beyond description, from the resident God within the converted soul, which is designed to increase forever.

But what Christian does not know that this inward joy meets with sad interruptions from the rising power of inward depravity. This, it cannot be denied, disturbs the moral harmony upon which happiness depends, renders it irregular and uncertain in proportion to its amount and force. And to give permanence and certainty to the bliss of conversion it must be totally removed. If it were to be always kept under, if as a source of temptation it were *never* to gain the mastery, the enjoyments of the soul great as they are, would be far less than in a state of perfect purity. If salvation in part—if the beginnings of sanctification are capable of producing so much substantial joy, how much more may be realized when the work is complete? This is clear from a prior evidence, but experience must destroy every vestige of doubt. That this deep, pervading, elevating and abiding joy in the state of entire sanctification is known, is matter of fact which both really and comparatively shows how desirable it is to be holy.

But the moral power it imparts, greatly strengthens the argument. The power to glorify God is fearfully impaired by indwelling sin. The sad accusations of conscience, of history, and of revelation against believers, are in evidence of this. Sin utterly destroyed, the soul, athirst for God and swallowed up in his love and the Divine glory, rises above every other consideration in earth or heaven. With what clearness and force can the soul wholly cleansed, glorify God by reflecting his image, by presenting truthfully his power to save, by showing the Divine reality—the superhuman strength of experimental godliness. How conclusively it refutes all cavil in regard to experimental religious verities, silences infidelity and dissipates fear by the indubitable evidence of fact which all men can see and no man dispute. This is bringing glory to God by confounding his enemies, by demonstrating his claims and illustrating his

living power to save the lost—a style of logic which transcends all the dictations of scholasticism and leaves nothing to desire. And how potent is the arm which is thus held out to the feeble in virtue. What encouragement to the halting and despairing. The living demonstration of the power of grace lifts up the head that was bowed down to the dust, and the sweet, inspiring language of love invites the timid forward in the way to heaven with a charm which multitudes are unable to resist. The work of God strengthens and revives, sinners are saved by scores and hundreds, by the living power of perfect love. We have but to suppose the whole Church of God completely ransomed and burning with love that casts out fear, to have some idea of the power in this experience to promote the glory of God. Who doubts—who *can* doubt that the aggressive energy of the Church would be then immutable and that the earth would soon be full of the glory of God as the waters cover the sea? The results of holiness. They can never be shown by Rhetoric or Logic. They cannot be appreciated without trial. We must feel the power of full salvation to know it. We must prove it when we are called to grapple with the monster death—must enjoy it in the thrill of delight which heaven will bring to the enraptured soul—must see it in the glory that beams from the Triune God in that bright world—must hear it in the songs and hallelujahs of redeemed ones, and angels, and seraphs, where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are forever at rest. Desirable! Ah! if it be desirable to be relieved from all fear—to be elevated to a state of calm and permanent bliss—to be able to glorify God even in the fire—to be ready for death without a moment's warning—to live with God forever, it is desirable to be holy.

WHEN the Lord reigns Supreme in the heart, how easily, how naturally holy aspirations arise, at all times, in all places, and in all circumstances.

A moment's divine recognition is the sweetest of all self-justification.

ORIGINAL.

THE BAPTISM OF THE HOLY GHOST.

FAMILIAR CORRESPONDENCE.—NO. 4.

BY IDA.

My Dear Sister W——, While relating to a brother a few evenings since, the incident narrated in my last, he became deeply interested in the doctrine therein inculcated, and expressed an ardent desire to attain to the same grace. He described his state of mind, which was very nearly the same as others describe, who are not in possession of this blessing. I read to him from the Word, a portion of the testimony relating to it, so that he might understandingly seek, and claim the promise, “Ye shall be baptised with the Holy Ghost.”

We knelt in prayer. He led, and was definite in his request, but his faith did not grasp the prize. I felt the spirit of supplication was graciously imparted to me. I felt that I could enter even within the rent vail, and plead with God. The brother's faith, united with mine, and the mighty baptism came, while “Glory! glory!” burst forth from our joyous hearts. It was glory all around, and within us.

In testifying of the work wrought, the next evening in the prayer-meeting, he said that his whole body felt the power of God, and it seemed as though he could gaze into heaven! He confessed after its reception, that he had once before received the blessing, but yielded to the temptation that it was *fanaticism*, and said nothing about it; consequently lost it.

While visiting at the town of G——, I attended a female prayer-meeting. A young disciple present, prayed with deep feeling and much earnestness for the blessing. The Spirit made intercession for her, and she was brought to the point, to claim it by simple faith. This she failed to do, but left the point, and began to pray for other objects. When she did this, she began to sink in her feelings, and subsequently arose in much heaviness. The ensuing week, I found myself again at the house of prayer. The sister was there too, and with a heart still more intensely panting for the blessing. Again she prayed

with fervency for its bestowment. "Lord," said she, "I will be Thine! I give myself to Thee! I lay all upon thine altar! O receive me! Bless me, O my Father! Sanctify me wholly! Baptize me with the Holy Ghost!" And thus she plead for some time, and brought by the power of the Spirit again to the point of reception. I could see it almost in her grasp, but there was a fearfulness to venture by naked faith. Such was the interest of my own heart, I cried out, Believe, and it is done! O how I longed to take the step for her! But unbelief overpowered her, and she arose unblest. Upon leaving the house I walked in company with her, and began to inquire of her why she did not believe when she prayed, that she did receive that for which she asked? "O" said she, "I want to *feel* that I receive it, before I believe!" "But it is on the condition of *faith* that you are to receive, and you cannot therefore have the witness of its reception until you comply with that condition. 'He that *believeth*, hath the witness, none other.' Supposing you were in need of money, and I should say to you, if you will go home with me I will give you ten dollars, would you go?" "Yes" said she, "I would" "Why would you go?" "Because I should believe you had told me the truth, and would give me the money." "Now," said I, "although a stranger to you, yet you would place implicit confidence in my word, and expect, when you complied with the condition, that you would receive the money. If you will now exercise the same faith in God, you would in me, the blessing is yours. I might deceive you; God cannot." I left her a few steps from her own door, and before I reached my own dwelling, God gave me the assurance that she was blest. The glory came, and filled my soul to overflowing. When I saw her soon afterward, she stated that she retired immediately to her room, and ventured all upon the promise of God, and the baptism of the Spirit descended with power upon her heart. Since that, she has loved to speak to others of the simplicity of the way of faith. I might cite other examples, but have not room in this letter. You will not understand me, dear sister, as taking any glory to myself, by alluding to the results which have followed my own personal efforts. I speak of these because I have a clearer understanding

of their case, than of those with which I have had no connection. God chooses weak instruments, oftentimes, for the accomplishment of his purposes, and as well might the axe oppose itself to him that wieldeth it, as for man to exalt himself, instead of God.

Yours in love. IDA.

ORIGINAL.

ALWAYS REJOICING.

NO. II.

BY A STUDENT.

Rejoice in the Lord always: and again I say, Rejoice.—*Phil.* iv. 4.

“I am filled with comfort, I am exceeding joyful in all our tribulation.” What a testimony is this! That tribulation which Paul speaks of was not a little—half of it was not a little—taken altogether, it was “great tribulation.” And yet some of us may sometimes think that there are circumstances harder than any that Paul was brought into, and we wonder if he would have been exceedingly joyful in them too. If exceeding joy can co-exist with exceeding sorrow, there could be no circumstance in which he might not be exceedingly joyful. Or if it is the privilege of the saint of God to have so much holy joy as to outdo any degree of sorrow, and banish it from the consecrated soul as it is banished from heaven, then Paul would be sure of being able to rejoice exceedingly in the worst of situations. It seems that on one or the other foundation, he is sure of being able to triumph over every source of sorrow. And if it was so with him, why is it not so with us? I know it to be true that God sometimes bids sorrow to depart entirely from the soul, when to the outward eye it would appear from the circumstances that sorrow must be the largest sharer of the soul, and that only a few rays of joy could get admission there. I wonder if the three Hebrews had any sorrow when they were walking in the fire? Or were their souls carried as much above the power of sorrow, as their bodies were above the power of fire? I wonder if Daniel so feared the lions when put into the den with them, that he had sorrow on account of being put

there? or did he look upon them only as harmless because restrained by the power of God? But these are extreme cases. So they are; and for this very reason,—for the reason that according to the usual operation of nature's laws they were scenes past endurance, God either so stimulated one principle to operate with unwonted strength, or bade another to draw back and not work at all, that the extremity of the occasion might be met. And the soul, as well as the body, felt this Divine adjustment. We are now-a-days sometimes brought into great extremities; and why do we not look for Divine interference to extend as far beyond the usual dealings of the Divine Hand, as the extremity of the occasion extends beyond common occasions? O Lord, increase our faith!

On every occasion of sorrow there are alleviating circumstances to which we can turn and get glimpses of comfort; and indeed the Christian has positive sources of *joy*. Whether we take of the refreshing draught as freely as we may or not, the living streams still flow on. In the darkest day, the angels are singing to us above the clouds, whether we hear them or not. We always do hear them in some degree, or else we should die in the midst of our sorrow. We sip a little of the cooling streams, else our tongues would cleave to the roof of our mouths. But why this stinted sipping? Why do we not drink freely, that the thirst which grief is causing may be allayed? Why do we not draw large consolations from the fountain of God's wisdom, benevolence—and more than parental kindness? We know that "He is too wise to err, and too good to be unkind." We know, too, that He does not give us up to the chances of the winds for a single moment; for this would not be kind in him, since we have abandoned all other resorts and come to him as our Everlasting Refuge. When he suffers us to be afflicted, why do we not go as directly as we can to the fountain of his Love and from thence draw strong consolation in remembrance that his thoughts are deep—that his plans reach from eternity to eternity, taking in time as a span's breadth; and that of their own nature, many of his ways cannot be other than beyond our penetration? I have no doubt Paul drew consolation from all these sources; and in addition to these, he had the oil of holy gladness poured

continually upon his head by the Holy Ghost. He was in extreme cases most of his time, after he began to preach the resurrection of Jesus. And if he had not been in extreme cases; if he, being a consecrated and pure minister of the Lord Jesus, had passed on smoothly among his countrymen and among the heathen, why might he not have had continual joy in the Holy Ghost? He was in sorrow sometimes, he tells us. He was not only where sorrow might be felt, but he *felt* sorrow, yet he rejoiced in the midst of it. I do not suggest that joy would be given on all occasions, even if we looked for it, sufficient to drive *all* sorrow away; but that it is sometimes so given; and that in the greatest extremity. The death of a child is an awfully extreme case to a mother. Not a day ago I was conversing with a mother who had had an only daughter taken from her at twelve years of age. I asked her how she was sustained under it. She said, "When I first began to see that the child was likely to die, I thought I should die too. I prayed for its life. Soon I began to pray for the sanctification of the child; and before long *I began to feel that it was best for the child to die*. I was astonished at my own feelings ever after that. *I was perfectly sustained.*"

I could have cried out, when she was speaking, O God! what canst thou not do with the human heart? Not a year ago I heard a mother, in the decline of life, speaking of the death of her youngest son—a young man of twenty years—whom she expected to have lived with her until she went into her grave. She told me when she felt the last pang on account of his death. She was walking in sight of the fields in which he had taken so much pleasure, and which he had anticipated cultivating to a great degree of fruitfulness. She then felt anew the pang of grief—seeing that his expectation and hers was so suddenly cut off. At that moment such a view was given her of the fields of celestial beauty in the immediate realms of God, where her son had gone to be a possessor, that she felt no more sorrow on account of his absence from her fields here, and had not from that moment afterwards. People continued to call her a bereaved and sorrowful mother, but with her, joy had taken the place of sorrow.

What I wish to ask, is—Is it not the privilege of the pure in heart to have joy in the Holy Ghost always? I mean not only may we not go at any time and voluntarily draw consolation from the sources given us, but may we not believe in God for the work of the Holy Ghost in shedding upon us clear rays of continual joy, as well as believe that He will give us continual love and peace? In the sacred enumeration of the fruits of the Spirit, I think joy comes next to love. If this order of placing terms has any importance, it is in favor of the prominence of joy as a work of the Divine Spirit. I am sure that the true philosopher would give joy a prominent place in the exercises of a mind whose emotions he was arranging for the most efficient operation. And all true philosophy certainly shows the Divine arrangement. It has often seemed to me that the joy of Christians—of perfect Christians even, is not as constant as the Bible indicates it might be. They need the strong and regular pulse of joy in God, setting all the machinery of the emotions into action, like the strong beating of the heart in health, giving life to the whole organization. Some may say that I give too much importance to the emotions, but the emotions spring directly upon the other faculties when they are touched, so that if an emotion is strongly moved, some other faculty will be moved. And what emotion sets more faculties into action, and into stronger action, and more bliss-making action, than joy does? We may answer that love does, and that it is equal to all demands. But love is more than an emotion. And when love gets to a certain growth it seeks to be always accompanied by joy. So it seems to me.

THE PRESENT MOMENT.—There is no moment like the present; not only so, but, moreover, there is no moment at all, that is, no instant force and energy, but in the present. The man who will not execute his resolutions when they are fresh upon him can have no hope from them afterwards; they will be dissipated, lost and perished in the hurry and skurry of the world, or sunk in the slough of indolence.

COMMUNICATED.

BELIEVE THAT YE RECEIVE AND YE SHALL HAVE.

DEAR BROTHER,—

Believing that as Christians it is our duty when we receive good ourselves to communicate it as far as possible to others, and having been deeply interested, and I trust somewhat profited, by the perusal of the following letter, I send it to you for publication. It was addressed by a Minister of the Gospel to the Rev. J. Caughey, while laboring in Birmingham, England, and contains a statement of his views, experience, &c., and the difficulties he met with in the matter of exercising *present* faith by the attainment of full salvation, and the manner he overcame them, or to use his own phraseology, "how he got out of the fog into the sunshine of perfect love."

A COSTANT READER OF THE GUIDE.

March 11, 1846.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—

Allow me to call you so: I have had many thoughts about writing to you, and have often wished either to have an interview, or in this way to lay before you some of the difficulties that have perplexed my mind respecting your "Penitent Meetings," "Calling persons forward to the communion rail," and "Faith as to instantaneous sanctification." Though I have had many reasonings concerning the latter doctrine, about twelve or fourteen months ago I cordially embraced it, and began to seek the blessing. But my views of faith prevented me from obtaining it. However, thank God, I have now got out of the fog into the clear atmosphere, and I see the glorious sun and rejoice in its bright beams. On Friday evening last I was in Birmingham, and heard you preach at Wesley Chapel; and at the close of your sermon, while on my knees with the congregation, I was enabled to believe and realize the blessing. Glory be to God! I afterwards went into the vestry, according to your public request, to register my name; and my object in writing is to state to you, if you will have the patience, some of my difficulties respecting faith, and how I got over them. Residing at —, I have not had an opportunity of hearing you every week, but did hear the sermon on "The substitutes for believing;" yet I fancied they would not meet my case. For years I have reasoned much on the subject of believing, and although I have directed penitents to say, "By his stripes we are healed," yet I never could bring my mind to approve and cordially to receive the

doctrine that seems to be taught in the text, "Believe that ye receive, and ye shall have." To believe what I could not feel, I considered to be unreasonable. I have argued this point with ministers and others for hours together, but without receiving light; for after all that was said it still appeared to me to be impossible. I maintained that the object of faith was Christ, his divinity, incarnation, sufferings, death, resurrection, and intercession, &c.; and to believe that we receive, was putting the blessing in the place of Christ, and opening a door for enthusiasm and antinomianism; and further more that the Scriptures ever hold out *Jesus* as the object of faith and assure us that when we believe on him (not when we believe that we receive) we shall be saved. In support of this I quoted Acts xvi. 30, 31. Rom. x. 6, 9. Jno. iii. 14 to 18, 36. Also vi. chap. 47 verse, in all of which I maintained, Christ was the object of faith alone,—and that no place could be found in which the penitent was exhorted to believe, that he was pardoned, but that if he believed on the Lord Jesus Christ he should be pardoned or saved. And thus I considered I had the authority of God's word for rejecting the doctrine generally deduced from the text. "Believe that ye receive, &c." For many years I held this view: but, on further reflection, I was led to see that pardon and salvation were the chief objects of desire to the penitent; and that he must believe in Christ in order to receive these blessings, so that after all there was a sense in which he must believe, that, for Christ's sake, i. e. on account of his atonement, he did receive them, and that consequently both Christ and Salvation were the objects of faith:—the atonement as the redemption price; liberty as the blessing procured. It appeared evident that Christ must be believed on, because he is "the way, the truth and the life;" the "one mediator," the only "sacrifice for sins," the only "foundation," the only "name given," and as our salvation was the ultimate design of his sacrificial death, we must believe that we receive it through him or for his sake. Merely to believe that Christ came into the world and died, could only affect us as a matter of history, or as an affecting narrative and as far as salvation was concerned would leave us where we were before. But to believe that he died for *me*, paid

my debt, was delivered for *my* offences, and rose again for *my* justification, and that by his stripes *I am healed*, is a very different thing, and makes the death of Christ avail for me: then faith in Christ is believing for salvation. When this view began to open before me, I commenced an examination of the above texts again, and soon discovered that the chief object of desire with the jailor was salvation. His soul was agitated with a sense of guilt, and trembling with fear he came and fell down before the Apostles, saying "Sirs, what must I do to be saved?" Salvation then was the object of his desire, and for this he was directed to "believe on the Lord Jesus Christ," and the promise was annexed, "thou shalt be saved," when thou believest; so that he had really to believe that he did receive. I saw also that in the tenth chapter of Romans where the Apostle discourses on the plan of salvation, i. e. the way in which sinners are justified or made righteous, the same view is presented. "Christ" we are there taught, "is the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth," that is faith in Christ accomplishes the same object as perfect obedience to the law would have done it; it secures life: and believing with the heart, and confessing with the mouth, are in order to salvation. When these texts were made plain, I saw that all others taught the same thing.

I now wondered I had not seen this before. But my difficulties were not yet all removed. That which was the last to give way was the following, which I will endeavor to state as clearly as possible:—All rational belief, I argued, must be the result of conviction, and all conviction must be the result of evidence, and all evidence must arise from existence. This appeared to be self-evident: and therefore I argued, no evidence can possibly outstrip existence; and no rational belief can possibly go beyond the boundaries of evidence; and therefore for a man to believe that he receives, before he does, is absurd and unreasonable, if not impossible. None but an enthusiast can do it. So plain and clear did this appear to me, that I conceived it to be perfectly unanswerable. On the 6th of February, I went to Birmingham and heard you preach in Cherry-St. Chapel, from Mark xi. 24. "What things soever ye desire when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them." In the

course of the sermon you related a conversation between a Baptist and a Wesleyan minister, in which some doubt being expressed as to the correctness of the translation, the original was examined and found to be in the indicative mood, present tense, as rendered in our version. I remembered at the time that there was another reading by Griesbach, but did not recollect what was the strength of its authority; I determined, however, on the following morning, if spared, to examine for myself. At the close of your discourse you exhorted the people to test the promise and called upon them to kneel. I thought to myself, at all events I'll try. I did so, and felt the power of God. But the recollection that there was another reading, and that I had always explained the text by the words "Ask and ye shall receive," hindered me again and again from taking God at his word. A friend afterwards remarked to me, "how simple!" Not wishing to discourage him, I replied, "yes;" but thought at the same time that could he have seen the difficulties that I did, he would not think so. On the following morning I examined the Greek text and found the different readings to be in the second aorist, and that it was marked by Griesbach as being inferior to the text, but worthy of further examination. Now, thought I, whatever difficulties my logic may interpose, I must respect and believe the word of God, which requires me to believe that I receive. I prayed as I have done scores of times before, but all this time I hesitated, and my logic kept me in unbelief. On examining parallel texts, I found not only the command, "Ask and ye shall receive" but the assurance, that "every one that asketh *receiveth*," as well as the invitation to come boldly to the throne of grace that we may *obtain* and *find*.

Still, the thought that no rational belief can go beyond the bounds of evidence, and evidence cannot outstrip existence, prevented me from believing; and thus wavering between the text of God's word and the deductions of reason, I was thrown into a state of great perplexity. Pained at the thought that I would not honor and credit God's word, I strove again and again to believe, but as often as the attempt was made, the suggestion

would again recur, "to believe without evidence would be both unreasonable and enthusiastic." At length in the midst of this perplexity my mind was directed to the prophecies, which I remembered foretold things that had no actual existence, and that when I believed them, I was allowing my belief to go beyond the bounds of evidence, and to rest on the word of another. I had thought of them before, but had always satisfied my mind by saying, "they have an actual existence in the purpose of God, and they shall be as they are appointed." I did not see that that *purpose* was *evidence* to me, and that when I believed them, I was believing the word of another, and that that word was my *only* evidence. I now began to think there might be a similarity between the word of prophecy and the word of promise. They both rest upon the veracity of Jehovah, and that veracity was evidence upon which I might lean without enthusiasm: and if I could believe the word of prophecy before it was accomplished, I could see no reason why I should not also believe the word of promise. Again, thought I, is not wishing to feel before I believe, like a person wishing to taste before he begins to eat; and may there not be as close a connection between the former as the latter? In this way I tried to bring myself to submit to God. I prayed and reasoned about the Divine goodness, love and faithfulness; the fulness and sufficiency of the atonement, &c., while I cried,

"Jesus see my panting breast;
See I pant in thee to rest!"

&c., till Friday night last, when you called the congregation to kneel with you. I remember that you had stated, that if we would *touch* the promise, alluding to the figure taken from electricity, we would feel its power. I did so, and experienced a thrill of glory spreading over my entire frame, filling me, not only with rapture, but calm joy, peace and gratitude. Instantly the thought came, "do not mistake this for the blessing of purity," but as quickly the thought followed, "in what way could the Holy Spirit witness with my spirit but in this." All my impressions of outward things are conveyed through the body, and all my inward impressions must in some way affect the body: at

all events I will not reason. I do believe! I do believe! Glory be to God!"

Pardon me for thus trespassing upon your time, and believe me very sincerely and affectionately yours,

ORIGINAL.

FRAGMENTS FROM MY PORT-FOLIO.

BY P. P.

WILL YOU KNOW THE SECRET.

Would you like to know how this hour may be made the most memorable for good of all your earthly history. Well there is a secret of which I may tell you which may thus memorialize this period.

But the *knowledge* of this secret involves *responsibilities* on both your part, and my own, and I must hesitate in divulging it until I may surely know that these responsibilities will be met. The responsibility incurred on your part will be the fact of *knowing* that which you will acknowledge to be for your highest good. To know this will involve the necessity of *doing* it, for how can you know that which you will acknowledge to be as far reaching as eternity, for good to yourself and others, without meeting an imperative requirement for the needful *action*. "To him that knoweth to do good, and doeth it not, to him it is sin." The responsibility of divulging this secret, on my own part I will explain.

The secret is, "The secret of the Lord," and so wonderful is it, that my divulging it to you may make me the savour of death unto death to you in case it does not by compliance on your part become a savour of life unto life. Now do not understand that I would inspire your heart with dread. For there are many who on coming to a period in their history when they have resolved at all hazards to know this secret, have dated it as the most memorable period of their lives, not only in view of their greater usefulness, but also in view of far greater *enjoyment*. Scores among my more intimate friends now stand ready to say that the benefit they derived from the moment they fully learned this secret, made it by far the most memorable period of their

lives. This secret was made known to the writer from the hour she fully resolved to "sanctify the Lord of Hosts himself, in her heart," with the solemn purpose that he *alone* should be her fear and her dread. Come to this resolve *now*, before you proceed a step further, and the secret I have proposed to reveal will have been more than half learned.

THE SECRET.

"The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him." And now with the resolve fixed that you will not let earthly friends, or any sublunary interests whatever stand between God and your soul, you will be prepared to listen to what I would tell you of the secret by which this period of your history may be distinctly marked for good. The knowledge of this secret stands connected with the *act* of giving yourself up in the bonds of an everlasting covenant to God. This is the will of God concerning you, and if you will now do the will of God, you shall now know what I would tell you.

You need not take hours in doing it. I do not mean that I would have you do this without counting the cost. But if you had in your possession that which by your own frequent acknowledgments belonged to another, would it be needful to take a great while in counting the cost in view of an entire surrender. Has not Christ purchased all? Suppose you should now sit down and take an inventory of all you possess, and all you ever expect to possess, and imagine that so great were the sum that a whole year were required in making out the items. Could you on retracing the list, find a single item worth possessing, but what *already* belongs to God. Then why linger for one moment in giving up all to God. Why wait to make out your inventory as though optional with yourself to withhold this or the other object. God is now saying "ye are not your own." Acknowledge his claim on the entire service of your whole being, thus will you manifest before God, angels, and men, that you fear him above all earthly objects, and you still will have a faithful revelation of what you have so long desired—the secret—of eminent devotedness and eminent usefulness.

You see your duty. The word of God makes it plain. And now that you *know* your duty, will you now be answerable to

the responsibilities which this knowledge involves! Do you now make the surrender, and enter into the bonds of an everlasting covenant with God! Then go on, and from this moment *act* upon the acknowledged principle "*I am the Lords.*" By the evident absorption of your powers in the service of your Redeemer, let the manifestation of your life be eminent and entire devotedness. If you so fear the Lord as to make him *alone* your fear and your dread, you will not let the opinion of friends however dear, or worldly interests however desirable, prevent you from being instant in season, out of season in winning souls to Christ. Jesus will enter the temple of your heart which you have set apart wholly for Him. He will come and bring His Father with Him, the Holy Spirit will take up his abode with you, and from this hour you will become a habitation for the Holy Trinity, and who can tell of the memorable, far reaching consequences of what may with you be the experience of this solemn hour, if you will be true to what you now know to be the secret of the Lord.

HOW DOING IS CONNECTED WITH KNOWING, ILLUSTRATED.

I will illustrate how *this* doing stands connected with *knowing*. A person such as the Saviour might have looked upon and loved, said to her friend, "I have been wishing to converse with you on the subject of holiness. There is something about it which I cannot understand." She was intelligent, and lovely and possessed of ability for exceeding usefulness, and her friend yearning for her entire devotedness said,

"Do you *do* as far as you *know*. God has long been saying to you, "ye are not your own, ye are bought with a price." You do not need farther light in relation to the duty of entire consecration. Have you consecrated yourself wholly to God?" She manifested much emotion and exclaimed,

"Ah that is the way it always comes to me—I *know* I do not *do* as far as I *know*."

Her friend assured her that it was necessary to do the will of God as far as she knew, if she would know farther of the doctrine, and after having proceeded in doing the will of God thus far, she might at once expect farther revelations of the light, but

otherwise *knowledge* would only increase her *responsibility*—for the servant that *knew* his master's will, and did it not, was to be beaten with many stripes."

Another of my friends who had spent weeks in inquiry on the subject of holiness, with rather a perplexed feeling, concluded that she would cease to occupy her attentions in perplexing inquiries, but would at once consecrate herself wholly to God, and would from that sacred hour act upon the principle that she belonged exclusively to God. In the strength of grace she performed the solemn act, by which she made herself over virtually and forever to God. She began to practice at once on the principle that she belonged to God, and in a moment the Spirit testified with her spirit that God had sanctified her wholly. She being not a forgetful hearer, but a *doer* of the word—was blest in her deed.

SELECTED.

THE SAVIOUR'S MODEL DISCIPLE.

[From "A Lamp to the Path."]

And Jesus called a little child unto him, and set him in the midst of them, and said, Verily I say unto you, except ye be converted and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven.—*Mark* xviii. 2, 3.

A little child, then, was the Saviour's model disciple; and what are the characteristics of childhood? It is ready to associate with any who are friendly to it. Regardless of external distinctions, it will condescend to men even of the lowest estate. And is it not thus that they who are born of God should at all times act? Instead of overbearing arrogance, or selfish endeavors to outstrip or supplant, does not the truth as it is in Jesus teach us to do as a little child instinctively does, to condescend to men of low estate? Are we not taught to esteem others better than ourselves, to love as brethren, to be pitiful and courteous?

Farther, we commonly find a little child transparently guileless. Infancy is proverbially artless; it is reserved for advancing years to develop deceit, or mature the power to be false. And is it not ever so with those who are taught of God? They should be pre-eminently men in whom there is no guile, whose

word is truth, and whose ways are uprightness. Who has not seen the flushed cheek, the quivering lip, and the downcast eye of youth, when first beginning to deceive? A similar confusion would be produced in the conscience of him who is born from above, were he to yield himself up to the guidance of lies. The little child is here again a model.

Or farther: Mark how devoid of care the infantine are. They repose without forethought or fear upon those whom they love—literally and absolutely, they take no thought for to-morrow. Borne up by the arms of affection, and neither doing nor dreading evil, they are kept in perfect tranquillity: every want is attended to, nay, every want is anticipated. A wisdom beyond what the young can fancy, and a love beyond what they can fathom, are engaged on their behalf, and resting upon these, the helpless and the feeble are safe amid a thousand dangers.

Now, is not that a model to be copied by all who know God's name, and put their trust in Him? Are we not told that only the Gentiles are anxious and fretful? Is it not announced as a general maxim, to which there can be no exceptive case, "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof?" And is not one of the most exquisite proofs of a particular providence that ever gladdened the heart of man, furnished by the Saviour with the flowers of the field and the birds of the air for his text, just meant to produce a child-like confidence in our heavenly Father?*

And once again: Are not children proverbial for their dependence on a parent's word? Do they not place the most unquestioning confidence in the information of those whom they love? Unless the parent be detected as a deceiver, or unless the child be perverted by the vicious example of those who should train it in the truth, not a doubt is felt regarding the word of those with whom infancy associates. And is not that a perfect model of the trust we should repose in the word of our Father who is in heaven? Are we not both reprov'd and instructed by such little children, as to implicitly confiding in the promises of the unchanging One?†

* Matt. vi. 25-33.

† See the Domestic Constitution, by Christopher Anderson.

SELECTED.

SHADOWS ON THE HEBREW MOUNTAINS.

BY H. B. S.

"Return unto thy rest, O my soul!"

There are times when the soul of every one is oppressed with the *weariness* of living. What *profit* hath a man of all his labor which he taketh under the sun? Living, to most who live earnestly, is rowing a boat hard up-stream; it is full of excitement and stimulus to the vigorous arm and determined eye. There is joy in strife, and pride in overcoming. But still, there are hours when the oar slackens and the arm is listless. One does not want for ever to contend with the mad race of waters, and longs to put out of the current into some quiet cove where sunbeams glitter in golden rings, and overhanging trees make green shadows and soft whisperings—it longs for a *rest*.

There are such internal sheltered nooks and shadowy dells, breezy and fragrant with restful images, in almost every soul—some place to retreat into for quiet thoughts. Is it not so, my friend? You are a mother, perhaps, with more than Martha's care, cumbered with much serving. The arranging and harmonizing of a family, the meeting conflicting claims, the endless work of compromising and peace-making among young and vigorous wills, the guiding inexperienced servants, and entertaining guests, and withal, the heavy anxiety to train aright that which never dies; these of necessity oft bring weariness, and there are times when you are sick of all together. But perhaps sleeping in the cradle is a joyous, beautiful creature, over whom, as yet, sin or sorrow has no power, ever sweet and good, gay and loving, and when every thing else is wearisome your thoughts repose there; your heart, like the dove that found no rest for the sole of her foot, folds its wings and is at peace in that cradle.

Walter Scott has a beautiful passage in *Kenilworth*, where he describes the ambitious Leicester disgusted and weary with the game of ambition, turning pallid and sick from all his schemes, and twining around his finger a fair tress of his young wife's golden hair, reproaching himself that he had so striven for things

of no value, when in the love of one confiding heart he had something so much purer, more satisfying, sweeter, and more beautiful.

So, too, the world of art, of poetry, painting, music, open a rest to the man who has long striven with the actualities of life, and made abundantly good by his experience the truth, "that which is crooked cannot be made straight," and "that which is wanting cannot be numbered." Then is he tired of this unreasonable world, tired of men as they are, tired of hypocrisy, tired of pride, tired alike of conservatism and of reform, and it is a rest to go with Shakspeare into an ideal world of men and women, or with Mozart into a dream-land of sound, or with Rubens into the ideality of color, or with the old Greeks into a labyrinth of beautiful forms, till his soul is rested.

In America, our prosaic work-a-day country, this rest can refresh but few; but "as he who hath no oblation chooseth a *tree*," so even here, *nature* furnishes a ready and benignant provision. Sometimes one single flower, tended and watered from day to day, in the dwelling of sickness and poverty, is a rest from care, and bears healing under its leaves. Happy they who live in the country; there is rest for them in the springing of leaves, in the green, sharp blades of grass, in the glorious sweep of the elm, and the pointing fingers of the spruce, in the flush of the autumn maple, and in the glitter of winter snows.

Many a worn heart has been *rested* by these things, that never knew where rest came from.

But there come times when all these fail—the lock of hair—the cradle; hide them away; they speak of only death and despair; the dream-land of sound has tones in it that are heart-wringing; painting has lost its color, and nature's bloom and beauty, her serene ineffable sweetness and composure pain us like the indifference of a friend. Now for the soul's *rest*! Where is it? Has the Almighty Father sent us here so orphaned that when all else is gone we cannot find *all* in Him? and say, "Return unto thy *Rest*, O my soul!"

But there is a meaning in that word *return*. We cannot return to a place we have never been to. This word return speaks of old familiarity and long experience; the dove came *back* to

the ark ; she had not the ark to seek for the first time. There is this savor of familiarity and long-tried friendship, this constant allusion to an established intimacy between the poet and his heavenly Friend, that gives a charm to the Psalms. He is not seeking a rest unknown ; he is returning to one well known and long tried.

Among the green, breezy hollows of the pasture-land at Bethlehem, in early youth, this invisible One, all beauty, all loveliness, had unvaild himself before his soul. He had come to him, not as a fleeting, poetic vision, but as a sober certainty of waking bliss. He had become teacher, comforter, and guide. He had attracted to himself all the fibers of the poet's inner life, so that he could say, "All my springs are in Thee." Thenceforth life became glorified, and all its events, prosperous or adverse, full of divine significance, and bearing a healing power.

The Psalms are full of intimations of this interior friendship. They speak of wakeful hours, of communion in the night-season, when all else is hushed and still. They speak of a glad pulsation of love and joy each morning, such as brightens the infant's eyes, when he awakes, to find his mother's smile. "*When I awake, I am still with Thee.*" They speak of wanderings and returnings, of offences forgiven, of instruction imparted, of doubts allayed, and inquiries answered.

In the Psalm, the poet is speaking as one who has left some warm and kindly home for some uncertain and perilous venture. He has been out into the battle and been wounded. He has been into the race and is weary with the noise, and blinded by the dust. He is heart-sick, weary, lonely, desolate ; but still he knows where to go. He says :

"Return unto thy rest, O my soul."

But woe for him who has learned no rest ; he who, when the storm desolates and lightning scathes, knows no hiding-place from the tempest. On the wide, blasted heath of time he stands a homeless wanderer ; no distant light gleams from the windows of a well-known home to guide him, no remembrance of a father's face allures him ; desolate above all names of desolation he who is written without God, and without hope in the world.

Christian Experience.

ORIGINAL.

PERSONAL EXPERIENCE.

The subjoined experience is that of a youthful female disciple of the Lord Jesus; one whom the Lord hath greatly blessed. At my earnest and repeated solicitations the writer has allowed her diffidence to be so far overcome as to pen a brief and simple narrative of her Christian state. Although not written for publication, I cannot resist the inducement to transcribe and forward it to the Guide, with the prayer that its perusal may induce some others of her age to imitate so worthy an example.

E. L.

EXPERIENCE.

In compliance with the urgent request of a dear friend, I would endeavor, although very imperfectly, to record something of the goodness of God to one so unworthy.

A little more than four years since, after having been for some months convinced of sin, my unbelieving heart yielded itself up to the influences of divine grace, and by an act of faith on the Lord Jesus Christ, received the Spirit's testimony that my sins were forgiven, and myself brought into reconciliation with God. Thrice happy day, when for the first time I was enabled to look up to Him whose blood had availed for me, and with humble confidence exclaim, my Lord and my God! The first impulse of my heart was to follow my Master fully, and to strive to run in the way of his commandments. Placed by the Providence of God in a Class in which many of the members enjoyed the blessing of holiness, and under the guidance of a faithful leader whose earnest desire and constant labor was that we should all go on to perfection, as might be expected, almost immediately after my conversion I was urged to consecrate myself unreservedly to the Lord, and to seek that holiness of heart without which none can ever hope to see his face. Notwithstanding these advantages, I paused awhile, almost fearing to reach after so high a grace; my youth and inexperience making it appear like presumption to hope for what many around me, so long in the way to heaven, were not in the possession of. But whilst the enemy in this way endeavored

to discourage, I had much to encourage. As I before stated, in the Class to which I belonged were those who were the happy possessors of this pearl of great price, and I could not fail to discover the marked difference between the experience of such and those who had not attained like precious faith. They were also young, and knowing that God is no respecter of persons, I saw that it was my privilege, as well as theirs, to be cleansed from all sin. I resolved to seek, and although I had not those deep convictions of inbred sin which I have heard others speak of, yet I became perfectly convinced that it was my duty as well as my high privilege to present myself to the Lord, a living sacrifice, holy and acceptable, which indeed was but a reasonable service—and that I should be conformed to his will, which was my sanctification. The command to be holy appeared such, that to disregard it would be to forfeit the blessing already bestowed; but though I earnestly desired and sought the attainment of this blessed state of experience, it was some time ere I was enabled to triumph over my unbelief. Often did I feel as if I had laid my all upon the altar, but because of my unbelief as to its acceptance, the offering remained unacknowledged. That good Spirit, however, that had begotten within me these desires after holiness, led me to see the thing that hindered my entering into the enjoyment of this grace, and after a struggle of about five months I was enabled, one evening, whilst met with a few dear Christian friends who loved the Lord with all their hearts,* to make the surrender of all to Him “to whom my more than all was due,” and I felt immediately that all I had to do was to believe the offering accepted “through the Beloved.” I ventured then to reckon myself dead indeed unto sin, but alive unto God through our Lord Jesus Christ, and in thus venturing fully upon the atonement, such a holy, heavenly calm filled my soul that for a while the place I was in appeared more like heaven than earth. My feelings at that time are well expressed by those beautiful lines—

“The solemn awe that dares not move,
And all the silent Heaven of love.”

While I listened to the experience of those devoted ones around me, I felt a union of Spirit with them which I had not

previously been conscious of; but oh! how far exceeding anything that I had ever enjoyed in my previous state, was the delightful and sacred union of my soul with my Saviour. Jesus appeared to me the fairest among ten thousand, and the one altogether lovely. I *believed*—I *felt* the work was done;—and yet a fear lest I should not be able to retain the grace, and thus by relapse dishonor my Saviour, led me to shrink at the thought of making confession with my mouth. I was tempted to withhold my testimony; but I soon saw this would not do, and that in order to retain it, I must confess it. Having obtained it by faith, I knew that if I continued to walk by the same rule, He was both able and willing to keep me from falling and to preserve me blameless; regarding confession then, as his own appointed way, I no longer hesitated but made known what the Lord had done in me, and in so doing my faith was greatly strengthened, and my evidence brightened. From that hour to the present, I have been kept by the power of God through faith. True, I have not always had the same amount of spiritual enjoyment; at times, I have been sorrowful and cast down through manifold temptations and trials, but these are the common lot of all who, in this world of sin, are striving for a better inheritance. *His* grace has ever been sufficient to help me. I do praise God that I am still in the narrow path of holiness, and that I feel increasing delight while journeying along the way, looking to the end of the race. My heart does greatly rejoice at the thought of beholding Him whom my soul loves, and then to be forever with the Lord; there will I give Him nobler praise! O, yes, I shall have an eternity in which to praise Him for what he has done for me.

M.

*This was at a special meeting for Holiness held every alternate Tuesday evening in St. John.

SELF-DENIAL is something more real than a beautiful theory, put forth in glowing language, and held up to an admiring audience. It is that crucifixion of the whole being which makes the endurer like the Master—a root out of dry ground.

Editorial Miscellany.

THE NEW ENGLAND CONFERENCE.

This body held its annual session the present year in the pleasant village of Westfield, Mass. Its proceedings were not only characterized by a spirit of harmony, but what to us was of far still greater interest they seemed to be pervaded by an increased measure of spirituality. Several precious testimonies were borne in the Conference Love Feast, to the efficacy of Christ's blood in *cleansing* the heart from all sin. *Purity!* what attraction there is in the very sound, and how it does exalt the Gospel and the mission of the Gospel Minister when as God's ambassador he commends it from a personal knowledge and experience of its blessedness. We were favored with a visit from our old friend and contributor, Dr. Jesse T. Peck, who has recently been elected as an associate with Rev. A. Stevens, in the supervision of the great tract movement in our Church. He preached to us a most impressive discourse on the Sabbath, from Col. i. 9, 11, in which he took occasion to urge upon the ministry as well as membership the necessity of spiritual progress. Its influence on those that heard it, we trust will not be lost.

The Anniversary of the Conference Missionary Society was also an occasion of deep interest. Among many other excellent things, one of the speakers expressed the sentiment that the Church had ample resources, with which to accomplish the great work of her mission, and that all that was needed was to use these appliances and the work would be done. He illustrated his idea, by referring to the great discoveries and improvements of the age. Steam and lightning had been in existence from time immemorial—but the application of these agents to the purposes of human comfort, and convenience had been comparatively of modern date. So the Church has the means. It is for her to use them and the world will be converted. But what are those means? Wealth? Influence? Talent? Something more than these—the *power of the Holy Ghost—the Gospel preached in the demonstration of the Spirit—the holy anointing from Heaven*. He closed his remarks on this point, by expressing a determination to seek for more of the unction, in his public addresses. Oh! that the Church and especially the ministry were alive to this sentiment. Much as we appreciate a learned ministry, we cannot close our eyes to the danger of our forgetting that our sufficiency is alone of God. Ye lovers of holiness, manifest your love by praying for the baptism of the Holy Spirit, not only upon yourselves but upon

every branch of Zion: then shall she arise in her strength, attired in her beautiful garments, and the nations of the earth attracted by her brightness shall flow to the Holy One of Israel, acknowledging him as their Saviour and Redeemer.

OUR PRESENT NUMBER.—Having been obliged to move, during the progress of the present number through the press, it is possible that some slight errors may have escaped us; if so, we beg the indulgence of our friends. We enter upon a new volume under auspices more favorable, we think, than ever before. One of our number is expecting, Providence permitting, to travel extensively, preaching wherever an open door may occur, aiding the circulation of the Guide, both by soliciting subscriptions to our list and contributions to our pages, and otherwise promoting the cause in which we are engaged.

We would call the attention of our readers to the advertisements on the cover, and respectfully solicit their co-operation in the enlargement of our list with the ensuing number.

Several communications are on file. Some of these will appear in due time—others, perhaps, may be laid aside. We bespeak the indulgence of all on this point, assuring them that if we err, it is not willingly. With many thanks for past favors, we solicit of our old correspondents a continuance of their contributions.

THE CONTRAST.—A brother in the ministry, writing on business, among other things says, "There has been a reactionary influence here and in this region, on the subject of holiness, owing in part, to the irregularities of its professors, and in part to the opposition of Methodist Preachers. The cause is God's and must prevail—nevertheless the condition of things is full of instruction, and I hope for one to profit by whatever may occur. Entire sanctification, the present duty and privilege of all believers, is the sun in the glorious system of gospel truths, and the Church shall yet arise and shine in its light. May the day be hastened!"

Another correspondent in forwarding us the experience of a friend, thus writes, "For five years I have had the privilege of being associated with her in the same little band to which she united herself when coming out from the world; and were I writing the experience, instead of my young friend, gladly would I have availed myself of the opportunity of saying much both in affirmation and illustra-

tion of her self-denying, unblamable walk. A pattern to young Christians in dress, habits, works, &c., this Sister exhibits the Christian character in its attractive loveliness. She is a vessel sanctified to the Master's use."

We have no room for comment, neither indeed is there any required. We will venture, however, to submit two texts which may be profitably read in connection with the above, and then leave the reader to his own reflections. They are these: Heb. vi. 4-6, and 1 Thes. i. 10-12.

A WATCHMAN FALLEN.—A correspondent, whom we suppose to be the widow, thus communicates the decease of one of our most active Agents:—"Your Agent, the Rev. Henry J. Van Shaick, is no more. He expired on the morning of the 9th inst. at his father's residence in Spring Vale, Columbia Co., Wis., in the 24th year of his age. A more triumphant death is seldom witnessed. His mind was calmly stayed upon God, without a moment's intermission during the three months of his severe suffering. Almost with his last breath he exclaimed, O! death thou welcome messenger, when wilt thou come? thou art welcome, why delay? He passed away without the least struggle, with a smile playing upon his countenance. He was a living exemplification of the blessed doctrine of Holiness."

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE OF ART, for May, has come to hand. This number exhibits a manifest improvement in the mechanical execution of its pictorial illustrations. The superior ink that is used and the manner in which the impressions are worked off, gives them the appearance of copperplate or steel engravings. Among a long and varied list of illustrations is a good likeness of Nicholas, Emperor of Russia, another of John J. Audubon, the ornithologist, and several engravings illustrative of the process of Bank Note Engraving, and also of the manufacture of Gutta Percha. *Boston: Frederick Parker, 50 and 52 Cornhill.*

We have received from Messrs. Gould & Lincoln, 59 Washington street, a copy of THE LAMP TO THE PATH, or, *the Bible in the heart, the home and the market place*, by the Rev. Dr. Tweedie of the Free Tolbooth Church Edinburgh. We give a brief extract from its pages in the present number of the Guide, which will serve as a specimen of its style. It contains in consecutive chapters religion in the heart, in our homes, in the workshop, in the market place, in the professions, in our social intercourse, and religion as the crown and glory of man's life. We take pleasure in chronicling the republication of such works. The press of this enterprising and old established publishing house is ever teaming with a sanctified literature.

THE
GUIDE
TO
HOLINESS.

EDITORS:
REV. H. V. DEGEN, REV. B. W. GORHAM.

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THE

GUIDE TO HOLINESS.

JULY, 1854.

ORIGINAL.

THE METHODIST MINISTRY.

BY P. P.

We believe that God's design in raising up the preachers called Methodist, in America, was to reform the continent and to spread Scriptural Holiness over these lands.

BISHOPS OF THE M. E. CHURCH.

We would not have it inferred that we regard Holiness as the doctrine of a sect rather than as the one crowning doctrine of the Bible. We do not so regard it. The Scriptures of truth present it as the great ultimatum of all Christian ministrations. "Whom we preach, warning every man, and teaching every man in all wisdom, that we may present every man *perfect* in Christ Jesus." If the ministry of any, or every denomination fail to present the members of their flock *perfect* in Christ Jesus, the object of their ministry is unanswered. And if, when inquisition is made for blood, the failure be found on the part of the ministry on account of not having presented Christian Perfection as attainable in the present life, then the blood of the people will be found on the head of the watchman for he failed to give the warning. He failed to speak of the absolute necessity of living in the enjoyment of this grace, by way of living in constant readiness for their Lord. Their Lord came in an hour when they thought not, and though the white

robe of a profession was on, yet it was not spotless, for they had not been taught that they might walk with garments unpoluted—not taught that they ought to have been in a constant state of readiness to be presented without spot or wrinkle or any such thing; and how can it be otherwise than that God will require it at the hand of those whom he had placed on the walls of Zion, who failed to give the warning.

But it was while reading what we have chosen as a motto at the head of this article, that our mind was most solemnly impressed with the responsibility of the Methodist Ministry in relation to this subject. Much has been said in some of the leading journals in relation to the want of prosperity in some portions of the country. Various causes have been specified as having had a tendency toward producing this decrease of membership. We will not occupy time to specify the causes assigned, as the most of them have been stated in print. But we will give what we believe Mr. Wesley would have given as a reason, if he were now living.

Let us go back to the brief account of the design of Methodism as given under the hand of the Bishops of the M. E. Church in the excellent Book of Discipline. "In 1729, two young men in England saw in reading the Bible, that they could not be saved without *holiness*: they followed after it, and incited others to do so. In 1739, they saw likewise that men are justified *before* they are sanctified. But still HOLINESS was their object. *God then thrust them out to raise a holy people.*" The Bishops of the M. E. C. quote this from the Wesleys themselves, in their address to the Methodist community. It stands on the first page in the book of Doctrines and Discipline. The Bishops then give their own views of the specific design of Methodism in the emphatic words which stand at the head of this article.

Do the preachers of the M. E. Church generally regard this as the specific design of Methodism? Do they generally give the doctrine of Holiness that prominence in their ministrations which the design of the origin of Methodism as stated demands? Let each one of this class who reads these inquiries answer

before God, whether the design of his being thrust out as a Methodist Minister, has been answered in this respect.

As a community, how vastly is the Methodist body responsible in this matter. But communities are made up of individuals, and why is it not the duty of every Methodist Minister to make this responsibility a personal matter. Thanks be to God there are some of the ministers of this denomination who are experimental witnesses of this grace. But how few in comparison with the mass, the number of those who from experimental, personal realizations, testify that the blood of Jesus cleanseth from all sin. How few, comparatively, who deeply feel the importance of acting in accordance with Mr. Wesley's advice, "Therefore let all our preachers make a point to preach of perfection to believers *constantly*, strongly, explicitly."

There were periods and places in Mr. Wesley's day when and where the work of the Lord did not prosper as on other occasions. Mr. Wesley, at such times, did as we should do at the present day. With all humility he sought to know, and acknowledged the cause. We hear him, on one of these occasions saying to Mr. Benson, "*I doubt not we are not explicit enough in speaking on full sanctification, either in public or private.*" On another occasion where the work was less prosperous than he desired, he with earnestness raises the warning voice and cries out, "I am afraid Christian Perfection will be forgotten. Encourage Richard Blackwell and Mr. Colley to *speak plainly*. A general faintness in this respect, has fallen on the whole kingdom. Sometimes I seem almost weary of striving against the stream of both preachers and people." And again, on yet another occasion of solicitude on this point, he writes to Miss B. who had just received the blessing of perfect love, to profess it, and encourages her against the censures of those who discountenanced her testimony on this subject. Of another place he says, "I examined the Society and was surprised to find fifty members fewer than I left in it in October last. *One reason is, Christian perfection has been little insisted on; and where this is not done, be the preachers ever so eloquent, there is little increase either in the number or grace of the hearers.*" Again he remarks, "William Hunt and John Wat-

son were not men of large gifts, but zealous for Christian Perfection, and by their warm conversation on this head, kindled a flame in some of the leaders. These pressed others to seek after it, and for this end appointed meetings for prayer. The fire spread wider and wider, until the whole Society was in a flame." Of another place he says—"Went on to L——. Here I found the work of God had gained no ground in this circuit all the year. *The preachers have given up the Methodist testimony. Either they did not speak of perfection at all, (the peculiar doctrine committed to our trust,) or they speak of it only in general terms, without urging believers to go on to perfection. And where this is not earnestly done, the work of God does not prosper.*"

A great deal more might be quoted to show that this is what Mr. Wesley, and also other fathers of Methodism, regarded as the "*Methodist testimony.*" So much did Bishop Asbury think of it, that he says, "*I am divinely impressed with a charge to preach it in every sermon.*" Do Methodist Ministers of the present day feel thus divinely impressed. How have the responsibilities of the Methodist testimony been met. If, according to Mr. Wesley's declaration, Methodism *does not prosper* where the Methodist testimony is neglected, let us ask how those Methodist Ministers will meet their account who do not preach once in months on this subject—who do not encourage the testimony of their people in relation to their experience of this blessing—who seldom press the necessity of the present attainment of this blessing, either in their public or private ministrations.

Let us rouse, brethren, individually and collectively. Let us rouse to an earnest recognition of our responsibilities on this subject. Holiness is not only the crowning doctrine of the Bible, but it is the distinguishing doctrine of Methodism. Some, we acknowledge, do spend time in ministering on this subject as theological discussionists, or disputants, and are ready to assume an attitude which seems to say, "The temple of the Lord are we," who are not zealous as experimental witnesses of the grace; but what have we to hope for from such labors? Of the doctrine of holiness it may in the most emphatic sense be said, "If

any man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine." And on what point is the will of God more distinctly stated than on this; "*This is the will of God, even your sanctification.*" But unless a man resolves to know *experimentally*, he cannot acquaint himself with the doctrine in such a way as to make him very useful to others in pointing out the steps by which it is to be obtained; for one must first travel the way before he is prepared for much success in directing others. How much better can one preach of justification after he has experienced that grace;—quite as important is the experience of entire sanctification to those who would successfully enforce the attainment of the grace on others.

We met a Methodist Minister on board a steamer whose experience illustrates what we would say. "Do you remember," said he, "an article published some time since in the *Christian Advocate and Journal*, in which it is said, 'Men are not holy because they really do not purpose to be holy.' On reading this I was startled and exclaimed, 'My God! is it possible that this is my case! It is indeed so. I am not holy because I never really brought my will to a fixed point. I will now be holy.' I was in my study. I went to the door and locked it with a fixed purpose I would never leave that room until I knew that I was a holy man." He had now brought it to a point that he would *do* the will of God, and as ever, he speedily proved the faithfulness of God. It was wonderful how quickly the Spirit helped his infirmities and took of the things of God and revealed them to him. It was but a short time before he was enabled to testify to his beloved wife, who came to his room, that the blood of Jesus cleanseth from all sin. And she too, with earnestness, began to seek the blessing. It was now out of the abundance of his heart that he testified to the people of his charge of the full power of saving grace. As a Methodist Minister, he had what Mr. Wesley denominated the Methodist testimony in his heart, and he felt that it was the very luxury of his being to bring it out to others. God owned the testimony, and as in the apostolic days after the baptism of the Holy Ghost was given, many were pricked to the heart, so on this occasion not only did believers receive the baptism of the

Holy Ghost, but many sinners were awakened and converted and it was but a short time before ninety souls were added to the Lord.

SELECTED.

A HOLY LEADERSHIP.

BY JESSE T. PECK, D. D.

There is much teaching to do in the Church of God—much besides what can be done by the regular pastors. The Fathers must teach—Ruling Elders and Deacons must teach—Class Leaders must teach the young, the inexperienced, all classes. For our convictions, and even the early endowments of conversion, are but the first lessons in the great art of a religious life. Great indeed, they are in themselves, great in their revelations to the soul—great in their implications and legitimate results—but still only “the first principles of the doctrine of Christ;” and there must be teachers to open up to the minds of Disciples the mysteries of the kingdom. But are we not obliged to say to many who have been long in the way, and occupied responsible stations in the Church—“when, for the time, ye ought to be teachers, ye have need that one teach you again, which be the first principles of the oracles of God; and are become such as have need of milk, and not of strong meat.”

Listen for once candidly to the statements of brethren and sisters in a class meeting. Observe what defeats they acknowledge in conflict with the devil—how little is known and appreciated of the power of God available to man in his trial state. How imperfectly understood are the privileges and resources of Christians—how completely the enemy might have been foiled by the armor of Christ, when he has been victorious—what heights and depths of Divine Love have been just before them, which, however, they never have reached, never have thought of—what growth in grace and evangelical power and usefulness has been easily at command—what innumerable and pitiable stumblings over trifling obstacles, which, had they been mountains, might have been swept away by the energy of faith.

Observe all this, and then the coming up again of sincere good desires—the trembling utterance of noble resolutions—the manifest aspirations for strength, and progress, and discoveries, which they know not how to reach. Then think of the eternal verity of those rich and available promises held out in the glorious gospel, to every one of these dear disciples—covering every one of their lamentable failures; solving with the clearness of light, every practical doubt which bewilders them, and applying with wonderful, even miraculous certainty, to the very exigencies of their numerous and fearful struggles.

And then listen to a “Leader” attempting their instruction, whose experience carries him not a step beyond them, who has either never learned, or forgotten how to conquer—who looks not into the crowded armory whence their weapons may be drawn—feels not the power which he ought to offer to them—knows not the road through which he ought to lead them over their difficulties, and on into the land of Beulah! What sad generalizing follows! What pitiable inadequacy in the instructions! What unskilful treatment of critical cases! What lamentable sameness and endless repetition of remark, adapted by the merest accident, if at all, to the cases of individuals. See how he leads them up to a particular point, and there stops, not knowing how or daring to take them over the place at which he himself has been accustomed to pause for years and years together! Sending away his class with no new suggestions suited to special cases for the week to come, no advanced port to gain—no fresh discoveries in the glorious world of realities before them. Only to come back when the next class day arrives, to rehearse the same defeats and pause over the same difficulties to them inseparable! Alas! what melancholy, what undeniable facts are all these. What wonder that the class room becomes a mere place of form or of dread and terror to these members—that its numbers so alarmingly diminish, and that so much ado with so little success, is required to maintain even the form and authority of so evangelical and time-honored an institution.

Take now a Leader of deep experience, who has dared to confide in the divine assurance that “the blood of Christ

cleanseth from all sin"—who has counted the cost and renounced the world, parting forever with its carnal indulgences and sinful pleasures—who has consecrated himself without reservation to God and his cause forever, and thrown himself with a power of faith that knows no denial upon the blood that cleanseth, and by constant trust in Christ alone, has preserved alive the flame of perfect love; and mark the difference in his leading. With devout breathings after God, he listens to every word when a member speaks, observes the difference between what is said in mere form, by habit or from memory, and the true out-gushings of the soul—how far the member has proceeded—where stopped—what is the grand defect in his mental habits—the special difficulty in his way, the reason why he does not go beyond his present position and grow up into Christ. His reply is no senseless commonplace, but a palpable hit. This is your difficulty and this is your remedy. I have been where you are and in this way I gained my victory, the very victory you require. What a flood of light is poured upon the darkened heart in a few words fitly chosen. How clear is the manifestation to the soul of a higher life—an attainable perfection in holy love. How difficulties vanish and the scheme of Salvation simplifies under the influence of deep experience, and he who came to class in doubt upon a particular point, goes away with a salutary lesson upon that point. He who came disheartened, goes away with his soul encouraged, and seeing what is for him, and how easily it may be obtained, he resolves to obtain it, and if his struggles do not immediately result in the highest realization of holiness, their effects are seen in the quickened conscience, the ardent breathing after a higher spiritual life, and the evident power with which he resists evil and labors for God.

Under such a leader, the whole class moves as by a common impulse onward in the Divine life. The class room is no place of dreaded confinement for a tedious hour, but the loved scene of fresh consecrations and renewed baptisms of the Holy Ghost. The marked effect of Holiness in the Leader, is seen in the increased numbers and regularity of attendance, as well as in the growth in grace, and the vigorous Christian life of the

members. This is not merely a priori probability. It is history—fully authenticated matter of fact, which we have all witnessed so frequently, that the mere statement must carry conviction to every reader. We know that whatever may be the importance of intelligence and character, and experience in a Class Leader, the *grand* difference after all is in holiness. Some who are really illiterate, are vastly better leaders than splendidly educated men, merely because they drink deeply from the fountain of life.—*Beauty of Holiness.*

ORIGINAL.

FRAGMENTS FROM MY PORT-FOLIO.

BY P. P.

IS THE RELATION OF CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE A DUTY?

If I were required to plant my feet on a lofty eminence, the ascent to which seemed steep and rugged, I might perhaps, with discouragement and perplexity, shrink away from meeting the requirement. But show me one who has once made the ascent—point me to the foot-marks where he firmly planted his feet in his upward flight, and I am more than satisfied. Courage and faith in a moment inspires my soul—perplexities vanish. Buoyant with hope I rapidly make the ascent, and inspiringly call to those still lingering at the base, “We are well able to go up”—“This is the way, walk ye in it.”

Many are lingering at the foot of Zion’s hill, aye, multitudes are there, for

“Wisdom shows a narrow path
With here and there a traveller.”

Are you among those who are ascending, and are the marks by which you ascend, those which are clearly traced in the word of God? Then you can, with the holy heroism of David, exclaim, “He hath set my feet upon a rock and established my goings. And he hath put a new song in my mouth, even praises to our God: many shall see it and fear, and shall trust in the Lord.”

And now I need not tell you of the reasonableness of being at much pains to show others who would ascend, the foot-marks by which you ascended. You see so many still faltering. Their feet have indeed been taken out of the horrible pit and out of the miry clay ; but they are lingering on their way to Zion's Mount, ere they have scarcely begun to make the ascent. And your great Deliverer has caused the eyes of multitudes to be fixed on you, in order that you may illustrate the way by which you have *experimentally tested* the solidity of those foot-marks by which you have thus far ascended. You cannot illustrate Scriptural truth more instructively or more inspiringly, than by your *personal* realizations. How often, or rather how continuously, did David and other Old Testament saints, and also Paul and other New Testament saints, give force and illustration to their Scriptural teachings, by reciting their own experiences. Again and again, both in the Old and New Testament is it repeated, "Ye are my witnesses." "We speak that we do know, and testify that we have seen." Other testimony than that given from personal knowledge, is not valid in civil jurisprudence. And such testimony does our heavenly Lawgiver and Judge require of those whom He calls forth as his witnesses before a gainsaying world.

"MY EXPERIENCE IS NOT MY OWN."

"My experience is not my own. God has given it, and I do not feel at liberty to withhold it." So said a lovely and intelligent Christian lady, who had received, through Christ, the blessed gift of a pure heart. The Lord had given her abilities to shine in the social circle, and she had not been among the unnoticed amid scenes where refinement, intellect, wealth and fashion preside. But she had counted the cost of giving up all things not consistent with Christian simplicity ; and with Hester Ann Rodgers and other Christian heroines, she gave evident manifestations that she had renounced the spirit of the world by coming out from the world to be separate. God, as ever, when the *conditions* upon which he promises to sanctify wholly are fulfilled, set his seal to the work, and she now had an *experimental* knowledge of the blessedness of entire sanctifi-

cation. It was of this experience that she had now been asked to speak, and to which request she meekly rose and said, "*My experience is not my own.*" She then gave a recital of the process by which she thought her spirit had been wholly sanctified. We always suspect those who never tell their own experience on this subject and exert a dissuasive influence on others in relation to this testimony, that they either never had, or have lost the experience of this grace. No one ever received it but as a gift from God. God's gifts must be diffused or lost. And no one enjoying this grace, but will testify to the truth of this.

ORIGINAL.

CHRISTIAN PERFECTION.

OBJECTIONS ANSWERED.

BY N. BANGS, D. D.

In addition to the objections drawn from Scripture, some of which were considered in our last article, others have objected that many who profess this high state of Christian experience are no better than others—that they are equally proud, worldly-minded, vain and fretful, as those who do not profess it.

It may be so, for they may be deceived, or may act the hypocrite for some selfish purpose. What then? Does it necessarily follow that because some are deceived that there is none right? This would be a strange conclusion indeed! Would it not conclude just as forcibly against all religion? Have there not been found some among those who profess merely justification who have been deceived? And shall we thence infer that there is no reality in justification? We might indeed abandon all arts, all sciences, and all pursuits on the same ground of reasoning. What artist has not been deceived in some of his attempted achievements? What scientific investigator has not been deceived or mistaken in some of his theories? How many idle disputes have been maintained on physical and mental subjects! And are the principles of astronomy, geology, rhetoric, logic, and the other sciences so perfectly developed and understood, so critically analysed, and systematically arranged, that no professed amateur of them has been deceived in defining and ap-

plying their principles to practical use? Rather, has not many an ignorant pretender to some one or all of these sciences betrayed his sciolism of their principles by the distorted manner in which he has presented them? Are we to suppose that there is no truth in the science of astronomy because all its professors were deceived in respect to the rotundity and motion of the earth and the stability of the sun, until Galileo arose in the 16th century, and by the use of his telescope dissipated the clouds of ignorance which hung over this sublime science?

Allowing, therefore, all that the objector demands, that there are some, and even many, if he will have it so, that profess this purity of heart who are deceived, it no more militates against its reality than it does against the laws of gravitation, which were not understood until Newton arose in the 17th century, to demonstrate their existence by inferences drawn from the fall of an apple from the apple-tree. Let him who makes the objection act a similar part to that of the wise philosopher who, by his patient investigations, dispelled the darkness that brooded over the physical world, by the application of his lenses for the refrangibility of light, and used his improved telescope for the discovery of the heavenly bodies, by using his superior knowledge of this subject, derived from the light of revelation, for the instruction of those ignorant souls who he supposes are led astray by the infatuation of error or blinded by clouds of darkness that intervene between them and the *sun of righteousness*. Let him elevate the telescope of faith, high up to the throne of the Eternal, that he may espy all these motes or mountains of error which hang in the atmosphere of the gospel, and then apply himself, by patient thought and accurate investigation to their removal, that in God's "light we may see light," and be led to embrace "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth." I presume to say, that no one is more desirous to embrace and follow the true and right way of holiness, than those he suspects of being deceived. If, indeed, their hearts are sincere, as they must be if they are ignorantly deluded, then are they most anxious to be set right, are willing and exceedingly desirous to be instructed, and will listen, and that in humility, and due submission to anything which may be said to them. If they imagine themselves to be sanctified when they are not, they most assuredly are objects of commiseration, and should therefore receive the Christian attention of all well wishers of their soul's salvation, and have a right to expect from all such, that watchful care which the Gospel demands. Let then this care be extended to them with the same solicitude that is now exemplified in censuring them for their defects, and the evils com-

plained of will speedily be removed, and light, and "peace and joy in the Holy Ghost" will be the happy consequence.

But allowing the worst that can be said against them, namely, that they are hypocrites, that they pretend to be what they are not, so far from militating against the holy religion which they profess, it is the strongest possible argument in its favor. The fact is, there is something so intrinsically excellent in this doctrine of Christian Perfection, something so indescribably precious in its experimental practice, that there are those—it is to be hoped but few—who wish to palm themselves off upon the community as having it, while they know they have it not. What then? Are we to conclude that there is no such thing to be found and enjoyed? Directly the reverse. What rogue would be such a fool as to counterfeit notes upon a bank that had no existence? Nay, will he not select the best bank in the community as a type of his spurious bills? Most certainly he would. To act otherwise would be to add consummate folly to refined wickedness. Thieves, necromancers, jugglers, and "spirit-rappers" may hide their black arts and delude their votaries with their tricks and monstrous pretences; but the devout Christian has nothing to conceal, and his light shines so brilliantly that others see its luminous rays, put a high estimate upon its worth and wish to make the world believe that they also possess it, while they are strangers to its sanctifying influence. Every hypocrite, therefore, is a proof in favor of the genuine Christian. As every counterfeit bank note is an evidence that a sound bank exists, so every hypocritical pretender to "perfect love" is an undeniable evidence in favor of the proposition that there is such a thing attainable in this life. As every base coin is but an imitation of the pure coin taken from the mint, and as the former would not be without the latter, so every merely imitator of him who has the image of God stamped upon his heart furnishes an unanswerable argument in favor of the truth that the genuinely holy man has been run in the mould which God hath prepared for the stamping His image of "righteousness and true holiness" upon the hearts of all true, persevering believers. Deny this, who can have the hardihood to do so.

On the whole, therefore, I conclude that these objections have no foundation—except in the disordered imaginations of those who make them. They are founded in error. They will apply with equal force to every art, every science, every profession, and every pursuit, in the universe. Hence, were they admitted as valid, every thing real would be swept from earth and heaven. We should then be carried back to "old chaos and

ancient night," and have to grope our way through the mists and fogs of a mystical philosophy down into the gulf of nothingness. Types without antitypes—ideas without a thinking mind—bodies without substances—a material universe without matter—all jumbled together producing a nonentity! For if a deceived saint proves that there are no genuine ones—if hypocrites prove that there is none sincere—then there is no truth in the Bible—no truth in religion—no truth in philosophy, nor in any thing else—all, absolutely all, is swept by the board,—and we may adopt Berkly's and Hume's theory, that there is nothing real among men—that Berkly and Hume were nothing but a bundle of ideas—that we are nothing else—that the paper on, and the pen with which I write, are but ideas—that I myself, and all other selves, are but floating ideas! Alas! alas! to what direful consequences does error lead! Renounce the error, and you will be lead on to the solid ground of truth. Here you may tread solidly. Here you may walk safely. On this ground grows the "tree of life," loaded with fruit for "the healing of the nations."

To speak without metaphor:—Embrace the truth as it is in Jesus, believe His power and willingness to "save to the uttermost all that come unto God by him," and you shall be thus saved—saved from the entanglements of error, "from all unrighteousness,"—saved in the hour of temptation, and finally with the "power of an endless life."

I have endeavored to give these objections that careful consideration which they seem to deserve, and hope I have succeeded in answering them so fully as to weaken, if not to annihilate their force. There are others, however, involved in those already made, the answer to which I must reserve for another article, which, time and ability serving, I shall attempt to do.

THE SERVANT OF CHRIST.—The following sketch of a sermon, preached some years since, by the Rev. Dr. Wardlaw, of Glasgow, who has recently departed to his rest, will furnish material for thinking:

"Ye serve the Lord Jesus Christ."—Col. 3, 24.

If you really serve the Lord Jesus Christ—

- I. The *will* of Christ will be your rule.
- II. The *love* of Christ will be your principle.
- III. The *glory* of Christ will be your end.
- IV. The *example* of Christ will be your pattern.
- V. The *grace* of Christ will be your confidence; and,
- VI. The *approbation* of Christ will be your aim.

SELECTED.

PRAYING OVER THE SCRIPTURES.

It is related of a celebrated and successful minister, that in the course of his preparation for the ministry, he read over the whole Bible, together with Matthew Henry's commentary, in his closet, on his knees. We do not imagine the position of his body was a matter of any consequence, but we suppose that prayerful perusal of the Bible was one of the means by which he became wise to win souls to God.

In Henry Martyn's Journal it is written: "Was in a spiritual, happy frame the whole day, which I cannot but ascribe to my being more diligent in prayer over the Scriptures; so that it is the neglect of this duty that keeps my soul so low."

The habit of constantly uniting prayer with the reading of the Scriptures is most conducive to increase in knowledge and improvement in prayer—to growth in grace and in the knowledge of the truth.

A young man who had made great attainments in piety for one of his years, was asked by an intimate friend to give an account of the means he had used. After some reluctance he remarked in substance as follows:—

"For some years after I made a profession of religion, my interest in spiritual things was fitful. I did not clearly understand that conversion was but the commencement of a religious life, and that my course was steadily onward from one degree of perfection to another. When I understood this, I was led to inquire, what are the means that I am to employ to make this progress? I found that the reading of the Scriptures and prayer were among the most important ones. I set apart stated seasons for the use of these means. Sometimes I was interested in what I read, and sometimes I was not. I saw that it would do me no good to read the Bible as a task, that I must feel its truths or it could have no sanctifying power in my heart. I then endeavored to prepare my mind before I began to read, by reflecting that it was God's word, and that I was bound to attend to it as though it was expressly addressed to me. I found this profitable. I was next led not only to meditate, but to

pray before I read my portion. I found my interest in the Bible increasing. I was soon led to blend the two exercises of reading and prayer. It has been my custom for several years to pause on every thought I met with in reading the Bible, and to ask myself what application I can make of it, and to pray for the Spirit to enable me to make that application. This is my uniform habit, and I have derived great benefit from it. It has increased my love for the Bible, and my delight in prayer a hundred fold."

Here was the secret of the young man's rapid advancement in divine life. He received into his soul the food designed for its nourishment.

Should not his example be followed by every Christian? If God should speak to us in an audible voice, we should, no doubt, listen with the deepest reverence: we should feel the most earnest desire to understand his communications. We should, doubtless, lift up our hearts in prayer for aid to hear and to obey his words. His written word should be treated as reverently as his spoken word. This cannot be done without constant prayer.

Let me exhort you, reader, to enter on the course pointed out above. It will soon make the Scriptures a delight. It will soon add to your spiritual strength. It will soon make you mighty in prayer. It will cause your path to be like that of the shining light, "which shineth more and more unto the perfect day."—*New York Observer*.

GREGORY LOPEZ.—Among the praiseworthy features of this strange man's life, was his love of prayer, which was truly remarkable. He was wont to say, "The eyes of a wise man are always fixed on Christ, who is his head; and the soul that is touched with the love of God is like a needle that is touched with the loadstone which always points to the North. Thus, in whatever he is employed, his eyes and his heart are always fixed on Christ." And it was in this way that he lived; for his life seems to have been spent for many years in almost uninterrupted prayer. With his first waking breath his petitions ascended up to God, and continued, with little interruption, until he slept again. Prayer was the habit of his mind.

SELECTED.

RETURNING FROM CAMP MEETING.

[From Camp Meeting Manual.]

I am very happy to greet you, my dear friend. Pray, let us find a quiet seat, if possible, on this crowded boat, and I will ask to hear the remainder of your narrative.

"I feel a sensible pleasure in complying with your request, sir, especially as I am greatly indebted to you for the interest you have manifested in my spiritual welfare.

"I hope to repay your kindness to me by prevailing on some friend, as cold and dead as I was, to attend the meeting next year. But I have learned that there is such a thing as dissipation of mind, even in talking about religious things. In the best periods of my enjoyments formerly, I used to love to *talk*, but for the last two or three days I have loved to *work*, and I have loved to *think*. I never knew before, the deep spiritual meaning of the passage, 'Be *still*, and know that I am God.' I never knew how to *be still* before, and I never knew the meaning of that word '*know*,' in the text. O this perfect love! What a calm, deep sea of bliss and purity it is!

"On the next day after the prayer meeting I spoke of, where the young lady was converted, an incident occurred in our tent that impressed me very much. It seems our pastor preached a Sabbath or two before Camp Meeting, in a place out in the country somewhere, and about twenty-five miles from here. I heard him say, on his return, that the Lord visited the people very graciously, and that some five or six of the leading members of the church seemed to get a wonderful baptism. He remarked, too, that while the church was praying for full salvation, several persons arose, uninvited, and expressed a desire to seek the Lord. Well, along in the afternoon of the day after I saw you last, there came a young man into the tent, and inquired if the Rev. Mr. — was on the ground. The young man looked fatigued and sad in the extreme. I felt a great interest in him immediately, and half guessed what might be the nature of his errand. I sent a lad for Br. — and in a few moments he came in. Ap-

proaching the young man, and asking his name, for evidently he had no knowledge of ever having seen him before, he was informed that it was S——.

“ ‘ Did you wish to see me for any special purpose ? ’

“ ‘ Yes, sir,’ said the youth,—his eyes still fixed on the ground.

“ Bro. —— was evidently a little puzzled, as well as highly interested ; and he inquired further, after seeing that the stranger was disposed to answer only categorically, ‘ What can I do for you ? ’

“ He raised his eyes, and said, ‘ I wish, sir, you would pray for me ? ’

“ ‘ I will do so,’ replied Bro. ——, ‘ but will beg first to ask a few questions.’ The replies to these gave us the following facts : He lived in the vicinity of the place where Bro. —— preached two Sabbaths ago, as I told you. He was at the meeting, and was deeply convicted while the church members were praying for holiness ; although he was not among those who voluntarily rose to ask prayer. After the Sabbath exercises were passed, he continued to see his condition as a sinner more and more fully, until he feared the earth would open under his feet, and he should go down quick into the pit. He left his home that morning, and had travelled on foot, and without refreshment, about twenty-three miles, to see the man under whose preaching and prayers he was first awakened.

“ While he was conversing with our preacher thus, every breath, not employed in speaking, was a sigh, accompanied by an ejaculation, faintly audible,—‘ Have mercy ! ’ ‘ O Saviour ! ’ ‘ Lord Jesus ! ’ &c.

“ Soon we knelt, and Bro. —— called on me to pray. The call was unexpected, and my excitement of mind was somehow of such a character that I did not seem to get hold of his case much, and after a few sentences of intercession for him, I found myself praying for my own soul. In truth, the exhibition of such earnestness on his part, had the effect powerfully to increase my conviction of the necessity of a clean heart, and I could do little but to groan out my desires to God for full salvation. I wondered, too, that Bro. —— should ask *me* to pray at all, for one who had come so far for *his* prayers. To my surprise, after

I concluded, Bro. — still refused to pray for him, and told him he must pray for himself.

“He immediately began to cry to God; repeating, in a most desponding tone, the same ejaculations I had heard him continue to breathe from the first. After a few moments, Bro. — told him, ‘Jesus is here; now give yourself to him.’ He immediately said, ‘Lord, I give myself to thee;’ ‘Jesus save;’ ‘I will be thine forever;’ ‘I will serve the Lord;’ ‘I will be a humble Christian all the days of my life;’ ‘I will obey thee,’ &c. Nearly as soon as he began to pray thus, I noticed a change in his voice; and after a sentence or two, he seemed to catch for breath, as if he was so full he could hardly breathe. That symptom increased, till he seemed involuntarily to cry ‘Glory to God!’ Then he resumed his consecration, and continued till impeded as before; and then he blessed the Lord again, rather for relief apparently, than because he had at any moment, any very distinct idea of the operations of grace in his soul. These alterations were continued for some minutes, till, gradually, he became fully aware of the wonderful work which the Lord had wrought in his heart, and he praised the Lord in tones and language expressive of the deepest gratitude.

“He stayed with us over night, and seemed very much to wish that he could have stayed till the close of the meeting.

“But his duties to his employer, he said, rendered it necessary for him to return home; and so, after commending him to God, in the morning, we bade him an affectionate farewell.

“I have narrated these circumstances, because they had something to do with the process by which the Lord brought my own soul into the possession of his great salvation—his perfect love. The young lady’s case impressed me deeply that I had always erred, by looking too much at myself, and too little to Jesus, whenever the higher walks of the spiritual life were set before me. Hence, I had often said, ‘*I don’t dare* to undertake such great things;’ and I had really given myself a good deal of credit for *humility*, in indulging in such feelings and expressions.

“I now saw that very thing in the light of a rejection of Jesus; as it constantly assumed to gauge the power of the gospel by *my* standard, and *my* habits, and *my* disposition. I began to

be *ashamed* before God. O, how I went down there, for a few hours, in my own estimation ! At length my own image became so painful to me, that I cried to be saved from the power of my own heart, with as much earnestness as I had ever felt before in praying to be saved from hell. Meantime, Jesus appeared an object of desire increasingly precious, as my self-aborrence grew upon me, and I had reached a point where my faith steadily beheld him, though at a distance, when that young man came into the tent.

“My attention was diverted from my own case, for a little time, while we were witnessing his struggles, and his first exhibition of the instincts of his new nature ; but when I began again to look to Jesus, I was immediately impressed that his case, too, was full of instruction for me. *I must give myself to Jesus.* But I felt as if it would be an insult to offer him *such a self.* O, the self-loathing of that hour ! I had seen the time when I felt that I could hardly *afford* to give myself to God, with all my *great* interests, but now the thought of dragging forth a vile worm, and placing it on the altar of that God, before whom ‘Lebanon is not sufficient to burn, nor the beasts thereof for a burnt offering,’ was almost insupportable to me. But I retired from view a little, and began at once both in fact and in form, to consecrate all my powers, relations, hopes, prospects and possessions, to God, through Christ. I had little or no struggle then to get my own consent to the sacrifice of any object, and almost before I was aware, I had laid all on the altar. I searched, and searched, for something more to give, and when nothing more could be found, I involuntarily exclaimed, with regret, ‘*And is this all?*’ My heart turned with an apology to the Saviour, and exclaimed,

‘Small as it is, ’tis all my store,
More thou should’st have, if I had more.’

“When I had reflected a moment, and found that this was indeed the very point of that full consecration which I was to make, and on making which I might claim the blessing of purity, through Jesus, I was at first in momentary expectation of some wonderful sensations or views, but I seemed only to be let down into unknown depths of quiet, humble love. There was no more

a contest in my soul. All was peace—perfect peace. It was indeed ‘the peace of God which passeth all understanding.’

“For a time I had no wish to speak to any one, but remained on my face before the Lord, uttering to myself some of the views presented to my mind by the Spirit :

“‘God in exchange for a worm’—‘I am thy God’—‘The kingdom of Heaven is within you’—‘All are yours’—‘The pure in heart shall see God.’ These views as they broke successively upon my mind, seemed to lead me, as a guest, from room to room, and from story to story, of a mansion, inconceivably rich and beautiful, and all presented by the Holy Spirit to my wondering soul, as its own rich heritage in Christ.

“All vain ambition, all distracting solicitude, all pride and self-will, and all fear, whether of future disgrace, or of poverty, or death, are gone ; and from that time my spirit has constantly and consciously rested in the bosom of infinite love.”

I rejoice with you, my dear friend, in the wonderful salvation which the Lord has given you ; and now let us, together with this group of dear friends whom your narrative has drawn about us, lift up our voices in a strain of praise to the Saviour :

CHORUS.—GLORY TO THE LAMB.

Glory to the Lamb ! Glory to the Lamb ! Glory to the Lamb !
The world is overcome by the blood of the Lamb !

Glory to the Lamb ! Glory to the Lamb ! Glory to the Lamb !
My sins are washed away in the blood of the Lamb !

Glory to the Lamb ! Glory to the Lamb ! Glory to the Lamb !
The Devil's overcome by the blood of the Lamb !

Glory to the Lamb ! Glory to the Lamb ! Glory to the Lamb !
I've lost the fear of death through the blood of the Lamb !

Glory to the Lamb ! Glory to the Lamb ! Glory to the Lamb !
The martyrs overcame by the blood of the Lamb !

Glory to the Lamb ! Glory to the Lamb ! Glory to the Lamb !
I hope to gain the skies by the blood of the Lamb !

Glory to the Lamb ! Glory to the Lamb ! Glory to the Lamb !

“O, this heaven of purity and peace ! What boundless beauties there are in the gospel ! 'Tis God with man ! 'Tis God in man ! 'Tis heaven on earth ! O, may I ever walk in this light, and breathe this atmosphere of love !”

Christian Experience.

ANOTHER SABBATH DAY'S EXPERIENCE.

Sabbath Evening, Feb. 12, 1854.

Blessed forever be the name of the Lord, for the privileges and blessings of another holy Sabbath. This has been a solemn and profitable day to my soul. May it never rise up in judgment against me! I trust the Lord will help me to keep in mind the solemn vows I have made to live alone to him; but sensible of my own weakness, I pray for grace and strength to cast myself upon, and constantly live by faith in the Lord Jesus. The sermon preached to-day from the words, "Well done good and faithful servant," was, I trust, blessed to my soul. I felt under the discourse such an awful sense of the responsibility resting upon me to improve the talents God had given me, and the solemn obligations I am laid under to be entirely devoted to His service, as quite overwhelmed me. The preacher spoke at some length on the privilege and blessedness of enjoying continually a consciousness of the divine approval, and then directed the attention to the day of reckoning, when those to whom the Lord had committed talents should hear the words not only of approbation, but of commendation, pronounced upon them for having gained other talents, and for having manifested their love to Jesus, in ministering according to their abilities in the spirit of self-sacrifice, to the necessities of the least of those for whom he died. I began to examine myself by the text of God's word. I asked myself the solemn question, "Am I living for eternity? am I according to the ability which the Saviour has given, making all that improvement of *my 'talents'* which he has a right to demand and expect?" O how momentous and important do these inquiries appear! May the Holy Spirit assist in satisfactorily deciding these points, and seal my vows which I again renew in the presence of my Maker, to live entirely to his glory. It is seven weeks this evening since I was admitted

into the guest chamber, and was permitted to sit with Christ in heavenly places. My soul was then filled with that "perfect love which casteth out all fear." Glory to the Lamb forever for the riches of his grace, and the unspeakable peace and strength which his promises have afforded me, since that hour both in seasons of temptation, and in the performance of duty. My soul has indeed returned to her rest, and the Lord has dealt bountifully with me. O that a grateful remembrance of what he has done for me, may increase my confidence, and encourage me to walk in the narrowest part of the narrow way. With the Psalmist, I have reason to say, "Bless the Lord O my soul, and all that is within me bless his holy name;" and in view of God's faithfulness in fulfilling his word I may also add, "The word of the Lord is tried. He is a buckler to all those who put their trust in him." Glory to the Lamb forever. I have a new instance of his truth and faithfulness, which I cheerfully record to his praise. Yesterday was a day of trial, and of sore temptation from the enemy; but at the female prayer meeting in the evening, I experienced a renewal of spiritual and physical strength while drawing near to a throne of mercy. There were but four present, but we found access in pleading the promises, and felt that it was good to be there. After I came home and had made all things ready for the Sabbath, I sat down in a quiet place to read, meditate and pray. As I mused the fire burned, and I felt an unusual panting after Christ,—an increased hungering and thirsting after "all the mind that was in him." My mind became intensely fixed on God, his holiness, his commands, his will and promises concerning me; and my soul seemed endued with new power from on high while pleading with God for a fresh token of his favor,—for a fresh stamp of the Saviour's image in my heart. I seemed in a moment to be in the majestic presence of the Deity, with whom I was permitted to enjoy the freest access, the most familiar intercourse. Looking steadily unto Jesus I prayed that I might be "changed into the same image from glory to glory as by the spirit of the Lord." Remembering the Saviour's word, "Sanctify them

through thy truth, thy *word* is truth," I turned to the Divine word, still pleading for—

"A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone."

The first promise that was presented was from the Old Testament, "I will sprinkle clean water upon you, from all your filthiness, and from all your idols will I cleanse you." My soul leaned upon it and I instinctively said, Lord I believe thou canst fulfil this promise even now. The enemy whispered, "It is impossible,—do not deceive yourself by supposing that God is going to verify that promise to you." But the spirit of the Lord lifted up a standard against this wicked suggestion in these words, "All things are possible to God," and him that believeth—and I could not but exclaim—

"Be it I myself deceive,
Still I must I will believe."

I waited a moment, and the spirit answered, "Faithful is he that calleth you who also will do it," I said, "Lord I do believe."

"Thou dost this moment save
With full salvation bless."

Give me some token of thy favor and of my acceptance. In a moment I heard this sweet response of the spirit—

"Thy sins are forgiven, accepted thou art,
I listened, and heaven sprung up in my heart."

My soul was filled to overflowing with love and praise, and I was about to commence the sweet song I have been singing the last seven weeks, when this very precious promise was applied, "If ye abide in me and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will and it shall be done unto you." This was enough, the promise was fulfilled, and I have no other petition to offer in my own behalf than that God would cause the *spirit and words of Christ to abide with me*. O glory to the Lamb! he has set my feet upon the Rock, and established my goings, and I will praise Him—Hallelujah to Jesus forever! The language of my heart is "What shall I render unto the Lord for

all his benefits?" O that I might render unto him all my ransomed powers, both of soul and body for time and eternity as a small return for giving himself for me. I trust I can say in his fear and to the praise of his grace, that I am enabled to offer to Him continually as a living sacrifice my thoughts, by day and by night,—my heart's supreme affections, and all that I have and am; leaving the supply of all my future wants both temporal and spiritual entirely with him, who has said, "*They that trust in the Lord shall not want any good thing.*" What more can I ask or desire than this? "*Thou art my strong habitation whereunto I may continually resort.*" "My hiding place, my refuge, tower, and shield art thou. O Lord I firmly anchor all my hope, on thy unerring word."

"Then let the rising billows roll,
Faith is the anchor of my soul;
Secured I am on every side,
Fixed firm in Christ, my Rock, my Guide."

Blessed security; transporting assurance, I feel that I am completely surrounded with the promises of Christ, and he supports my soul in them, and through them by his spirit. Precious promises; they are my daily food, and through their fulfilment I experience day by day a renewal of spiritual strength. O how precious is the sound of Jesus name. Hallelujah! love and praise to Him belongs! *Yes all the glory belongs to Christ.* I feel that I am an uncomely, unlovely, unloving worm, and less than nothing; and if in the sight of God I am regarded with love, it is because his grace so freely bestowed enables me to believe with all my heart the precious promises of my Saviour. O that the words of Christ may abide in me, that the union of my soul with him may be preserved by a constant and implicit faith, and reliance upon what he has spoken. May his grace continue to vouchsafe to me,

"A lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true and clean;
Which neither life nor, death can part,
From Him that dwells within."

I think I feel the importance not only of loving with all my heart this dear Saviour, who has bought me with a price, but of being constantly and actively engaged in doing his will. I de-

sire to manifest the union and communion of my spirit with him in my life, in being spiritually minded, in having my treasure, my heart, and my conversation in heaven, in—Christ. Some of the leading features in my experience are confidence in God, submission to his will in all things, a new and increasing delight in reading the holy word, and an unspeakable love for and delight in secret devotion. What a contrast to my past experience! Formerly I went to my closet as the slave goes to his labor: but now there is no place so dear to me, so necessary, so invaluable as the one “where I have chosen to pray.” It is here that Jesus deigns to meet me. During these blessed seasons I receive the embrace, and enjoy the consolations of my beloved, the bridegroom and protector of my soul. It is here that in a peculiar sense, I converse with him in silence, and feel him to be nearer to me than is any other being. This state of mind is one evidence to me that I have begun to live for eternity. It seems to me that I never really and truly lived before. I feel that I am not living unto myself, but “unto Him who died for me and rose again.” I recently met with a circumstance which had it happened two months ago, I should have thought very trying, and no doubt would have felt considerably irritated; but in the present instance I found it more advantageous than any trial I have met with since my soul entered so fully in the Lord. I have frequently been tempted to think that the only ground on which I assured myself that I enjoyed acceptance in the beloved, was because I had but little to try my patience and love. But of late I have had my name cast out as evil, and could take it patiently. I rejoiced in being counted worthy to suffer for Christ’s sake, and considered it all joy to suffer shame and reproach for well doing. I did not feel the least resentment, ill-will or impatience on the occasion, but was more than ever convinced of the blessed reality of what God had done for me; and this fruit of the spirit gave me fresh cause for rejoicing, *in Christ only*. To him be all the glory.

“O—if in this wide world of human woe,
Trials like these I yet must undergo,
By all most dear on earth, most prized in heaven,
Great God! let more than human strength be given.

O, might I in some calm sequestered seat,
 Be found submissive till my end I meet !
 It may not be my soul :—endure a while—
 The tempest shall be o'er, the heavens shall smile :
 A brighter prospect open on thy sight,
 Eternal day and God's own glorious light !
 Thy trials o'er, and all thy sufferings past,
 Safe anchored in the heavenly port at last,
 Enraptured, thou shalt endless praises sing,
 To thy deliverer Christ, thy God and King !
 Loud hallelujah's thro' the courts of heaven,
 That in the day of weakness strength was given.

I have some outward trials and not a few inward conflicts with the accuser of the brethren, but I praise the Lord, the name of Jesus is a strong tower into which I run, and am safe from all the malice and fiery darts of the enemy. Glory to Jesus, he is with me, and his loving-kindness is better than life itself. By this fountain of strength will I abide till he shall lift his servant up and place me by his side. O that my pen could express the happiness I feel at all times, in communion with Him and in thinking and speaking of his power to save, *to save now, to save even me*. Praise the Lord for the precious experience of this day.

EXTRACTS FROM CORRESPONDENCE.

Under this head, we propose to give our readers occasionally, such extracts from our business and private letters, as though not intended for publication, are worthy of being preserved. The following, from the pen of a dear friend, just recovering from a fit of sickness, needs no apology for its insertion.

June 5, 1854.

I have been quite sick since I saw you, am much better now, although quite weak. But Oh how sweet have been the revelations of the Saviour's love to my poor heart. I have had some cheering, animating glimpses of the great things that have been prepared for those that love the Lord, while reading this precious text. "Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us that we should be called the sons of God." Oh ! what condescension is here !—how worms may be honored !—dust and ashes exalted ! The Lord has many names for his redeemed. *He* calls them his *people*, his *flock*, his *heritage*,

his *jewels*, &c.,—all these are very expressive—but to me it is when *He* speaks of them as his *children*, that the strongest love, the greatest interest, and the deepest tenderness is exhibited. Children of God! How near our Father's sympathy does this bring us! within the inner circle of his love—nearer his heart than angels. And if children then heirs—heirs of God and joint heirs with Jesus Christ. How the vision brightens with the unfolding prospect! May we have the spirits sweet's attestation every moment that we belong to that family. M.

P o e t r y .

SELECTED.

THE LIFE OF FAITH.

A beautiful life is the life of Faith;—
Its source is above this mundane sphere;
It smiles at the gloom
Which overshadows the tomb,
And seeks "no continuing city" here.

Its star beams aloft and it shines so bright,
That Pilgrims of earth on their hermit road,
Forget the dark night.
In its heavenly light,
Which lures their feet to the throne of God.

And happy is he who with childlike trust,
Still follows its sweetly illuming ray,
For, the path of the just,
O, I *know* that it must,
Shine more and more to the perfect day.

Forever, this eye, through the night of Time,
Shall steadily look to that cheering star,
For a holier clime
With its pleasures sublime
Its beam reveals in the land afar.

I cherished the tenderest hopes below,
They perished, and left me in grief and tears,
But taught me to know
Of that emerald bow,
Whose hue fades not through eternal years.

Oh! Earth were indeed but a dark abode,
A desolate, dreary and lonesome home,
Were there no pilgrim road
Leading upward to God;
No guiding star, to the world to come.

'Tis true, the believer must trace, in pain,
 The prints of his Saviour's bleeding feet,
 And consider again,
 And again and again,
 The lily's robe and the ravens meat.

Yet Faith is the life—by the Saviour's grace—
 The loveliest life for the soul to lead,
 For His righteousness
 Is a glorious dress,
 And the bread of life—it is meat indeed.

[*Congregationalist.*]

Editorial Miscellany.

HAVE ANY OF THE RULERS BELIEVED ON HIM?

The design or purport of this question, was evidently to ascertain how far the so supposed heresy of Christianity had spread. The fact that officers, sent to apprehend Christ, had become daunted in their purpose and had returned without him, was an alarming omen, and filled the minds of these malicious men with apprehension lest, after all their efforts to prevent it, Christianity should finally prevail. A similar question is often proposed by a certain class of time-serving persons who are never willing to commit themselves fully on any grave and important question until they have ascertained whether it is likely to have the sanction of the great; in other words, whether through its adoption by the leading minds in community, it is destined to become popular.

Much as we are disposed to respect the judgment of the great and learned, it is hardly necessary for us to say that this is not the spirit or temper of mind with which we should enter upon an investigation of the experimental truths of religion. "If any man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God." There may be, and perhaps we ought to say, generally is, on the part of those who are elevated in their relative position, a strong repugnance to the doing of the will of God, as it too often comes in conflict with their pride, their so-called dignity, their love of applause, &c.—hence we are told, "Not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble are called." The Lord's disciples, whatever be their station in life, if they would be success-

ful learners, must be simple, humble, child-like. We rejoice to know that, while there are comparatively few bearing the honors of life who enjoy and exhibit the simplicity of spirit above referred to, God has never left himself without witness, even among this class.

Holiness, it is true, like every other of the doctrines of grace, has encountered its share of opposition and cold indifference even from those who have occupied positions of prominence and influence in the Church; yet, nevertheless, from among its brightest luminaries it hath pleased our Heavenly Father to raise up a goodly number of warm advocates and faithful witnesses. We do not refer to this because we believe that holiness is dependent upon this class of influence for its success—(it is God's truth and needs not the help of man to secure its prevalence)—but simply to show that, as a doctrine, it has commended itself to the loftiest intellects and the most devoted hearts in our beloved Zion. Who are the men, whose names are as ointment poured forth, whom the Church has delighted to honor because God has so eminently honored them, not only with distinguished abilities, but with signal success in winning souls to Christ, but men who were zealous for the doctrine of entire Sanctification; men who believed it, preached it, professed it, lived it. Of the Wesleys, Fletcher, Asbury and their coadjutors who confessed themselves raised up of God to spread Scriptural holiness over the land, we need not make special mention. Though dead, they yet speak through their works. Turning to more recent times, we have the sainted Fisk, and last, though not least, the illustrious man who succeeded him in the Presidency of the Wesleyan University. No one could hear Dr. Olin without being deeply impressed with the conviction that he was a man of prayer, a man of strong faith, a man enjoying intimate communion with the Father of Spirits. Attempts have been made by those who would discountenance the profession of the grace of perfect love, to prove that, whatever Dr. Olin's views may have been on the theory itself, he never openly avowed that he had ever entered into its enjoyment. Some of our correspondents, who have alluded to this subject in former communications, have quoted from the doctor's writings and conversation, language, which, it seems to us, could be construed in no other way than as expressing a belief in, and a profession of this grace. Whether this has been deemed sufficient or not, we think the following letter, published in the *National Magazine* for June, will set this question forever at rest. As the Editor justly remarks, it "is very clear and positive; we see in it

no hesitency except that diffidence which Christian modesty and humility would naturally give to the possessor of any virtue." The letter, which was accidentally omitted from his biography, is as follows:—

" TO MR. J. R. OLIN.

" MIDDLETOWN, September 30, 1844.

" MY DEAR BROTHER,—I have heard from you several times of late, though indirectly, and was happy to learn that your health is no worse than it has usually been these several years past. That has been bad enough; but we are accustomed to it, and can feel no special apprehension so long as you continue tolerably comfortable. Still I hardly know what event could give me so much pleasure as your restoration. I do not expect to see that change, but it would relieve me of a fear which has often pressed heavily upon my feelings. Let God order that matter as he will. It is an unspeakable comfort to me that you are his child, so that the worst cannot be regarded a great calamity. I could wish, if it pleased God, to detain you for some time from heaven; but a sorrowing heart must soon find relief under griefs, the cause of which is that a beloved friend has taken up his eternal abode with Christ.

" There we shall doubtless meet at last. I never felt my evidence more clear. Indeed, my religious experience for the last two years has been full of consolations and free from doubts. I am not sure that I ever wrote to you my whole mind on this subject, though a marked change has occurred in my feelings and views. I am at least a full believer in our higher doctrines in regard to Christian attainments, and I sometimes say to my intimate friends that I have great comfort in believing that I have been made a partaker of this grace. Doubtless God's will is even our sanctification, and we offend no less against our own high interests than against his most gracious designs when we rest below the best attainable position in religion. I do not for a moment allow myself to doubt that the great plan of redemption provides for a perfect work here below. I can take no view of the gospel which tolerates lower views. I cannot preach the gospel in any other light. I dare not limit God, and least of all, in his favorite work of abrogating sin. The postponement of this chief end of religion till the article of death, has in the Scriptures just as much and just as little countenance as the purgatory or the mariolatry of the Catholics. I trust the day is near when our Church will bear a clearer testimony on this subject. It was the peculiarity of early Methodism. For nearly the last half-century, little has been said about it in this country. Now the doctrine is reviving again. With it will come many blessings—great power and grace. Dear brother, if you may have failed to obtain clear and satisfactory experiences in this matter, seek unto him who giveth freely, liberally and upbraideth not.

" It has been a grief to me that I have been unable to visit you this year. The thing was impossible, and so not to be thought of. I am now to go to Boston on my begging mission. It is hard work and irksome withal; but I must submit to it, or the University will go down. I have, therefore, no option, and every other plan must yield to duty. Thank God, my general health has continued to improve. This is the best summer I have had in twenty years. If you regret as I do my inability to visit you, you will rejoice at the cause. I must work while this brief unexpected to-day of health lasts. Rest will come soon enough in heaven."

The above letter is given by Bro. Stevens, in connection with some criticisms on an article, in a late number of the *New Englander*, on

Dr. Olin's character. The closing paragraph in this article is so ominous of good, that we cannot forbear giving it to our readers.

"There is one practical thought which should find expression here. Dr. Olin undoubtedly held and taught the doctrine, that entire sanctification may be aimed at with hope, because it is sometimes attained in this life. We have no idea that it ever did him any harm. We rather think that it did him good, and helped him onward in his religious life. Now, who in view of the illustration of the practical influence of this doctrine which we have in Dr. Olin, and in our Methodist brethren generally, has any reason to be frightened at its tendencies, or to denounce those who believe and teach it? And yet, this is precisely the doctrine for the belief and teaching of which our good brethren at Oberlin have had to encounter suspicion, denunciation, theological odium, and ecclesiastical ostracism. Is it not time that this thing was not only abandoned, but regarded with shame and penitence?"

Thanks be to God, a brighter day is yet to dawn on the Church. The prejudice that has hung around this subject will yet be dispelled and HOLINESS is destined to prevail and triumph.

"Hasten, Lord, the perfect day;
Let thy every servant say,—
I have now attained the power,
Born of God, to sin no more."

Beloved, while we take encouragement in the fact that God has raised up friends and advocates of this grace from all classes in the Church let us never forget that our sole dependance is in Him. Let us not provoke Him to jealousy by giving to another, the honor which alone belongs to Him. Lastly, let us ever remember that, while we abide in H'm—while we ourselves stand clear in the enjoyment of perfect love and in the exhibition of the Christian graces, particularly that of humility, we furnish an argument in its support more conclusive than the labored theories of the most gigantic minds.

RETURNING FROM CAMP MEETING.—The article under this caption is taken from the Camp Meeting Manual, just published at our office. It will furnish a specimen of the authors style, as well as of the character of the book itself. The illustrations are all taken from actual occurrences, and will be found exceedingly interesting and instructive. See advertisement on Guide cover.

BOOK NOTICES.—*The Illustrated Magazine of Art.* The June number, which closes the third volume of this popular periodical, has come to hand. It abounds with finely executed illustrations and well sustains the reputation the work has already acquired. Boston: F. Parker, 50 and 52 Cornhill.

Other Notices deferred for want of room.

ORIGINAL.

THE BLESSEDNESS OF PURITY.

BY A PASTOR.

That life is fraught with ills, no observer of society can doubt. Nor is it less true that a great share of them are of home manufacture, made sometimes to order, and sometimes kept on sale a long time before the exigencies of life create any demand for them.

It is a little remarkable that mankind, so universally in quest of felicity, search for it in every place but the right one. They have ransacked creation to find the elixir vitæ; but that lies beyond the bounds of creation.

The beneficent Creator, however, has made happiness possible to every creature, has brought it to our door, has poured it upon us through a thousand channels, and we resist it only through the obliquity of our own wills. Men will not be happy. But how various are the causes that make us ill at ease.

One pines at the better condition of his neighbors. They live in a better house, are more elegantly attired, possess a more splendid equipage, and make a more genteel appearance in the world. A second one has been visited by some afflictive dispensation, designed for his good, but by his rebellious spirit turned into a canker that is corroding the life, and wasting the energies of the soul.

Providential dispensations are not right. It is too wet or too dry; too hot or too cold; he is too rich or too poor; has too much business or not enough. Nor must you imagine that this enumeration of actual ills completes the catalogue; those of an imaginary existence only, are much more numerous and intolerable than such as have "a local habitation and a name." The airy nothings float about the brain till the poor soul feels as though it was possessed of some foul spirit. To such they are all realities.

But how shall these ills of the mind, these destroyers of our happiness, be removed and their power broken? To meet this desideratum we might propose several rules in detail, which

would all be very good ; but it will be a shorter method to point the soul to that holiness, without which we cannot see the Lord, which affords an adequate many-sided remedy for them all ; that touches the core of the difficulty, and sends health and comfort through the whole soul. It gives content in the palace and the dungeon ; in the sunlight of prosperity, and the dark day of adversity.

It does so because it brings man to the true source of happiness, which is God. In Him only is there a fulness, a blessedness, a glory adequate to meet the deep needs of the human heart. Most men are miserable because they anticipate happiness from the wrong source. They look where it cannot be found and hence must be disappointed. The streams from which they drink are mere gully-tides raised by exuberant effusion of perishable good, which soon leave them in a dry and thirsty land.

But in God centres the ocean of happiness, and the individual that here slakes his thirst, will know no decline, no change. Earthly fortunes and hopes may rise and fall, but his soul, warmed in the life-giving beams of the Infinite spirit, will realize no change of temperature. His health, his happiness, his life are poured down from the throne, the inexhaustible source of all good.

Holiness contributes, again, to human happiness by abridging the number of our wants. The sage has taught us that "man wants but little, nor wants that little long," but the great study and mistake of the race has been to add to the list of wants *ad infinitum*. The objects of the world have arisen before us in enchanting forms, as lakes are said to haunt the thirsty traveller in the desert ; they promise to gratify the intense longings of our nature, but when we travel towards them and endeavor to grasp them, they vanish like the figment of a vision. But once cheated, man pursues the phantom again, and seems bound by a law of his nature to repeat the vain endeavor. But happiness can only come by cutting off a host of these wants, since to gratify one, only makes way for new ones. All that sustain only local and temporary relations must be struck off the list as dispensable. This is what holiness does. It lifts the soul into

communion with God, the one, great want of the life ; it shows us, it makes us *feel* then at the fountain head, how every stream of real comfort flows from the throne and cannot be withheld from implicit confidence and ardent prayer. He that has God and Heaven, that lays his hands on the keys of all felicity, cannot be perplexed with a horde of earthly wants. The higher gifts eclipse the lower, while the infusion of glorious grace into the heart, has so changed its tastes and likings, that these temporal things have become insipid and vain. The holy man realizes but one indispensable want. Others may be well, but he can do without them ; only God is necessary.

Holiness exhibits before us and illustrates the true nature of worldly good. Men are prone to mistake its nature. This is their bane. They think it contains some celestial sweet, some restorative, pleasure-giving property. They talk, it may be very orthodox about the vanity of all things here, but their orthodoxy is rather in the head than the heart. They don't feel it. Their works still say there is something in the world for us yet. But holiness brings practical conviction, and enables a man to realize that all virtue is in Christ—that the world becomes savory only when sprinkled with his blood, and can be useful only when used for his glory.

But holiness adds to the sum of human happiness by affording a true estimate and interpretation of the ills of life. To most they so embitter the cup as to render life uncomfortable, and cause the sweets that are mingled with it to be unappreciated. But the holy man metes them out and finds them, though severe, but for a moment. And during the moment of their continuance, instead of a curse, they afford lessons of wisdom, and work out a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory. The pure heart extracts sweetness from the bitterest herbs ; it gathers strength and counsel from untoward events, and really marshals the dark messengers of life into the line of helpers in the way of holiness.

Holiness imparts that stability to character that enables one to stem the tide of minute trials of every day that vex the soul, and fretteth away one's faith and patience. Most that fall at all, fall

by littles. They lose a little patience here, a little faith there, more zeal yonder, till they find one day their religion has mysteriously evaporated. The staidness of life is gone. Now let a man receive the full baptism of the Spirit and it fits him up anew with the buckram of life. It gives him ballast, and courage, and power to rise above the petty vexations that lie about his path. In holiness there is a purifying, elevating quality. A holy life, like the clear waters of the Rhone, cutting their way through Lake Geneva, flows along through the world without mingling with its turbid elements, and without being impeded by them. Its onward march is noiseless, but powerful; aside from the busy mart, the scene of strife, it moves quietly, with an unruffled surface, mirroring forth to gazing men and angels the glories of the upper world. Its goings remind one of the hushed murmur, the almost noiseless flow of a gentle river during the hours of a moonlight midnight. Its deep silence, those scarcely broken whispers tell of eternity—of the on-coming morning, of the glorious day.

But I must not close without remarking that holiness pre-occupies the mind with consoling, elevating thoughts—thoughts of blessedness of Heaven, of God. We are born to think, but not on trifles. The mind turned in upon itself, upon the little cares, the vexations of life, consumes its own energies. It chafes, it frets and brings along grey hairs before their time. To remedy this evil men have plunged into business overmuch—have taxed nature, have become the bond-slaves of others. After all there will be moments of leisure, of sickness, when these rush in again like a flood, and the worldly man has no standard to lift against them. In the hour of greatest weakness, of greatest temptation, they pelt him unmercifully like a legion of devils determined on his ruin.

Now look a moment at the opposite. Holiness affords themes and facilities for soothing, consoling, expanding thought. It allows not its votaries to gaze too long on the little matters that puzzle us and worry our patience. We are bidden to look up. The martyr, we are told, while gazing on the ineffable glories of Christ, forgot the fires kindled about his poor body. The glories of Heaven drank up the pains of Hell, so that the base in-

quisitor lost all his labor. Even so the pure in heart, while counting over their treasures of the incorruptible inheritance, pass unheeded the mosquito bites of the world. Ye, then, that would be happy, seek first and last to be holy — “*blessed are the pure in heart.*”

ORIGINAL.

SECRET PRAYER.

ITS NECESSITY IN ORDER TO THE CONTINUANCE OF SPIRITUAL INFLUENCE

FROM A LETTER TO A FRIEND.

TO MRS. S.

BY IDA.

MY DEAR SISTER:—The tidings of your faith and love rejoiced my heart, and my prayer has ascended, I trust, to the throne of heavenly grace for your “*stedfastness in the apostles doctrine,*” and that you may be filled with the Spirit which God hath so freely promised—and that by that new and living way opened for you into the holy place, by the blood of Christ, you may offer up spiritual sacrifices, holy and acceptable unto God. I hope, my dear sister, that you will be much in prayer, *secret* prayer, especially. Often bow down where no eye seeth save that of the Eternal, and you shall be rewarded openly. It is thus you will derive strength to go forth and combat your spiritual foes, and perform the sweet duties of Christian service. None but those who are faithful in the performance of closet devotions, can exert a salutary influence.

The enemy will make every possible effort to prevent you from communing with your Father in secret, but suffer him not to gain any advantage over you. He will tell you perhaps that you are not in a suitable frame of mind to pray; that you had better wait a while, until you feel a more lively interest. But if we feel barren, and indifferent, how much more important that we draw nigh unto the fountain, and quaff fresh draughts for the invigoration of our spirits. Does it seem as though it would be difficult to ask in faith under such circumstances? remember you are making your *feelings* rather than the sure promise, the

basis of your expectations. If in seeking, you are resting on no other prop than God's word, *feelings* will not come into the account at all. O, how prone we are to turn our eye within, to see if our frame of feeling will warrant our faith just as though our Heavenly Father could not bless us, unless we *felt* thus and so. Our *will* we may safely examine, for unless that be in obedience to the divine will, we cannot exercise the faith which justifies. But if we can come before the Lord, saying, "I am thine, to do thy will," although clouds and darkness may be around the throne, and the tide of spiritual enjoyment run in a low channel, it is, notwithstanding, our privilege to come with full assurance of faith, and ask for those things which we need.

Oftimes we are tempted to think we have not received anything from the Lord, because we do not *sensibly* realize the influence of the Spirit, thus again reverting to our feelings for the evidence instead of the simple promise: all this indicates a weakness of faith. Again, when the cares and business of life press upon us, demanding our attention, we are tempted to absent ourselves from the closet for want of time—and if we resist this, and retire for devotion, Satan will follow us, and urge to hurried exercise, and thus deprive us if possible of those advantages which we should derive from calm and recollected prayer. We ought never to permit our minds to become so hurried and anxious, as to hinder communion with God. We can perform the ordinary avocations of life much more effectually, when calm and deliberate in our action, than when operating under the influence of a hurried spirit, and nothing will so help preserve tranquillity amid the perplexing cares of life, as communion with God;—when we can say to them, "stay thou here, while I go yonder and worship."

It is well to have stated seasons for retirement, and for their improvement we ought to be willing to make sacrifices. In the closet, we can as no where else, pour out our hearts desires into the ear of our sympathizing Friend—our merciful High Priest,—our faithful Intercessor, and all-sufficient Saviour. Here we may freely tell him all our joys and sorrows, and ask direction respecting all our plans. Here we may implore strength for ev-

ery emergency—grace to overcome all evil, and wisdom to govern all our actions.

O, my dear sister, let the closet witness the deep-breathings of your soul after purity,—let it echo to the fervent supplication breathed into the ear of God, and respond to the joy of answered prayer! One important fact should ever be kept in remembrance, viz :—that however frequent our closet devotions may be, unless they are performed with sincerity of desire, and expectation of being answered, they will be unavailing ; but if on the other hand, we claim on those occasions the precious promises, and feed upon the hidden manna, our life will express it, and our public duties will be more faithfully performed,

“The question is frequently asked, “How often ought we to pray in secret?” We have no given rule on this subject. The Saviour simply says, “*When thou prayest,*” and each one is left to determine the frequency for himself, though it seems to me that every Christian should pray several times a day. But says one, “I pray in the closet of my heart ; my mind is almost continually in a praying state, and I cannot see the necessity of any other retirement for that special purpose.” It is well to possess a prayerful frame of mind, and the devoted soul often finds occasion to utter the ejaculatory petition for guidance and strength ; but this does not fulfil the command, “Enter into thy closet, and shut thy door about thee, and pray to thy Father who seeth in secret.” The duty of retiring from the busy world, and shutting ourselves up alone with God, and there offering prayer to him, is here plainly enjoined, and the promise is made to such, “Thou shalt be rewarded *openly.*” Few there be who cannot set apart portions of each day, exclusively to God. How individuals can be Christians, and yet not feel the importance of this requirement, and the duty of observing it when practicable, even though self-sacrifice have to be observed, I cannot understand.

Precious closet ! for years I have loved it, and when I have been unable from circumstances over which I could have no control, to retire stately for devotion, I missed it sadly. Were it only in the public assembly that I loved to worship God, were it there only I felt the hallowing influence of the Spirit, I should

have cause to doubt the genuineness of my piety. Here I can more perfectly test my inward state. In the social meeting, my feelings may have been affected by sympathy with another ;—I may have either caught the flame of joy from their altars, or I may have become pressed down in spirit beneath the weight of another's distress, or unbelief ; but, when alone with Him who seeth in secret, I know that if there my heart kindle with holy rapture—if my cup overflow with bliss, in answer to prayer, or if the dark cloud passes between my soul and God, I can trace it to none of these causes. If my soul then feels the holy fire, it must be from the sacred altar, and if darkness gathers around me, it must be from something immediately connected with myself. If my most ardent supplications, my most fervent breathings after purity—my most intimate communion with Christ, are connected with my closet devotions, I believe that I may receive them as the genuine effects of the Spirit's influence upon my heart.

There may be selfish motives which lead oftentimes to the performance of *outward* duties, and the exhibition of a zealous spirit, but there can be none to lead us to *secret* meditation and prayer. The devoted saint has always considered his closet the dearest place on earth—he has loved to be often there, and cheerfully made sacrifices for its enjoyment. There is nothing that can supply its place ;—neither public nor mental prayer. We have a great many things to ask of God, or to inquire of Him, that we would not like to make known to any other, and in the closet we may freely do so. Be careful for nothing, but in *everything*, by *prayer and supplication let your requests be made known to God*, and the peace of God which passeth understanding shall keep your heart and mind in Christ Jesus. So important is it for us to cast *all our care* upon Jesus, that he not merely invites, but *requires* us to do so, and presents as an encouraging inducement, the promise of a continual peace in Him. Nothing connected with the saint of God is beneath his Father's notice. This is plainly taught in the language of our Saviour, "Even the hairs of your head are all numbered." The smallest object claims his notice. O, what encouragement here to car-

ry all of our temporal and spiritual perplexities and cares to the great Burden-bearer.

That you may realize the value of the requisition, yield obedience thereto, and realize the fulfilment of the promise, is the sincere desire of

Your sister in Christ, &c.

SELECTED.

A HOLY LEADERSHIP.

BY JESSE T. PECK, D. D.

The members of a class are not only to be *impressed* and *instructed*; they are to be *aroused*, and in many instances, *reclaimed* from a guilty apostacy. By a long and careful observation, I am convinced that not more than about one-third of the members attend class from attachment to the institution — because their hearts are warm in the love of God, which they long to tell to their companions in the way to heaven. And, excusing those who are providentially detained, one-half of the remainder perhaps attend with tolerable regularity, from a conviction of duty, or possibly, from fear of discipline, or, it may be, an unwillingness to grieve or offend the Leader or Preacher. But the other half, alas! are seldom or never present. They are busily engaged in the cares of the world; gaining a mere subsistence by constant and perplexing toil; accumulating wealth by industry or skill in trade; cultivating a growing and perilous attachment to the things that perish with the using, and absorbing their leisure in idle gossip or common sociality, as circumstances may suggest. What is to be done for these? Has the class-leader no mission to those who never meet him in class?

It would surely seem so; at least if we judge from the established habits of the greater number. The class-days come and go, with no special change. The three, five, or twelve, are there; the feeling of sadness or mortification is

endured ; prayer and religious communion with the few, relieve the spirits and inspire a little hope for the future, and the class is dismissed from care, and perhaps even from thought, till the day returns, or the Leader's meeting demands the usual financial account. Not that there are never serious convictions of sad delinquency—never purposes of amendment. Frequently, no doubt, the Leader says in himself, I am really criminally negligent ; there are A. B. and C. who have not been to class for months, I fear they are backsliding—I *must* go and see them ; before another class-day, I will surely do it. The moment comes when the call should be made. The time might be easily spared, but that inward shrinking—that unconquerable reluctance to bear a cross for Christ's sake, returns. It triumphs again. The duty is delayed, and thus the days, the weeks, and even years pass away, and the same monotonous call of the list goes on—the same ominous *a* is entered upon the book. The conference year closes with numerous expulsions, or the handing over to a successor of the “body of death” which has been thus accumulating through years of similar negligence.

What is the explanation of all this ? Is there actually no remedy ? Might not these dying ones be sought out and revived ? Yes, surely. The Saviour has shown us what is to be done. The faithful Shepherd would “leave the ninety-and-nine and betake himself to the wilderness, and the mountains, and give himself no rest, until “the lost was found.” If the Leader had the state of mind which his work requires, he would let no idle time go by ; he would force every minor consideration to bow, until he had found the wandering erring one, and exhausted every means in his power, to bring him back to the Redeemer's fold.

Whence this inward aversion to the outward mission of his office ? Whence this controlling desire to be excused from duty—known, and felt, for months, and years ? Alas, there is no disguising it. The remains of carnal nature give the only true—the sufficient explanation. It is this inward depravity which delays, apologises, remonstrates, utterly refuses when God calls. The Cross may never in any state of grace, wholly disappear ; but it may be borne with a heart of loving grati-

tude, for the sake of Him to whom the heart, and life, and all, are freely and fully consecrated.

Let this Leader but yield to the convictions which he has felt, times without number, struggling within him, that he ought to be holy—that he is without excuse for his delay in realizing the fulness of love, which the Saviour died to purchase for him; let him part with the world in its lusts and attractions, and lay it upon God's altar freely and forever, and with it himself and friends, and call them no longer his, but God's to all eternity; let him bathe his soul in the ocean of the Redeemer's blood and claim, by present prevailing faith, the full salvation which the Gospel of Christ offers to every child of God, and rise up in the possession of that "Holiness without which no man shall see the Lord," and will he then shrink from the Cross? With his heart melted, baptised, overflowing with "perfect love which casteth out fear," will he allow the souls to perish unwarned, which are committed to his care? No, *he will not*. It is impossible. He sees in a new light, the worth of the soul. Its powers of endless enjoyment or suffering rise up before him with a magnitude and scope of interest he had never before thought of. New views of the preciousness of a sinner's ransom, of the priceless value of redeeming blood, and the inestimable importance of the Divine Glory, now fill and command his soul, and he longs to labor, and sacrifice and bear crosses for his Master. He has no inward aversion to duty. His will no longer rises up in rebellion against the will of God. His own will has sunk to deepest profoundest humility—is lost and swallowed up in the will of his Heavenly Father. What melting, absorbing gratitude is inspired in his purified heart, by the intimation that there is an opportunity anywhere, to do a little for God—that he who reigns the Sovereign of the universe, will deign to use his humble services anywhere, in any labor, for the promotion of his Glory. It is enough. Crosses and sufferings, persecutions and trials, are all rich in the blessing of exalted privilege, when endured for Him whom his whole soul loveth. No lingering now—no conferring with flesh and blood—no seeking excuses to postpone the mission of love which is so plainly his duty in pursuit of a soul wandering upon the dark moun-

tains, and in danger every moment of dropping into hell. He goes — goes before he has had time to estimate difficulties, and give place to the devil. And when he finds his absent brother, he is with him, not a spirit of censoriousness and acrimony — not there to abuse and persecute him, to rouse his resentment by official denunciation and menace. Far from it. He is there breathing the benign and heavenly spirit of his Master. There to convince, to subdue and win the erring brother — there to bring the heart of living Christian sympathy into contact with that cold and formal piety or worldly death, and warm it into life again — there to *show* and cause his friend to *feel* the amazing power of holy love. And does he succeed? Generally he does. In a large majority of instances he breaks down the spirit that was becoming hard and stubborn, and brings back to the fold the straying one. And what a thrill of joy his presence gives, when he is seen again in the class-room, by the little group he had long left to mourn over his loss. With united penitence and faith, with mortification and joy does he once more blend his prayers, confessions, and tears with those he once so dearly loved. He comes again and again, and finds at length, the well of water again within him, springing up into everlasting life. Others have been reached in the same way. They have heard the glad news and been affected by it. God has laid to his helping hand, and soon it is rumored about that Bro. A.'s class-room is filled. There is a revival in his class. The preacher goes in and catches, or, what is better, increases the flame. The work spreads from heart to heart, from class to class, until the whole Church is on fire.

Surely this is no fancy sketch — no *mere a priori* reasoning. True it is a *a priori* demonstration itself. It is as irresistible as the presence and power of a cause, in its legitimate effect. But it is not *merely*, for who has not seen it again and again. Who has not marked the amazing power of grace and especially of full salvation, to make a successful Leader of a man of even small natural resources; and to send a man, who, in a state of only ordinary piety, had been idly lingering at home, while his members are backsliding, away from his class, out in pursuit of them until he returned rejoicing over the Prodigal's return. — *Beauty of Holiness.*

ORIGINAL.

[THE HAPPY MOURNER'S SOLILOQUY.]

BY EVANGELINE.

"Are they not all ministering spirits sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation?"—*Hebrews i. 14.*

"Thou art gone to the grave, but 'twere wrong to deplore thee

When God was thy ransom, thy guardian and guide;

He gave thee, and took thee, and soon will restore thee,

Where death hath no sting since the Saviour hath died."

He who has entered into his heavenly rest, has endured what I must encounter—he has himself felt all the loneliness and desolation which sometimes presses so heavily upon my spirit, and is withal familiar with every phase of experience, and can consequently enter into the feelings of that heart, whose deep sorrows cannot be reached by the closest sympathy of the living. And can I entertain the idea of his communing with me, without its prompting the desire for his continued approbation? Can I bear his inspection, and willingly remain unworthy of his esteem? Can I cherish the thought that he is with me, and yet indulge in habits and feelings from which he would turn with disappointment and disapproval? Shall he behold me clinging to the weights which I should lay aside, and hugging the sin which I should crucify? My dear friend, while he was with me, threw over my imperfections the beautiful mantle of his charity, and read my character through the too dense medium of his own kindness. But the scales have now fallen from his eyes. If he sees me, and knows me, it is with a just appreciation of what I am. And have I fallen in his esteem? Does he find me less worthy of his love than he used to think me? As I hope to find my friend again, *still true and loving*, O let me cut off the right hand, and pluck out the right eye, and remove every source of alienation and disappointment on his part. O let me never break fellowship with him by so living in negligence and sin, that he may ever have occasion to turn his eyes from my unprofitable life, to the eternal throne in pitying supplications in my behalf. He has known something

of the severity of the conflict through which I have struggled into the higher life. And if there is joy in heaven among the angels, over one sinner that repenteth, how must his perfected spirit have rejoiced with holy delight and rapture in witnessing my victory over the world, the flesh and Satan? How must his redeemed and sanctified soul have rejoiced in beholding my consecration to God, and my union with him who is the "chiefest among ten thousand, and the one altogether lovely?" O what a happy thought! I believe that even now he sympathizes with me, and rejoices in my purity, and ministers to my spiritual growth and advancement in holiness. And I prize and cherish such thoughts as these, on account of the carefulness they inspire in the faithful performance of all the duties of life, and especially for the encouragement to religious effort which his sympathy affords me. "Wherefore seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith; who for the joy that was set before him, endured the cross, despising the shame, and is set down at the right hand of the throne of God." I love to think of him, who for a brief moment was lent me on earth to instruct and encourage me in my heavenly race. For awhile his tender love and judicious counsels were granted me, but when I leaned too much on him, he was taken away; and this is the anniversary of that sad day when my heart and home were both made desolate by his removal to his long sought home above.

"God of thy servant, ratify thy vow,
In mercy be the widow's husband now!
God of the promise! guard, guide and bless,
And be the father of the fatherless!"

But he "being dead yet speaketh," and I seem to hear him saying to me, "Lean upon the Beloved as you come up out of the wilderness, continue looking unto Jesus, keep your eye steadily fixed on Him, pray much for his spirit and likeness, be a living sacrifice in his cause, and be ready for his coming."

"Dear Saviour let thy beauties be
My soul's eternal food,
And grace command my heart away
From all created good."

Thou art gone, and I must yet remain on earth, and be not dismayed at the fiery trials which here await me. The antepasts of heaven which I have enjoyed of late, have been permitted me perhaps, that I may count my light afflictions to be but for a moment, by comparing them with the "eternal weight of glory" which shall follow. Sometimes I mourn and sigh, "O that I had wings like a dove, that I might at once follow him, that I might at once enter upon that state of triumphant rest, and with him rehearse the wonders of redeeming grace and dying love; and without interruption to this blest employ, forever sing, 'unto Him who hath loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own precious blood.' To Him be all the honor and glory of our salvation forever and ever." But the reply comes to me, "Thy warfare is not yet accomplished, the Lord has appointed thee other work below in which thou shalt glorify him; and though it be in the furnace, fear not for it shall not harm thee—thou shalt be more than conqueror through him that hath loved thee."

Give me then, thou ministering spirit, some infallible direction that I may ever follow, so that my path shall be as the shining light, shining more and more, even unto the perfect day. "It is given thee already," comes the response, "know thou that the guiding words of the redeemed on earth, 'looking unto Jesus,' are but the joyous echo of the church triumphant. He will be both your Star below, and the Sun of your adoration above. In his light we see light, and from him flows those streams of inexhaustible bliss and love, which refresh the souls of those who are still in the wilderness." How sweet is the communion of saints on earth! But O! how infinitely more so will it be in heaven, when we shall see as we are seen and know as we are known. There our communion and intercourse will have constant reference to Him in whom we live and move and have our being. There is no joy there but what is in Him, and by Him, and through Him. But the time is

short ; a little while and we shall meet again, no more to taste the pain of separation,

“ And every hour find sweet employ,
In that eternal world of joy.”

And there together,

“ We'll range the sweet fields on the banks of the river,
And sing of salvation forever and ever.”

O, may these cheering words, and the sweet faith-inspiring influence they impart, animate and encourage me in running the race set before me. And when sorrows and trials overtake me, I will still look to Jesus, still look away to my glorious home in the skies, and joyfully sing,

O what are all my sufferings here,
If, Lord, thou count me meet
With that enraptured host to appear,
And worship at thy feet!

Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,
Take life or friends away,
*But let me find them all again
In that eternal day.*

THE PURE HEART.

In a discourse, on the words, “Blessed are the pure in heart,” Mr. Caughey once remarked that it was impossible to sully a sunbeam. “And while that sunbeam,” said he, “may dart down into the darkest hole of filth and illuminate it, it will soil nothing, and yet not be soiled itself. So the ray of heavenly life and love, existing in the perfect believer's heart, goes into and comes out into contact with the dark dwelling-places of iniquity and filth, and cheers, and enlivens, and encourages by its presence, but is always kept unspotted from the stains of the world. It is God who gives to the pure in heart this great gift and distinction. It is HE only who can keep the heart in perfect peace.”

ORIGINAL.

THE WORK OF GOD IN CANADA.

BROTHER DEGEN,—I received the enclosed letter from my dear sister, while she, with her husband, were enjoying a religious tour in Canada. It was written without the least reference to publication. But believing the thrilling narrations here given will rejoice the heart, and strengthen the hands of every lover of Holiness, I take the liberty of presenting it to the readers of the Guide. S. A. L.

New York, July 18th, 1854.

Toronto, June 29th, 1854.

Dear Sister Sarah Lankford:

I have been trying to get a few moments to write to you ever since I left home. But my time is so constantly pre-engaged, that it is difficult to command a moment. We are now just returned from the camp-meeting on the Bradford District.

Wonderful indeed have been the manifestations of God's saving power which we have witnessed since we have been away from our own dear home on this errand for the Lord. Gabriel, if commissioned from his home in the heavens to carry a message to some distant sphere, could not feel more sure of being divinely commissioned, than we have been at every point where we have paused since our absence from home.

At the meeting to which we were first invited near Kingston, the Lord condescended to make our commission known, and I think between one and two hundred were converted, and probably double that number sanctified. On our way from Kingston to Toronto on Thursday last, we met several ministers returning from conference. One of the District Chairmen (much the same office as Presiding Elder with us) urgently solicited us to attend, if only a few hours, another camp-meeting to be held during the same time as the one to which we had been specially invited. Other ministers united in the pressing request. We gave sufficient encouragement for them to feel authorized in announcing to the other meeting that we were expected.

On arriving at Toronto we came as directed to Mrs. Taylor's, a widow lady of extensive religious influence, sister of the ex-mayor of Toronto. Her piety is of the lady Maxwell stamp.

She is the leader of four classes, and has about one hundred members under her care. Female class-leaders are as common here as in England. As far as I may judge, there are as many female as male class-leaders. On my observing the difference in this respect in the States, they seemed at a loss to account for it,—and I myself wonder if any one can explain the reason for the difference between English and American usages, on this point, the former being certainly authorized by the practice of our venerable founder. But I fear I shall not be able to get through with giving you even a glance at what I wish to tell you if I linger thus. On the afternoon of the day we arrived, the friends being informed of our expected visit, a crowded class met in the house. Dr. P. and myself met it. After class a very large company met to take supper with us, consisting of most of the ministers, and official members, and their wives. It was an exceedingly pleasant company. After tea was handed around we had several prayers. Much fervor was manifested. We then repaired to the Adelaide Street Church, a special meeting being appointed. We had a gracious season of the outpouring of the Spirit. Several entered into the bliss of perfect love, perhaps about a dozen. After meeting, according to an old English custom I imagine, we had another supper, when the minister and some others were present. It was near twelve o'clock before we retired. The next morning we breakfasted bright and early, and before seven o'clock were on our way to Camp-meeting. We met the excellent minister who had sent for us, at Bradford at the railroad depot, and were conducted a few miles distant to his house where we dined.

Between three and four o'clock on Saturday afternoon we reached the camp-ground. The meeting had not yet begun, as the people were not yet settled; but we saw a group sitting together in one of the tents singing. We went and joined ourselves to them, when others gathered in, and in this little meeting God began to work mightily. Before its close, about a dozen, I should think, had newly entered into

The land of rest from inbred sin,

The land of perfect Holiness.

This was previous to the beginning of the regular exercises, but from this hour, O! how glorious were the assurances that the Lord of Hosts gave of His being in the midst of the armies of Israel. From indications which we perceived of the expectations of the people in regard to our coming, I was more than usually tempted with the fear that the Lord might permit us to be humbled before the people, for he will not give his glory to another. I struggled against the temptation, and asked the Lord that He would guard the minds of the people in this matter, and take to himself *all* the glory.

According to previous announcement, I talked after the Sabbath morning sermon. Thousands were present. Would that I could worthily magnify the name of the Lord in view of the abundant mercy manifested on this occasion. The power of the Lord came down upon the people in an extraordinary manner. I talked from half to three quarters of an hour, with the *consciousness* that the power of the Highest was resting upon me. My voice was clear, and sufficiently loud to be heard by thousands, and ministers and people wept and trembled under the power of God. When it was announced that those who had resolved on coming up to the Divine requirement at once and be holy, might come forward for prayers, scores presented themselves. From this point the work of sanctification and conversion went on in a manner we had never before witnessed. The work went on from hour to hour increasing in power, till hundreds were sanctified, and doubtless hundreds were also converted. I have hardly dared to make an estimate of the number of conversions and sanctifications, from the fear that it might be thought incredible. At a company we were in since our return, I asked an attentive observer how many he thought were converted, and he said "about five hundred." I would be wholly within bounds and say, I should think between three and four hundred. The number of sanctifications were, I think, fully double. That is, where one was justified two were wholly sanctified, till it seemed as if there was hardly an unconverted sinner or an unsanctified believer left on the ground. Dr. P. labored with great power, and so also did our excellent Bro. Hartwell, preaching each

day in the demonstration of the Spirit, the Holy Ghost owning his words.

You will remember in the early part of my letter, I referred to the company of ministers who invited us to another camp-meeting which was to be held at the same time as the one whose incidents I have just been narrating. Well, they took advantage of the encouragement we gave them of being present a few hours, and on Sabbath announced that we were expected on Monday. Of this we heard, and in consequence were placed in rather trying circumstances. The beloved minister in charge of the meeting we were now attending, regarded this announcement as an interference with his arrangements and seemed hurt at the idea of our going.* But you know I feel deeply the responsibility of letting my "yea be yea, and my nay, nay," and I dared not do otherwise than be somewhat answerable to the arrangement. Two ministers, chairmen of two different districts were present, and felt that it would be wrong not to meet the arrangement. But we came near having a conflict as serious as yourself and I had between Ithaca and Trumansburg three or four years ago. I was instructed from that occasion and resolved to go, believing if Bro. Hartwell and Dr. P. remained, there need be no serious interference with the work at Bradford. The two district chairmen and another minister accompanied me. The distance was about twenty-three miles. We started about four o'clock in the afternoon, and reached the other camp-meeting just after the evening services had commenced. And here I saw such a display of Almighty power in the sanctification of believers, as I believe I never before witnessed, and under circumstances so remarkable that I could only exclaim, "O the wonderful works of God!" It was the last evening service for the meeting, and the sermon was well nigh finished before I went down to the stand. There seemed to be no moving among either saints or sinners, neither had there been much, as I had previously been informed. Beside much personal labor, I had talked two or three times, perhaps half an hour each time, publicly; and now I had been

* Subsequent explanations made this matter all right, and satisfied this disinterested and very useful minister that no interference was designed.

riding in great haste twenty-three miles, the weather very sultry, nature weary, and the circumstances of the meeting wholly devoid of those inspirations I had left. Such seemed the chaos-like traits of the meeting that it seemed impossible to fix on anything that satisfied my own mind as quite suited to the circumstances of the meeting. And this was my dilemma when the minister suddenly paused, and the chairman of the district announced my presence, and spoke of what had been the character and success of my written labors, &c., in a manner which, under other circumstances, might have been accounted complimentary to a marked degree, and finished with the announcement that I would now address the congregation on the subject of Holiness. And here I was humbled to the dust, not having fixed my mind on what to say, but remembering that God had not called me to open my mouth without intending to fill it, I as ever, under similar circumstances, resolved to put the faithfulness of God to the test. I arose, and as I endeavored to urge the necessity of *present* holiness as the Spirit gave utterance, God made the word effectual in a manner beyond anything I had ever before witnessed. The sudden and powerful workings of the Spirit exceeded, for the time, even what I had witnessed at the other meeting. When the invitation was given for those who had resolved to have the grace, to manifest it by coming forward, hundreds, (estimated from three to five hundred) literally *rushed* forward, and such a company of weeping, earnest suppliants I never beheld. The groanings were unutterable! Oh the manifestations of the Spirit's intercessions witnessed by men and angels on this memorable occasion! I am at a loss for words to use in describing it. The work went on all night with power; many receiving the witness of purity during the night. Sinners also were converted, how many I did not hear. I left the ground in order to return to the other camp-meeting the next morning about ten o'clock, after having listened to about fifty witnesses of perfect love. I had to leave in the midst of the love-feast. Probably not less than a hundred witnesses of the blessing of holiness were the result of this meeting. Some of these newly raised up witnesses were so wonderfully filled with the Spirit that I

could not but think of the ushering in of the new dispensation when it was said, "These men are filled with new wine." I will give you one instance. A brother rose in the love-feast, and while he was testifying that he had on the evening before been enabled to lay his offering on the altar, the heavenly fire descended, and to the observation of men and angels he was filled with the Spirit. I think the most skeptical could not have doubted but that a divine power had fallen upon him; not to be accounted for in any other way than that an influence similar to that which fell on the early apostles on the day of Pentecost had rested upon him. He stood for a few moments after he had received this baptism of fire, apparently unconscious of the unusual appearance he was presenting to the gaze of the assembled multitude: when, as if wholly unconscious of other than the presence of God, he walked with a hurried step as if sent, to a remote part of the congregation. I sat before the stand, and as he passed me, I felt a divine conviction that the Holy Spirit had sent him on some errand. Presently a loud and bitter wail was heard, arresting the attention of the whole congregation. In less than five minutes he returned by the way he had come bearing with him one pricked to the heart by the sword of the Spirit. It was the unconverted mother of this young man that had been thus so suddenly and signally wounded by the Spirit. He was there with her before the altar glorifying over her as a trophy of the cross when I left the ground. I returned to the other camp-ground about four o'clock, having only been absent about twenty-four hours.

The other camp-meeting wound up gloriously the next (Wednesday) morning. Wonderful displays of divine grace, of which I may not take time to speak, were witnessed during the last day and night. The entire battle had been ordered as was the battle in the days of Jehosephat — 2 Chronicles xx — the minutiae of which, could it be given, would indeed be to the praise of the Captain of our Salvation.

We are now at Toronto, and are about to go to the camp-meeting on the Toronto district which commenced yesterday. We have attended afternoon and evening meetings which have

been appointed in view of our being here. Between thirty and forty have received the blessing of holiness in these meetings. Walter says, "if *one* shall chase a thousand, and *two* put ten thousand to flight, *what* will *forty* do?"

SELECTED.

A SINGULAR VOW.

BY THE AUTHOR OF FAITH AND ITS EFFECTS.

Two Christian ladies have called on me to-day, who were converted under the Ministry of the late Rev. J. M. Duncan, of Baltimore. His memory is greatly endeared to them as a man of deep devotedness, and of fervent enlightened zeal. In connection with other instructive recollections, they gave the following of a vow made under remarkable circumstances.

Many years ago, the vessel in which young John and his family were passengers, was cast away. For some time all on board were threatened with death by famine. At length lots were cast for a human victim to appease the pangs of hunger. The lot fell on the venerable grandmother of that noble boy, Mrs. Margaret Duncan. Unwilling to resort to such a horrible remedy, the ship's company resolved to postpone the dreadful death for a few hours. The hopeless period again arrived, when lots were again cast for the sacrifice of life. Again the lot fell on the same lady. By common consent, another respite was granted, and by perfect agreement a third time the same ordeal was to be past. Strange to tell — the third time, that aged lady was doomed to die. A brief space of time being allowed for preparation, the pious woman perfectly resigned to her fate, made a vow unto the Lord that if he would avert the pending blow, and in mercy save the ship's company, she would consecrate herself more fully to his service — would, on their arrival at any port, erect a temple in honor of his name, and educate, and qualify, as far as in her power, her grandson, John M. Duncan, for the ministry of the gospel.

That prayer was heard — for as the lady appeared on deck to render up her life, a voice from aloft announced the welcome tidings — “Sail O’hoy!” A vessel hove in sight — came to their relief, and in safety they all reached Philadelphia. In that city the venerated grandmother promptly fulfilled her vows. She indeed became a more devoted Christian. She erected the commodious church edifice which bears her name to this day, and her grandson, educated and qualified for the sacred office, spent a long life of piety and usefulness, and has recently surrendered his happy spirit to the God to whose service he had been solemnly devoted.

THANK OFFERING FOR SALVATION FROM TROUBLE.

Now, if one act of special dedication faithfully carried out — one vow kept inviolable, made in the hour of adversity, may tell so enduringly on the eternal welfare of hundreds, what should be the duty of those who are in prosperous circumstances, those who are being kept by the mercy of God, from the hour of peril? Should such wait till driven by the extremities of trouble to utter vows, and to make special dedications? We do not wonder that Mrs. D. should have vowed and paid unto the Lord her vows. Her heart was quick to devise expedients, which might be most far reaching for the glory of God, because, in view of her apparent nearness to eternity, she aimed to encompass the most comprehensive good within her power.

If she had thought of anything more within her reach to be specifically devoted, she doubtless had done it. But does not the Holy Spirit now tell you, that your salvation from trouble calls for a thank-offering, which will be commensurate with your highest ability? The God of Providence loves you, and to the degree the Holy Spirit is intent on your highest good, your greatest usefulness—to that degree will you be likely to be driven by emergencies, if you do not resolve on specific and entire devotedness without being thus driven.

GOD APPROPRIATES WHAT IS GIVEN TO HIM.

O be constrained by the mercies of God, present yourself a living sacrifice. Make no provision for the flesh. Some make

their sacrifices without taking in their calculations that God intends to appropriate them. Do not so. Present your sacrifice, and after it is laid on the altar, so that you can say

"Tis done, the great transaction's done."

Then act upon the principle that the sacrifice belongs to God. The moment you laid it upon the altar, it became God's property, for it was sanctified by virtue of the altar upon which you laid it. No great venture of faith is called for here. God's word declares it, and it were presumption to doubt. And now that your offering is on the altar, sanctified and cleansed by the infinite virtue there is in Christ, upon whom you rest, and through whose all cleansing blood you are presented faultless before the throne expect the *consuming* process to begin. God intends to *use* you ceaselessly. You have presented yourself as a "*whole burnt sacrifice*," and you may, perhaps, be called to self-sacrificing duties quite beyond your anticipations, but of this I am sure you would not venture on a choice though it were left at your option. You have submitted yourself to the dictates of infinite wisdom, and in the way which will tell most to the praise of God on your eternal inheritance, will you be led.

HOW IS IT WITH THAT CHILD?

And now are you constrained by the mercies of God to go still further? Have you not objects specially dear to you which ought to be specifically devoted? How is it with that child of yours? Is she a little daughter? God has only entrusted her to you in order that you may bring her up for his service. Are you bringing her up to shine in the fashionable circle, or specifically in view of her being a self-sacrificing Christian. O make a vow of special devotement in view of some special position of usefulness in which she may most glorify God, so that if the Lord should ever call her to heathen lands, you may not have the sacrifice to make, but may say it is made. She has long since been set apart for God and trained for his service, and he has now only taken his own,—of His own have I given him. And how is it with that son? Look abroad over the world and see its wants. How great is the harvest, and

how few are the laborers. Is there not a vow of special devotedness called for here? Behold the heathen in their dark and perishing state! God sent forth from his home of light in heaven, his only begotten Son. The Son of God left the bosom of his Father to save you. Would it be too much to spare that son of your bosom, and send him forth from his home of light to save the dark and perishing heathen? How is it with your property? Of all that you can appropriate, you can only say, "of thine own have I given thee!" But can you not now, by some act of special devotement of property, be the means of doing something toward establishing the worship of God in some place where His name is not now recorded? O! hasten, and what thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might. — *Christian Casket.*

THIRSTING FOR GOD.

I thirst, but not as once I did,
The vain delights of earth to share;
Thy words, Immanuel, all forbid
That I should seek my pleasure there.

It was the sight of thy dear cross,
That weaned my soul from earthly things,
And taught me to esteem but dross
The mirth of fools, and pomp of kings.

I want that grace that springs from thee,
That freshens all things where it flows,
And makes a a wretched thorn like me
Bloom as the myrtle, or the rose.

Dear Fountain of delights unknown,
No longer sink below the brim,
But overflow and pour me down,
A living and life-giving stream.

For sure of all the plants, that share
The notice of thy Father's eye,
None proves less grateful for his care,
Or yields him meaner fruit than I.

Christian Experience.

ORIGINAL.

PERSONAL EXPERIENCE.

BY M. A.

I sought and found the Lord in Springfield, Illinois, at the age of fourteen. I could not doubt that my sins were forgiven, as the witness of pardon, was as clear as noon-day. Not only was there sunlight within, but all nature seemed re-illuminated with the Divine presence and glory. Even the lamps of the church, where I first found Jesus, appeared to shine with a double lustre. But I found that the carnal nature would "war against the law of my mind, and bring me into captivity to the law of sin, which" was "in my members." I felt a great longing after something that was not in my possession, which would deliver me from the fear of death, through which I had been all my "life time subject to bondage." The report of a gun, the sight of an animal, in short the most trivial thing, would frequently fill me with fear. But the Lord opened a door by which my escape might be effected.

It was about this time that I was permitted to attend the ministry of Rev. S. T., who not only preached Holiness in the pulpit, but illustrated it by his daily example. I soon saw that this was the very thing I needed, and I began to hunger and thirst after righteousness. I listened to and drank in every word on the subject, praying constantly that I might be made holy. It was then that I became acquainted with the "Guide to Holiness," (a copy of which was loaned to me by brother T——,) which I perused, and reperused, and wept over, grateful to God for the beams of light which it shed upon my pathway while seeking rest for my soul. I saw that God's storehouse was filled with blessings, and that he was ready to communicate them with a liberal hand; but like most persons, I sought their bestowal through works of merit. I thought to render myself acceptable to God by a course of rigid self-denial,

and thus substitute good works in the place of the blood of Jesus. Still I continued struggling for the witness of a clean heart—my unworthiness and unbelief forming the principal barriers to my entering into the land of perfect love.

In 1847, I attended a quarterly meeting several miles from home. I went with the express purpose of realizing the object of my desires. The Christian brother at whose hospitable house I was entertained, together with his amiable wife, were both devoted followers of Jesus. On Saturday afternoon I attended a prayer meeting, and having previously stated to Sister K—— that I was anxiously seeking for purity of heart, she, with all who were present, made me a special subject of prayer; but I did not receive the witness then, though I felt that I could not rest without it. Next morning at the dawn of day, I arose from my bed to pray and search the Scriptures. On every page I found Holiness to be the pervading theme, and O how desirable it appeared to my view! I shall never forget that morning. It was not only the Sabbath, but the natal day of our nation's independence. The brilliant sun came forth in gorgeous splendor, and illuminated the footstool of the Lord with his rays, while the songsters of the air caroled forth their sweet notes of praise, as though they would unite with man in celebrating the anniversary of the nation's freedom and of their Creator's resurrection. That morning, at the family altar, the Rev. S. P—— was drawn out in fervent prayer in my behalf, that I might then experience the witness that I was cleansed from all sin. During the prayer I felt a cleaving of soul to Christ, while my heart was melted into tenderness. When I arose from my knees I felt a change, but did not realize that the work was done. As I sat down to my breakfast I felt all at once that I was holy through the blood of Jesus. The witness was stamped upon my heart with the broad seal of the Holy Spirit, and the whisperings of my Saviour's voice were heard, saying "Peace, be still." My heart was so filled with love that I had no appetite for my food and I immediately left the table and retired to my chamber, and there poured out my soul in praise to God for what he had done for me. Many passages of Scripture rushed into my mind and

were presented by the blessed Spirit as belonging in a peculiar sense to me. Among others, were the following: "But if we walk in the light, as he is in the light, we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth us from all sin." "If we confess our sins he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." 1 John i. 7—9. Being solicited to eat something, I replied, "I have meat to eat that ye know not of." Never shall I forget that holy, sacred Sabbath! Everything seemed hallowed, and shone with an earthly brightness; my peace flowed as a river, and ever since, though a child of affliction, I have been enabled to triumph and rejoice amid tribulation. All things may be borne with comparative ease, with Christ in the heart.

We are taught that, with the heart man believeth unto righteousness, and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation." In obedience to this teaching of the blessed Spirit, I told my brethren and sisters what God had wrought in my poor heart. I have found that frequent confession on suitable occasions tends to keep the witness clear and bright. It prevents the rust of sin from gathering—for frequent confession leads to frequent examination, and frequent examination prompts to frequent application to the blood of Jesus for washing, and thus the heart is kept in a cleansed state. The words of Christ, "ye cannot serve God and mammon," though uttered more than eighteen hundred years since, are in full force at the present time; and if we undertake to drag the yoke of Christ with our left hand while we carry the world with our right, nothing but difficulty will attend us in our path. But if, on the other hand, we pick up the yoke and put it on cheerfully, or in other words follow Christ fully, serving God from principle, and not by mere impulse, O how easy and pleasant will be our service!

After seven years experience, in traversing the land of peace and plenty, I feel much encouraged to press on toward the exploration of the length and breadth of it. I have already proved it to be a land abounding in milk and honey, lighted up with the sunshine of God's smiling countenance; and although

the sons of Anak are represented by some to dwell there, God, who has *all* power in heaven and earth, discomfits the enemy and delivers the souls that trust in Him. O that the church would catch the spirit of Caleb and Joshua, and say, "we are fully able to go up and possess the goodly land!"

Praying that the "Guide" may wing its way into every part of America, exerting a hallowed influence on thousands, and that its readers may be prompted to make a full surrender of all to the Lord, I remain yours, &c., M. A.

Nazareth, N. J.

ORIGINAL.

PERSONAL EXPERIENCE.

BY E. H. TAYLOR.

MY DEAR BROTHER IN CHRIST, — Under a deep sense of my obligations to my precious Saviour, for what he has done for me, I feel constrained to confess him before men; and as the Guide was the medium through which my own soul was refreshed, I will, with your permission, make it the channel of communicating to others a knowledge of the blessing I have received.

Some three years since I was visited by Sister A. R., one of your agents, with whom I have enjoyed a long acquaintance, and in whose deep piety and devotedness to God I have ever had unshaken confidence. Learning that my mind had been much exercised on the subject of holiness, she advised me to subscribe for the Guide, which, after examining the number she had with her, I cheerfully consented to do. I had not long read its soul-stirring pages before I became deeply interested in the all-important subject on which it treats. I hailed with joy the light which it imparted and felt from the first a growing consciousness that the Lord was reviving his blessed work in my poor heart. My feelings, however, have undergone some variation; at times my anxiety for a clean heart has been

greatly abated, and then again my faith has been almost ready to claim Christ as a full and perfect Saviour. Such was my state until the 7th of March, when, at the close of day, feeling an ardent desire to spread my wants before the Lord, I retired to a secluded place for that purpose, and there experienced such an unusual drawing out of soul after God that it occurred to me that I should be enabled to claim the blessing I had been so anxiously seeking. The more I wrestled in prayer, the more my faith increased and the nearer my Saviour drew to me, till at length I found myself in all the full assurance of faith, exclaiming, "He has accomplished the gracious work." Oh, my dear brother, what a stream of salvation then flowed into my poor soul! Praise His holy name forever and ever. I felt that he had accepted the offering which I had made and that he had set his seal of love upon me as a pledge of that acceptance. "My beloved was mine and I was his." For hours I felt constrained to remain on that sacred spot, praising and adoring God for what He had done for my poor soul. At length, fearing lest my continued absence might occasion some uneasiness to my family, with whom I was accustomed always to spend my evenings, I arose from my knees to return home; but on making the effort, I felt myself surrounded with such a sacred atmosphere, I had such a sense of the presence of my Divine Master and such a reverential awe before him, that for a long time I could not tear myself away from the spot. At last it was suggested to me that my leaving the place need not necessarily separate me from my Saviour, but that I might carry him with me in my heart. I returned to my family and disclosed to them what the Lord had done for me, and blessed be his holy name, throughout the night, till break of day, my soul was filled to overflowing with glory. In the midst of my rejoicing, I felt impressed with the duty of making a public acknowledgment of his goodness. This, my brother, must be my only apology for this communication. Suffice it to say, that while I have been endeavoring to commit these few thoughts to paper, I have enjoyed a precious sense of his favor, and have been enabled afresh to claim him as my present Saviour and Redeemer.

Orleans, Orange Co., Ind.


BOOK NOTICES.


THE EMIGRANTS: AN ALLEGORY, or *Christians vs. the World*. By REV. WESLEY COCHRAN, A. M.

The principal idea in this allegory was suggested by noticing the influence employed by emigrants flocking to the American shores to induce their countrymen to follow, — the author conceiving it to be analogous to that exerted by Christians in gaining the wicked over to a life of piety. The book is well written and cannot fail to give the reader both pleasure and profit. *Published by M. J. Moses, Auburn, N. Y.*

We have received from *Oliver Ditson*, THE CLASSIC GLEE BOOK, being a collection of standard Glees, Madrigals, &c., from the works of Callicott, Horsley, Webbe, Stafford Smith, Atwood, Danby and other celebrated composers. We have not had time to examine it, but the authors from whose works this compilation has been made, are a sufficient guaranty of its merits.

THE METHODIST QUARTERLY REVIEW for July is before us. It contains—1. The Positive Religion, or Religion of Humanity. 2. Our relation to public opinion. 3. English Grammar. 4. Jacqueline Pascal. 5. Bishop Asbury. 6. The Philosophy of Induction. 7. Miscellaneous. 8. Letters on recent French Literature. 9. Short Reviews and Notices of Books. 10. Religious and Literary Intelligence. *J. McClintock, D.D., Editor. New York: Carlton & Phillips, 200 Mulberry Street.*

 The junior editor of the Guide is intending to spend the present year, so far as health may allow, in travelling and laboring in various parts of the land for the promotion of the cause of Christ in general, and especially the cause of Holiness, both by labors in the revival work, and by efforts to extend the circulation of the Guide. His address is Binghampton, N. Y.

 TRAVELLING AGENTS.—Miss S. Farrington, formerly of Albany, and Mrs. Harriet Roberts are both of them our Agents. The former is travelling in New York and the latter in New England and Canada. We commend them and their work to the friends of our cause.

ORIGINAL.

CAMP-MEETING REMINISCENCES.

BY F. B. KEELER.

As the time draws near for our annual feasts of tabernacles, the mind naturally reverts to similar scenes and occurrences witnessed in by-gone days. Among these, none are presented with such freshness and vividness as those which afforded us such rich enjoyment in the summer and fall of 1853. The first camp-meeting we had the privilege of attending, was at Redding, Ct. Although not crowned with the success in the conversion of sinners that was desirable and hoped for, yet many, doubtless, will ever have cause to remember with gratitude the sweet refreshing showers experienced by believers while attending this meeting. But since then, and we have every reason to believe, as the result of that effort, scores, if not hundreds, have been converted in and around the charges that were represented at this meeting. Thus we are to "cast our bread upon the waters" and go forth "bearing precious seed." Doubtless many will return the coming fall, bringing their sheaves with them. May the Lord grant it. A little scrap from my journal, relative to my own experience may not be uninteresting here. I love to record the goodness of God to my own soul.

"During the early part of the camp-meeting at Redding, my mind was somewhat beclouded. I had not that degree of faith and feeling, and that liberty to work, that I had formerly enjoyed. I endeavored to perform every duty that was presented to me, but I lacked the usual spirit and energy. On Wednesday, while musing, and striving to ascertain the cause, I happened to take up Mrs. P.'s "Faith and its Effects," hoping and desiring greatly to open to something that would be suitable to my case and give me some light. The first thing my eye rested on was this passage, from holy writ: "*They entered not in because of unbelief.*" I saw in a moment the hindrance, and, blessed be God, the mists departed and light again shone. I shook off by *present faith* the cruel bands of

unbelief, and went on my way rejoicing. O when shall I learn to trust God more fully *always and forever!* In the evening I think I received the greatest baptism of the Holy Ghost, I ever experienced. "As thy day so shall thy strength be." Precious promise!

During most of the time of my religious life, I had suffered much from diffidence and a backwardness in public duties, such as speaking and praying vocally, arising, as I supposed, from a conscious inability; I seem to have forgotten that it is the *spirit* and not the form and style of prayer God answers; and for that reason I seldom ventured to let my voice be heard in large, promiscuous assemblies, but confined myself mostly to small social circles. But many months prior to this meeting I had formed the resolution to witness for Christ whenever a suitable opportunity offered, and to open my mouth in prayer wherever I might be, relying on Him for help, rather than to suffer precious time to run to waste. Thus far I had been blessed in my resolution. O I thank God, I have the blessed consciousness that I do rely on Him at all times!

Bro. A——, from Five Points' Mission, gave us on the evening above mentioned, in one of the large prayer-meeting tents, a soul-cheering sermon, which was followed by a prayer-meeting. Bro. O——, one of the ministers present, led in prayer and then there was a pause; not a voice was heard in supplication and prayer. I looked to heaven, and the breathing of my soul was, "Lord help." In weakness I began, but O the sweet trust I was enabled to exercise in my Saviour, all fear was dispelled, and the throne of grace never seemed more accessible; heaven began to draw nigh, and my whole soul went out in longings unutterable and desires most intense for a speedy, powerful baptism of the Holy Ghost; for the "promise of the Father" upon us. My faith took a strong hold, and quick as the lightning's flash, and sudden as the electric shock, the Holy Ghost came down. Yes, blessed be God! mightily it descended with its purifying and refining fire, with its soul-cleansing and life-giving energy, almost too much for the frail body to bear up under, but filling and strengthening the soul,—enlarging the

heart, beautifying and adorning its own temple, making it meet for the entrance of the King in his beauty and holiness. The baptism of the Holy Ghost, who can describe it! with its sweet, mysterious influence! *None*; to know it, we must feel it. Yes, it came, — God heard prayer, and joyfully I could exclaim,

“I own his power, accept the sign,
And shout to prove the Saviour mine.”

At the camp-meeting at Sing Sing, thousands were in attendance, and the harmony and peace that prevailed, testified that the Prince of Peace was among us. Although the church labored almost incessantly with, and for sinners, yet “holiness” was her theme, and it verily seemed imprinted upon the countenances of many. The love-feast was remarkable. Such clear, glowing testimonies to the power of God to save to the uttermost, we never heard. O surely it was a scene upon which the angels must have looked with increased interest, and still they “desire to look into it.” We cannot forbear mentioning the closing exercises. It was just at dawn when the procession formed and marched around the encampment, bidding each other “farewell.” We stood at a little distance where we could have full view of the exercises, and never did we behold anything with such thrilling interest as this scene. All was quiet and serene, but the little warblers over our heads who had already begun to announce the opening day. It was as if the New Jerusalem had been let down to earth, only, that instead of the blazing splendor of the Lamb, who is the light thereof, we had the mild, softening, soul-subduing twilight.

We attended, also, a few days after the camp-meeting at Sing Sing, a grove-meeting, held upon our own circuit. Many came with tents and encamped during the week. Here the Lord himself proved to us that he is not confined to large assemblies, by pouring out largely and powerfully his spirit upon us. Many, very many precious souls who were led by the Spirit of God to see their lost condition, were constrained to yield,

“By dying love compelled,
And own him conqueror.”

About fifty professed to find peace in believing ; and God's dear children were greatly blessed and encouraged, and enabled to pursue with increased zeal and activity their heavenly journey. There was a remarkable conversion of a little girl eight or nine years of age, who lay perfectly motionless and rigid for some time, but on reviving she spoke sweetly the language of Canaan, and has since, with her sister, a little older than herself, who experienced religion at the same time, been baptized in the name of the Lord Jesus, and united with our church.

May the Lord give us an abundant harvest the coming fall. The fields are white, O that they might be gathered in!

Purdy's Station, N. Y., July, 1854.

ORIGINAL.

CHRISTIAN PERFECTION.

OBJECTIONS ANSWERED.

BY N. BANGS, D.D.

Another objection is, that many who profess this blessing are merely reclaimed from a backslidden state—that having been convinced of their unfaithfulness, they have set out again in the service of God, and have been restored to God's favor, and hence conclude that they are sanctified, whereas they are only reinstated into their first love.

This may all be true, and yet it makes nothing against our position, namely, that there is a Divine reality in this perfect love. By way, however, of obviating this plausible objection so often made with an air of triumph, as though the objector had fairly won the day, let it be remembered, that no one can justly conclude himself sanctified, unless he has retained the peace of justification ; and that he cannot retain this unless he steadily persevere in "walking in the light, as God is in the light," up to the very moment of his sanctification ; for no man can stand justified before God unless he obey His will, and "this is the will of God, even your sanctification," declared not only in the text just now cited, but generally throughout the word of God. In order, therefore, to retain our justification, if we have been so happy as to have arrived to this state of grace, we must persevere in every good word and work, walking steadily in that path which shines brighter and brighter unto the perfect

day, because this is the will of God concerning us. Let this therefore, be a settled maxim:—

That in order to be sanctified, we must first be justified, and that from the moment we receive the grace of justification, we must go forward in obedience to the commandments of God, grow in grace and in the knowledge of Jesus Christ, until we are cleansed from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit, and are filled with perfect love.

This is the doctrine. It is the doctrine of the Scriptures. It is the doctrine of all our standard writers on this subject. They, therefore, that teach otherwise, either that we are sanctified the moment that we are justified—unless in some rare cases, and these form the exception, not the rule—or that we are gradually to grow up into a state of sanctification, without ever experiencing an instantaneous change from inbred sin or inward holiness, which change will show itself by its fruits, are to be repudiated as unsound, anti-Scriptural, anti-Methodistical, and therefore teachers of a heretical theory.

This, then, being established, what becomes of the objection, that those who profess this great blessing are merely reclaimed from a backslidden state? Allowing this to be so, they are not justified by the doctrine. The doctrine therefore is not responsible for their conduct. Nay, the doctrine condemns them; you might as well object to any other truth which wars against the practice of its pretended followers, as to object to this truth respecting the necessity and possibility of holiness of heart and life, merely because there are some that abuse it—that pervert it for the purpose of justifying themselves in a spurious profession.

But after all, I very much doubt whether the objection is founded in truth, or if there be any such, they merely form an exception to the general rule, and therefore prove the truth of the rule itself, just as a deformed individual proves that the generality of mankind are perfectly formed. And what should be said of a man who should produce a dwarf, or a man born blind or dumb, to prove that there are no human beings of common size, or that no man has perfect eyes, or is able to speak with his tongue! To such straits are men driven who become the advocates of error. Moreover, I would ask the objector how he knows that those who make this profession are merely reclaimed backsliders? Have they told him so? Then have they belied their own profession! They have not only deceived themselves, but they glory in their deceit! What inconsistent hypocrites are these! Such deserve not the name of Christians, much less of sanctified Christians.

But no; they have not told him so. He only infers it. From what is his inference drawn?—from their conduct? This, I allow, is good evidence, for “by their fruits ye shall know them.” You think, therefore, that they are deceived. You do not pretend to question the truth of the doctrine for which we contend, but only that these persons do not understand it, or do not conform to it in their experience. Well, what’s to be done for them? They are certainly objects of commiseration. They ought to be taught better. Do you, then, strive to instruct them? You profess to know them. Do you go to them in the spirit of love and Christian kindness, and strive to convince them of their error, and earnestly pray that God may enlighten them by your means? Can you not relate your own experience to them, and thereby show them how the Holy Spirit enlightened your mind, and led you along from step to step, first from conviction of sin to repentance, to faith in Christ, to justification, and then how you struggled along in the path of obedience amidst “fightings without and fears within,” but still growing in grace, until finally you obtained a complete victory over your inbred foes, your “secret, bosom sins;” and since that happy moment, you have been “careful for nothing, but in every thing, by prayer and supplication, have made known your wants unto God.” Perhaps a little of this friendly conversation with those for whom you express so much solicitude, mingled thus with some items of your own experience, may have a tendency to remove some of their mistaken notions, and to set them right upon this all-important subject. At least, it will have this good effect,—if it do not set them right, it will evince your own sincerity, and tend to quicken your own heart in the Divine life, and leave a pleasant consciousness behind that you have discharged a sacred duty. If you do not do thus much, I fear your own heart is not right with God. I greatly fear that you are under that very delusion which you charge upon others. Nay, I fear you are a captious fault-finder, that you can *espy the mote that is in thy brother’s eye, while you see not the beam that is in thine own eye.*

This indeed is a very common failing, those who are the most fastidious critics respecting the experience and practice of others, are generally the most deficient themselves; hence, judging others by themselves, they conclude that they are all wrong in some things at least, and therefore their perpetual round of fault finding—an innocent infirmity is magnified into a wilful sin, a weakness of the judgment is transmuted into a crime, and an error in opinion is interpreted as a perversity of disposition,—and

thus they go on from one wayward step to another, until they are lost in a labyrinth of inextricable difficulties.

This brings to my mind an anecdote with which I was conversant. Talking with a brother minister, a few years since, respecting the state and prospects of the Church, he disputed my views regarding the present prosperous state of religion in the world, and after conversing for a while, he said to me, "The fact is, you enjoy yourself so WELL, you think everybody else does the same." "And why do not you?" said I in reply. I will not say that this brother did not enjoy religion, but I doubt whether he enjoyed the blessing of perfect love. But if all its professors would rise up in the strength of God, wrestle in the strength of mighty faith and prayer, for the outpouring of the Spirit upon themselves and others, and never be satisfied until they could adopt the triumphant language of the poet,

"The promised land from Pisgah's top

I now exult to see;

My hope is full, O glorious hope,
Of immortality;"

I believe we should hear less murmuring, less fault-finding, and many less objections against the doctrine of Christian perfection. Yet, as before said, the objections we have considered do not lie against the doctrine, but against its imperfect professors, and all those consequences mentioned in my last article, flow from the objection which we are now considering, with as much directness as they do against that objection.

I lament, indeed, as much as the objector can, that there should be any inconsistent professors of this religion, and I allow that they are "stumbling-blocks" in the way of seekers after this blessing, those especially who do not take time to distinguish between a cause itself and the professed advocates of that cause. But what shall we do? Shall we yield the truth in compliance to those who desire it? Is there no truth in the Jewish religion because the Israelites became idolators? Must Christ be considered as an imposter because Judas was a hypocrite? And is Christianity false because Julian betrayed it? And were all the patriots of our revolution false-hearted because Arnold turned traitor? And shall we resign the doctrine of Christian perfection as fabulous because some of its professors are not as they should be? Then may we resign all truth into the hands of its enemies.

Until the objector can prove by substantial evidence that all apostles and primitive Christians, together with all persons living

under this profession, were either deceived or were deceivers he has gained nothing in his favor. But he might as well undertake to eclipse the sun at noon-day, as to attempt to do this. And yet, until he does it, all his objections fall to the ground, and we can still say,

"Mark the PERFECT man, and behold the UPRIGHT, for the end of that man is peace."

SELECTED.

SIN VIEWED IN THE LIGHT OF HEAVEN.

The following eloquent production is from the pen of Dr. Payson. It is quoted from a volume of his published discourses. No one can read it without being deeply impressed with the magnitude of sin when viewed in its true light, and the desirableness of being delivered from its guilt and bondage, before a day of retribution. Thanks be to God, "if we confess our sins he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness."

Ps. xc. 8: "Thou hast set our iniquities before thee, our secret sins in the light of thy countenance."

The appearance of objects is very much affected by the situation in which they are placed with respect to us, and by the light in which they are seen. You, O sinner, view sin according to the estimation of man, as something venial, and not deserving of eternal punishment; a deceived heart has led you to diminish its odious nature. But what is the light in which God beholds your sin? Even the clear light of his countenance. All your iniquities or open transgressions, nay, your secret sins, the sins of your hearts, are, as it were, placed full before God's face, immediately under his eye. He beholds them in the pure all-disclosing light of his own holiness and glory. Now if you would see your sins as they appear to him against whom you have sinned, (that is, as they really are,) if you would see their number, blackness, and criminality, and the malignity and desert of every sin, place yourself as nearly as possible in his presence, and look at your sins as it were with his eyes. You must place yourself and your sins in the centre of that circle which is irradiated by the light of his countenance, where all his infinite perfections are clearly displayed, where his awful majesty is seen, where his concentrated glories blaze, and burn, and dazzle with insufferable brightness. And in order to do this you must, in thought, leave our dark and sinful world, where God is unseen and almost forgotten, and where conse-

quently the evil of sinning against him cannot be fully perceived, and mount up to heaven, the peculiar habitation of his holiness and glory, where he does not, as here, conceal himself behind the veil of his works and of second causes, but shines forth the unveiled God, and is seen as he is.

Attempt this adventurous flight. Follow the path by which our blessed Saviour ascended to heaven, and soar upward to the great capital of the universe, to the palace and the throne of the Great King. As you rise, the earth fades away from your view. Now you leave worlds, and suns, and systems behind, and at length reach the utmost limits of creation. Here the last star disappears, and no ray of created light is seen. But a new light now brightens upon you; it is the light of heaven, which pours a flood of glory from its wide open gates, spreading continual meridian day far and wide through the region of ethereal space. Passing still swiftly onward through this flood of day, the songs of heaven begin to burst upon your ears, and voices of celestial sweetness, yet loud as the sound of many waters and of mighty thunderings, are heard exclaiming, Hallelujah! for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth! Blessing, and glory, and honor, and power, be unto him that sitteth on the throne, and to the Lamb for ever and ever! A moment more, and you have passed the gates, you are in the midst of the city, you are before the eternal throne, you are in the immediate presence of God, and all his glories are blazing around you like a consuming fire. Flesh and blood cannot support it; the body dissolves into its original dust, but your immortal soul remains, and stands a naked spirit before the great Father of spirits. Nor, in losing your tenement of clay, have you lost the power of perception; no, you are all eye, all ear, nor can you close the eyelids, to shut out for a moment the dazzling overpowering splendor that surround you, which appear like light condensed, like glory which may be felt. You see, indeed, no form or shape; but your soul will perceive with intuitive clearness and certainty the immediate, awe-inspiring presence of Jehovah. You see no countenance, and yet you feel as if a countenance of awful majesty, in which all the perfections of divinity shine forth, beamed upon you wheresoever you turn. You see no eye, and yet a piercing, heart-searching eye, an eye of omniscient purity, every glance of which goes through your soul like a flash of lightning, seems to look upon you from every point of surrounding space. You feel as if enveloped in an atmosphere, or plunged in an ocean of existence, intelligence, perfection, and glory, an ocean of which your laboring mind can take in only a drop, an ocean the depth

of which you cannot fathom and the breadth of which you can never explore. But, while you feel utterly unable to comprehend this infinite Being, your views of him, as far as they do extend, are perfectly clear and distinct. You have the most vivid perception, and most deeply-engraved impression of an infinite, eternal, and spotless mind, in which the images of all things, past, present, and to come, are most harmoniously seen arranged in the most perfect order and defined with the nicest accuracy,—of a mind which wills with infinite care, but whose volitions are attended by a power omnipotent and irresistible, and who sows worlds, suns, and systems, through the fields of space, with far more facility than the husbandman scatters his seed upon the earth,—of a mind whence have flowed all the streams which ever watered any part of the universe with life, intelligence, holiness, or happiness, and which is still overflowing and inexhaustible. You perceive, also, with equal clearness and certainty, that this infinite, eternal, omnipotent, omniscient, all-wise, all-creating mind is perfectly and essentially holy—a pure flame of holiness, and that, as such, he regards sin with unutterable, irreconcilable detestation and abhorrence. With a voice which reverberates through the wide expanse of his dominions, you hear him saying, as the sovereign and legislator of the universe, “Be ye holy, for I the Lord your God am holy.” And you see his throne surrounded, you see heaven filled, by those only who perfectly obey his commands. You see thousands of thousands, and ten thousand times ten thousand of angels and archangels—pure, exalted, glorious intelligences—who reflect his perfect image, burn like flames of fire, with zeal for his glory, and seem to be so many concentrations of wisdom, knowledge, holiness, and love—a fit retinue for the thrice holy Lord of hosts, whose holiness and all-filling glory they unceasingly proclaim.

And now, my unhappy, unconverted hearers, if you are willing to see your sins in their true colors, if you would rightly estimate their number, magnitude, and criminality, bring them into this hallowed light, where nothing is seen but the whiteness of unsullied purity and the splendor of uncreated glory, where the sun itself would appear as a dark spot; and here, in the midst of this circle of seraphic intelligences, with the infinite God pouring in all the light of his countenance around you, review your lives, and contemplate your offences, and see how they appear. Recollect, that the God in whose presence you are, is the Being of whose eternal law sin is the transgression and against whom every sin is committed. Keeping this in mind,

1. Bring forward what the psalmist in our text calls "*our iniquities*," that is, your more gross and open sins, and see how they appear in the light of God's countenance.

Have any of you been guilty of impious, profane, passionate, or indecent, corrupted language? How does such language sound in heaven, in the ears of angels, in the ears of that God who gave you your tongues for nobler purposes? Bring forward all the language of this kind which you have ever uttered. See it written as in a book; and, while you read it, remember that the eye of God is reading it at the same time. Then say, Is this language fit for an immortal being to utter? Is this fit language for God to hear? Especially let every one of you inquire whether he has ever violated the third commandment by using the name of God in a profane or irreverent manner. If you have, bring forward your transgressions of this kind, and see how they appear in the light of God's presence. Sinner, this is the Being whose adorable name thou hast profaned, and who, bending upon thee a look of awful displeasure, says, "I will not hold him guiltless that taketh my name in vain." Oh, what an aspect of shocking, heaven-daring impiety!

Have any of you been guilty of uttering what is untrue? If so, bring forward all the falsehoods, all the deceitful expressions, which you have ever uttered, and see how they appear in the presence of the God of truth, of that God who has declared that he abhors the lying tongue and that all liars shall have their portion in the burning lake. Oh, what is it to stand convicted of falsehood before such a God as this?

Have any of you been guilty of perjury? If so, you may here see the awful Being whom you mocked by calling him to witness the truth of a known, deliberate lie. And how, think you, does such conduct appear in his eyes? How does it appear in your own? When you took that false oath, when you said, So may God help me as I speak the truth, you did in effect utter a prayer that his vengeance might fall upon you if what you swore was untrue. And will not God take you at your word? Will not the vengeance which you imprecated fall upon you? Oh, be assured that it will, unless deep and timely repentance and faith in Christ prevent. Nor is the guilt of those who share in the gain of perjury, and permit such as are employed by them to make use of it, much less aggravated in the estimation of him whose judgment is according to truth.

Have any of you transgressed the command, "Remember the Sabbath-day to keep it holy?" Such transgressions, I am aware, appear very trivial on earth; but do they appear so to Him who gave the command? Do they appear so in heaven,

where an everlasting Sabbath is observed? Let those who have been guilty of such transgressions hear a voice from the glory around them saying, "I, to whom you are indebted for all your time, allowed you six days for the performance of your necessary labors, reserving but one for myself, but one to be employed exclusively in my service, and in working out your own salvation. Even this day you deny me; you consider my service as weariness, and therefore employ it in whole or in part in serving yourselves, thus proving yourselves to be wholly unqualified and unfit to enjoy an endless sabbath in my presence.

Have any of you — we must propose the unpleasant question — been guilty of violating the commandment which forbids adultery and its kindred vices? If so, bring forward those abominations, and see how they look in heaven, in the presence of the holy angels, in the sight of that thrice holy God, who has said, "I will come and be a swift witness against the adulterers, and they shall have their portion in the lake of fire."

Have you been guilty of fraud, dishonesty, and injustice? Have you in your possession any portion of another's property without the owner's consent fairly obtained? If so, bring forward your dishonest gains, hold out the hands which are polluted by them, and see how they look in heaven, in the presence of God, who hath said, "Let no man over-reach or defraud his brother in any matter, for the Lord is the avenger of all such."

Have any of you been guilty of intemperance? If so, look at yourselves and see a drunkard, a rational being self-degraded to a level with the beasts, and wallowing in the mire of his own pollution. How would you appear in heaven in the society found there?

Plead not your exemption from *these*; your hearts, naturally corrupt, will not abide the penetrating light of God's countenance. Let us then,

2. Bring your hearts into heaven, and there lay them open to view, and see how they will appear in that world of unclouded light and unsullied purity.

And oh, how do they appear? what a disclosure is made, when the dissecting knife of a spiritual anatomist lays open the human heart, with all its dark recesses and intricate windings, and exposes the lusting abominations which it conceals, not to the light of day, but to the light of heaven! My hearers, even in this sinful world the spectacle which such a disclosure would exhibit could not be borne. The man whose heart should thus be laid open to public view, would be banished from society; nay, he would himself fly from it, overwhelmed with shame and confusion. Of this every man is sensible, and therefore

conceals his heart from all eyes with jealous care. Every man is conscious of many thoughts and feelings which he would be ashamed to express to his most intimate friend. Even those profligate abandoned wretches who glory in foaming out their own shame, these make some reserve, and tell not every thought within. And if this be the fact, if the heart laid open to view would appear thus black in this dark and sinful world, who can describe the blackness which it must exhibit when surrounded by the dazzling whiteness of heaven, and seen in the light of God's presence, the light of his holiness and glory? How do proud and self-exalting thoughts appear when viewed in the presence of him before whom all the nations of the earth are less than nothing, and vanity? How do self-will, impatience, and discontent with the allotments of providence, appear when viewed before the throne of the infinite Sovereign? How do angry, envious, and revengeful feelings appear in the eyes of the God of love, and in those regions of love where, since, the expulsion of rebel angels, not one such feeling has ever been exercised? How do wanton impure thoughts appear? But we cannot pursue the loathsome sickening enumeration. Surely, if all the evil thoughts and wrong feelings which have passed in countless numbers through any one of your hearts were poured out in heaven, angels would stand aghast at the sight, and all their benevolence would scarcely prevent them from exclaiming, in holy indignation, Away with him, to the abodes of his kindred spirits in the abyss! To the Omniscient God alone would the sight not be surprising. He knows, and he only knows, what is the heart of man; and what he knows of it he has described in brief, but terribly expressive terms, "The heart of the sons of men is full of evil, and madness is in their heart." Let it be remembered that in God's account thoughts and feelings are actions, that a wanton look is adultery, and hatred is murder.

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The subject before us is far from being exhausted, and very far from having justice done to it; but we must leave it, and hasten to a conclusion. Before I close, however, permit me to ask whether you cannot now perceive the reason why your sins appear more heinous and criminal in the sight of God than they do in your own? Have you seen or heard nothing which convinces you that they are far more numerous and aggravated than you had supposed? If so, you have seen nothing aright. You have not seen your sins in the light of God's countenance; for, had you seen them in that light, they would have appeared in some measure to you as they appear to God himself.

SELECTED.

"I DON'T BELIEVE IN HOLINESS."

BY MRS. PHOEBE PALMER.

Said a young man who was a lawyer, and whose propensities seemed ever inclining him to go from cause to effect, "Mother, I don't believe in holiness."

"Don't believe in holiness!" exclaimed the pious mother; "why, my son, what do you mean?"

"I mean just what I say, mother: I do not believe in holiness."

"You believe the Bible," said the astonished mother, "and you know, my son, the Bible speaks of holiness. Surely, you believe the Bible."

"Yes, mother, I believe the Bible, but I do not believe in holiness."

"Why, my son, what *do* you mean?"

"I will tell you, mother, just what I mean. Ever since I can remember you have been praying for holiness: and if there were any such thing as holiness to be attained, I am sure you would have had it long before now; and, therefore, I do not believe that there is any such thing as holiness."

We will not attempt to describe the amazement of that mother. From the earliest infancy of her son she had set him apart for the service of the sanctuary. And her highest hopes would have been answered if he in early life might have answered to the call of God as did Samuel. But she had seen his fine intellect maturing in strength, clear and penetrating as a sunbeam, quick to detect error, and strong to attract, and concentrate others under its influence, yet not inclining him to discern the right way of the Lord, nor to lead others into it. And now to hear him express his skepticism in relation to one of the cardinal doctrines of the Bible, and that her own failure in coming up to the Christian standard had been made the occasion of these skeptical expressions, was too much.

On the ensuing class-afternoon she hastened to the class-room,

and unburdened her heavy heart to her class-leader. Her leader was one who professed to enjoy the blessed consciousness that the blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin; and, after this dear mother related the foregoing conversation, she felt deeply for her class-member. But she did not try to make less poignant the keen conviction of the Holy Spirit, of the necessity of *present* holiness, which by this occurrence had been wrought in her heart. Her class-leader admitted that the occurrence was calculated to reprove seriously, and admonished her to set about seeking the witness of the blessing at once — assured her that the blessing had already been purchased for her. When Christ bowed his head upon the cross, and said, "It is finished," then salvation from *all* sin, a redemption from *all* iniquity, was wrought out; and how the blessing, as it had been purchased for her, was already hers, in case she complied with the condition upon which it was offered up. This reprovèd mother found, on surveying what had been her position for years, that the Holy Spirit had induced a *willingness* to be holy; she also saw that by the Spirit's aid she had been enabled to consecrate herself; but the difficulty with her had been, that, *after* she had consecrated herself, she did not take the next step in the purifying process, and believe *that God at that moment accepted the consecration*. She saw that during all these years she *might* have believed; that the Holy Spirit had brought her to the point where it was not left optional with herself whether she would believe, but where the command met her, "This is the *command* of God, that ye believe; and that her refusing to believe on the authority of God's word, without signs or wonders, had greatly grieved the Holy Spirit, and brought upon her the merited rebuke. What she had been wanting was the witness *first before* believing. But now she saw that the witness came through believing, not antecedent — "He that *believeth* hath the witness in himself." She had often united in the words,

"I cannot wash my heart,
But by believing thee;"

and had she acted on the principle involved in the words, she

might long before have been cleansed from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit — sanctified through the belief of the truth. But now she brought it to a point to believe at once, irrespective of emotion; resolved that she would not grieve the Spirit by permitting her views of the faithfulness of God to depend upon her uncertain emotions. She did believe, and since that time she has been a faithful witness of the power of Christ to save from all sin.

THE CONVERSION OF SINNERS AND THE SANCTIFICATION OF BELIEVERS CONNECTED.

Some might be disposed to dispute the point with us, were we to venture an opinion that this son might have been, perhaps, sooner converted if this mother had sooner received the full baptism of the Holy Ghost. We will not say so, but will remind those who would question, that the early disciples received far greater power after they received the full baptism of the Holy Ghost. And it is written, judgment must begin at the house of God. We have known very marked cases other than the one we are just now about to present, where the conversion of dear ones, though long prayed for, was delayed till after the pleader had received that power from on high which the full baptism of the Spirit brings. But we will tell how it was in this case, and then, if the patience of the reader holds out, we may mention other corroborative cases.

Before this mother and her friend, the class-leader, had left the class-room, they resolved to unite in praying that the Lord would convert the son. "He is, indeed, too bright a sinner for Satan to have; and so well does he understand Christian obligation, that I think he would make a bright, useful Christian, if only thoroughly converted," said the class-leader; and farther observed, "Let us pray that the Lord will convert and make a minister of him, if it be his will." The plan was agreed upon, and the friends parted.

It was but a short time afterward that the son returned, after having spent the Sabbath with a brother-in-law, a short distance in the country. That Sabbath had been with the mother a day of more than ordinary trial from the buffetings of the adversary.

"He has gone from under your ministrations, which would be most likely to be serviceable to him, to sit under a heartless ministry, and to mingle with society which may dissipate from his mind awakening influences, if he has any." So said the tempter, and the day was spent amid conflict; yet faith, though assailed, did not yield.

"Mother, what could I tell you that would give you the most pleasure?" said the son on the following day, as he approached his mother with his face beaming with smiles.

"My son, you need not ask me; you know that you could not give your mother greater pleasure than by telling her that you had given your heart to the Lord."

"Well, mother, that is just what I have been doing."

The astonished mother could hardly believe for very joy, when the son thus narrated the circumstances of his conversion: On the morning of the day previous he heard a sermon on the importance of decision. It was not the hearty manner of the speaker, nor the novelty of the truths uttered, that arrested attention; but it was the Spirit in answer to the prayer of faith that gave edge to truth. Yes, it was the sword of the Spirit that penetrated; and he now saw that the time had come when he must either decide for God or lose his soul. If he decided for God, he felt that he must preach the Gospel. And here was the struggle between his own will and what he believed to be a divine requirement. He loved the practice of law, and saw preferment before him. But to hold out against what he believed to be the will of God he felt would be to lose his soul. He counted the cost, and decided for God.

"The day of the Lord is near in the valley of decision." As he made the decision, he took a step nearer to God. "Draw nigh unto God, and he will draw nigh unto you," was exemplified in his experience, as is ever the case with every sinner. He now saw himself to be a sinner—and *such* a sinner! He struggled on till night, every moment his burden becoming yet more intolerable. He retired. But so great was the load on his heart that sleep was not to be thought of. His brother-in-law, who holds the office of judge in one of our city courts, a backslidden Methodist, being probably the only one in the

house who could sympathize, our friend rose in the middle of the night, and went to his room, and asked if he would rise and pray for him. The Judge could not refuse, but, doubtless, would have been far more at home on the bench trying a criminal. But he rose, and wept, and prayed with the penitent, till the Saviour manifested himself to take away sin, and the redeemed, saved sinner could exclaim,

"My dungeon shook, my soul was free;
I rose, went forth, and followed thee."

And thus was the happy tale told, and son and mother went on their way rejoicing.

THE CONVERSION OF A HUSBAND DELAYED.

And now let me tell of a wife who was one of my dearest friends. Thirteen years had she been wedded to one who had never given his heart's best affections to the Saviour. Often did she pray and agonize for his conversion, and well nigh as often had it been suggested to her mind, "Get the full baptism of the Holy Ghost, and the Lord will convert your husband." She did not mean to be disobedient to the voice of the Spirit; yet, without scarcely intending to do so, she did slight its influences. "And what can *that* have to do with the conversion of my husband?" was the thought with which she turned aside the Spirit's urgings.

She had long believed that she would be more *useful* if she enjoyed that blessing, and had left the denomination to which she attached herself on first commencing her religious career, in order to unite with a people who believed this blessing attainable. Yet though she had so long known of her high and holy calling, and desired the grace, yet she never once brought her mind to the decision, "I *will* have the blessing, and have it *now*," till hearing a minister from the sacred desk say, "Not only from this blessed Bible do I proclaim this blessing as your privilege, but from my heart do I proclaim it, for I feel that I have it all *here*!" That moment she resolved that she would have it, and in a few hours she was rejoicing in possession of the grace. It is not written, "If any man *intends* to do the will of

God, he shall be known of the doctrine;" but, "If any man *will do* the will of God, he shall know of the doctrine." And how quickly after it was her *will* to be wholly sanctified did she receive the blessing! It had long been *God's* will. She had probably hundreds of times read, "This is the *will* of God, even *your* sanctification; and now just so soon as it was *her* will to be wholly sanctified, how soon the work was accomplished!

Her husband, who had the command of a vessel, was absent at the time when the beloved of his heart received this full baptism of the Spirit; but on his return, which was within a few days, he could not but observe that grace had made a complete renovation. His heart was arrested. He accompanied her to the house of God. When an invitation was extended to those who had resolved to seek the Lord, her husband quickly responded, and from that hour became a follower of the Saviour. So noiseless and unexpected, and yet so decisive, was this movement on the part of her husband, that my friend with amazement thought, "What can this mean?" when, sudden as a flash, it was suggested, "Did not the Holy Spirit long since assure you, that if you would get the full baptism your husband would be converted?" We will not pause to inquire why the special influence of the Spirit was withheld from that husband on account of the spiritual deficiencies of that wife. As well might the early disciples have asked why it were needful that they should tarry at Jerusalem till endued with power from on high. And had they been resolved on not waiting, inwardly questioning, "Why, what can that have to do with the conversion of the world?" Is it probable that the special influences of the Spirit would have been given, resulting in the conversion of three thousand in one day? O, would the whole Church act upon this principle, what glorious results might be realized!

I related the preceding narrative to a lovely young wife whose husband was unconverted. "Now get this blessing," I observed, "and I do not doubt but the Lord will hear your prayers for the conversion of your husband." She sought for and obtained the grace, and the next I heard from her was that the Lord had converted her husband. She was gathered from

the circle of influence and wealth, and has become eminently a burning and a shining light. Her husband is also one of the Lord's noblemen.

Now, do not understand me to mean that no one can be in any degree useful unless clear in the experience of entire sanctification; but do understand me to say, that the sanctified believer, cleansed from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit, is calculated to be *far more useful*. And if you want the Lord to use you in the conversion of the members of your household and others, get wholly sanctified. Resolve that you will not live another day without it. If you want to get the blessing in *God's* time, get it *now*, for *now* is the accepted time. Behold, *now* is the day of salvation.

SELECTED.

THE INFLUENCE OF A HOLY MEMBERSHIP UPON THE MINISTRY.

There have not been wanting lengthy and well written essays on the influence of a sanctified ministry upon the Church, but the influence of a holy, sanctified membership on the ministry is not often a matter of thought, much less a subject dwelt on in all its fulness by our writers. But is it not a matter of great importance, and worth a careful examination? Who can doubt that there is a decided tendency to attribute the failures of the Church to a lack of purity in the ministry! It would seem that in many places, the church as a body has not the slightest suspicion that the spiritual state of their minister is sensibly affected by their own lukewarmness. There is a continual reaction going on in every congregation between themselves and minister, in all things pertaining to the divine life. Is he a man of enlarged piety and great zeal? he will inspire his congregation with somewhat of the same spirit. Is the congregation an energetic one, having a high standing of Christian experience, acting vigorously in promoting all the benevolent operations of the age? the minister will soon be found engaged with them to the highest limit of his abilities.

There have been found Christian congregations so imbued with the spirit of a lifeless formalism, that no minister except of the deepest piety and unwavering faith could resist the baleful influence of the overcharged atmosphere which he was daily compelled to breathe. In the commencement of his ministry with such a congregation, he might for a time make an effort to withstand the influence about him, but after some vain attempts to counteract it, we see him yield, slowly but surely; not without a sense of his danger, but seemingly incompetent to master the spell of Satan. This is a sad history, but in too many cases it has been a true one; and circumstances like these have dwarfed, if not ruined many souls that ought to have been shining lights in the church of God. Could the interior life of every minister be written with all the influences adverse and propitious that have affected its growth, we would be able to perceive this subject in such a light as would startle many from their slumber to a new life.

But there is another side to the picture. There are congregations in our land, we could name some of them if necessary, that have been a blessing to every minister who has been so happy as to have an official connection with them. A spirit reigns in the midst of them that seems to be a death potion to even the semblance of a mere nominal religion. There have been instances when the advent of a minister to such a congregation, has marked a new period in his spiritual life. He has grown in grace with amazing rapidity; his faith, hitherto weak and fluctuating, becomes a power before which all obstacles yield; his love, which had been scarce more than sickly sentiment, is fanned into a consuming flame, and the gross appetites and passions of an unsanctified nature are consumed by it. Names of good men might be mentioned, who entered into the ministry, as men enter into the ordinary vocations of life, without a special and direct call of the spirit of God, whose eyes have been opened in their intercourse with a holy congregation, and they have been led to seek and obtain pardon.

Let it not be supposed that the writer of this article is lacking in faith concerning the powers and abilities of the ministry. Men are not apt to underrate their own profession, especially when

they believe it to be ordained of God, and yet we hold it to be a fact, strengthened and sustained by observation and experience, that the power and usefulness of the ministry, is, to a greater extent than many suppose, dependent upon the spiritual attainments of those who wait upon their ministry, and who are workers with them in saving souls. No doubt the grace of God is able to do much for those whose business it is to minister in divine things, and it is granted when asked with faith in Christ; but we should recollect that for the perfect development of the Christian character, whether in minister or layman, there are influences in the world about us, of no small moment. Ministers, even those of the highest spiritual attainments, are subject to like passions as the membership to whom they minister. Can one live continually in an infected atmosphere, even when the food he subsists upon is pure and healthy, and yet expect to escape all of its deleterious effects? It may not breed a disease of such power as to destroy his life, but it will affect his general health which may not be restored till he removes from the miasmatic district. Is not the spiritual life and health under more subtle influences? If you doubt it, examine well into your own past experience, and inquire when you made the most rapid advancements in the divine life. Was it when you were surrounded by wickedness or a lukewarm class of Christians, or when you had a place among those of strong faith and burning love? There can be but one answer to the question.

If you have had the privilege of perusing the biographies and journals of some of the best men and ministers that have left their impress on this or any other age—the great pioneers, and leading souls of God's people—the Joshuas of the church of God, you must have observed that they were really affected by the character of the Christian people, with whom they were associated. We do not mean that a fortnight's sojourn with a company of formalists or irreligious men undermined their faith in Christ, but if there be truth in their journals, it conflicted with their spiritual enjoyments and growth in grace. How often the load seems to press them to the earth, and they long for the spiritual conversation of those with whom they have taken sweet counsel in former days.

It is not enough that the minister's temporal wants are supplied, although there is often great lack here; not enough that a large and attentive audience sit under his preaching; for if he has a proper sense of his office and responsibilities, he will not — cannot be satisfied unless he sees his membership growing in grace — becoming changed into the image of the heavenly, and is able to enlarge the borders of the church, by adding to it such as will be faithful members. But how fruitful the labors of a minister, whose membership do not only pray for him, but give him effectual assistance in all his labors for the spiritual welfare of the people. It is not necessary for us to argue that no great progress can be made by any society in which the spirituality is all concentrated in the minister, while the members are a lifeless mass. Revivals of religion are as much the product of a holy praying membership as of a devoted, zealous minister. We can readily conceive a membership whose holiness and zeal would supply, to a great extent, any lack of qualifications in the occupant of the pulpit; for a holy, zealous praying people have elements of power that no one man, even with an evident determination on his part, can entirely turn aside.

The effect of a careless, formal membership, can be seen best on the character of a young minister. He enters upon the work, not without reluctance, for it is a high and holy calling; he has probably made temporal sacrifices to engage in the direct work of saving souls. As he enters upon his stated duties, with the love of souls absorbing all his thoughts, he certainly expects to find a like sentiment pervading the heart of every Christian man and woman. But, in the order of providence, he is thrown among those, who, having the form of godliness, in every motion of their lives, deny its power. At first he doubts the truth of his senses, but soon is convinced that his people are making no efforts to become holy. He addresses himself to the task of arousing them from their fearful situation. A temporary interest is created, but his hands are not held up by the prayers and corresponding efforts of any portion of the members. Some speak of his zeal as the necessary habit of a young man, and assert confidently that age and experience will moderate it. Others, momentarily aroused by an awakening conscience, console them-

selves in their delinquencies by branding him as an enthusiast. He labors in vain, for he labors without the assistance of the membership; and wearied in body, pained in mind, he ceases his operations for a more favorable opportunity to accomplish his designs. Before he is aware, he finds himself walking in the same path with his congregation. His usefulness as a minister, is destroyed for the time at least, and it may be he soon leaves the ministry, believing that he has mistaken his call, for he fails to realize any fruit from his labors.

But consider this young minister to have commenced his ministerial career under more favorable circumstances. He finds his membership composed of men and women, who are in earnest in striving to save their souls, and to extend the area of the church. They not only supply his temporal wants, and attend faithfully upon his preaching, but the prayerful attention, the decided interest they take in all he does and says, inspires him with confidence and zeal. When he enters the pulpit, a deep sense of his responsibility rests upon him, for he knows they are come to obtain the bread of life, not to be amused or interested with any display of intellectual ability or oratorical polish. He feels that he is speaking to immortal, anxious souls, and his own soul responds. The glistening eyes, the trembling lips, the trickling tears, the suppressed sighs of the converted; the deep concern, the palid face, the imploring glance of those who are without God in the world, nerve his arm, kindle his imagination, swell his heart, put words of power upon his tongue, and each sermon marks the advancement of his work. He goes out to his pastoral work. They meet him with smiles and prayers. The conversation is upon that which lies uppermost in the heart — the advancement they are making in the divine life — the holy joy and unspeakable peace which is their daily heritage — the temptations that are in their path. He rejoices with those that rejoice, weeps with those that weep, gives counsel to those who need guidance, and returns to his study, a better and a wiser man.

A holy membership! earth has no fairer spectacle. Heaven smiles its approval; even those stricken by sin, and still clinging to their loathsome disease, look to it as a haven of repose, a refuge of security. A holy membership and a holy minister com-

bined in carrying forward the work of a world's salvation, who can calculate its successes, or mark any limits for its labors? Give us a holy membership, and the cry will soon cease that we have a lack of preachers. The hidden treasures of the church will be cleansed from the accumulations of rubbish, and gleam out in all their beauty. The waste places of the earth, and solitary places will become glad and blossom as the rose. We know nothing else that can rekindle the aggressive spirit of the church, and give her ministers the courage and spirit necessary for the demands that are pressing heavily upon us every day, and which we feel it so difficult to fill.

How shall this guardian host be enlarged? This is the important question to be asked in this connection. We have the greatest faith in continued personal effort. Let those who have attained such a holy state, in the access which they have to the mercy seat, earnestly plead for the outpouring of the spirit, to teach the church how greatly she has neglected this, her highest duty, and the surest means of security and happiness. Let it be the theme of your conversation under all proper circumstances. Urge it especially upon those who you see are striving to grow in grace, for there is more probability of success with them than with any others. In this manner, the circle of those possessing and enjoying holiness may be enlarged, their influence extended, and the glorious work go on.

Do not permit yourself to be baffled by any opposition, however severe. Meet all opponents in love and prayer, and you will disarm them of the only weapons they have prepared for this assault. Remember that it is as honorable and as profitable to *suffer* the will of God, as it is to *do* his will; and let the assurance that he will make all things work together for good, be the foundation of your hope. If we labor for good only when we realize the immediate fruit of our labors, we shall never make our lives fruitful in good works, nor lay up in store a good foundation against the time to come. Remember the end of your labors — a holy membership. — *The Beauty of Holiness.*

THE just shall live by faith.

ORIGINAL.

A WORD TO THOSE WHO DO NOT EXPECT TO BE MADE HOLY IN
THIS LIFE.

BY S. W. S.

There was a time when those who were of your theory, were found among the most ardent seekers of an entire salvation. We need not mention a Leighton, Edwards or a Payson. Instead of being influenced by their limited views, they panted in the ardor of their soul, for full redemption through the blood of the Lamb. They were blest with that perfect love that casteth out all fear, and were as lights in the world.

May we not ask what are you doing in reference to this subject? Are you aspiring after full redemption like those good men, who, with you, did not expect to be made perfect in this life; or are you disputing with those who, while they are seeking to be fully conformed to the image of God, indulge the hope and belief that the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin? We do not wish, in these few lines, to enter upon a discussion with you on the doctrine, but simply to urge upon you the good practice of seeking those heights and depths of grace which you admit the Scriptures offer us in Christ. Perhaps you are ready to acknowledge that you are not as much devoted to God as you once were, and as you ought to be. Then rouse yourself from this slumber, lest while you are disputing with others you may fall under the charge of neglecting this great salvation, as well as hindering others who are crying out for full redemption. No person can advance his own piety by opposing those who are seeking after perfect love. You may console yourself with the reflection that it is their opinions you oppose and not their pursuit of the blessings of grace: but if you dispute their doctrines, you take from them a strong motive to holiness, and divert their attention from a great subject of Christian experience.

Christian Experience.

PERSONAL EXPERIENCE.

We have on hand several communications intended for this department. Some of these will yet appear, though necessarily delayed for a while. As we had not the time in this issue, to give any of them that thorough revision which they require before going to press, we have at the urgent request of one of our subscribers, concluded to republish the following, from the Riches of Grace.—Eds.

One morning about ten o'clock, a dear brother came into my room, and after talking with me for an hour or two, left me with a feeling similar to nothing which I ever experienced, save that which I felt in the hour of conversion. I saw again the beauty of God in Christ, and trusted in him fully, not as then, for the salvation of my soul, but for its *sanctification*. I knew that I might look to the Lord Jesus as my friend, who would come to my help in the time of emergency, and I felt a great reposing of my soul in his keeping to save it from the penalty of the law, but this had been all. The work of overcoming sin in the soul, and of thus preparing it for heaven, I thought Christ had committed to me, and I had been accustomed to look forward to life, as one unbroken series of struggles in the effort to accomplish the task. At death I thought Christ would finish what I had left undone; but until then I must do better myself, and "work out my own salvation." I use this language still, but in a different sense from what I formerly gave to it. My friend convinced me that the work which I was undertaking was useless. I was endeavoring to perform that which was comprised in the *office* of Christ. Sanctification, he assured me, was as truly the work of Christ as salvation. It startled me, though joyfully, and at first I could not believe it. He insisted that Jesus had bought with his blood the privilege of fitting his soul for heaven, as truly as he had that of eventually saving it from hell. He quoted the passage in which Christ is declared to be not only our wisdom, but our *sanctification* and redemption—other passages in which Christ is described as *working in us* the good pleasure of the Lord, &c., and assured me that in the case of salvation, my part was to *trust* in him for that which I desired. While he conversed, the character of Christ had been expanding and unfolding, till it seemed most beautiful. Still I felt that I was not confiding in him, and asked my friend how I should do so. Then, said he, you are making a *work* of trusting, and are fancying that until you do something you call trusting, Christ will not receive you. Simply look to Christ and rejoice in him,

leaving with him your soul, that he may sanctify it, just as you would leave it with him to be saved or just as you would confide to me any business which you knew I was fully competent and willing to perform, ceasing from all anxiety concerning it. I saw that he had exposed the true nature of the difficulty, and as I saw the snare of Satan, I felt as I never felt before, the utter hopelessness of ever escaping, unaided, from nets so refined, and so cunningly laid. It seemed as though he had thrown a fine invisible silver wire around my soul, and thus, unperceived, was detaining me from Christ, while I sought first to put forth the effort of trusting. The moment I perceived the difficulty, I rested calmly upon Christ, my anxiety fled, and sweet tranquillity stole over my soul. I seemed resting on his bosom, and there, panting, exhausted, scarcely daring to breathe, lest I should fall again, I lay, feeling that he bore me in his arms. This was the thought which filled me with calm delight. I need no longer struggle with difficulties, external or internal, for Christ will go with me and bear me over them in his arms, as the mother bears her child over obstructions which it cannot surmount. For a few days before and after this, I noted upon a little paper a sort of outline of my feelings, and by quoting from it, perhaps I can produce a more distinct conception of the transition, than by a description from memory. "*Friday.*—Brother S—— led the morning meeting — exhorted the brethren to state their feelings. W—— spoke of new views of Christ — *fulfillment* of his love. Those who were willing for two weeks to talk and pray daily with one Christian, rise while singing the last hymn." "*Saturday.* — W—— spoke of seeing Christ IN THE BIBLE, between us and God — blessed views." "*Sunday.* — Dr. B.—— led. Talked of cold professors. Christ will spew them out of his mouth. Jesus knocks even for them. Like the sleeping disciples, 'not pray one hour!' and the Saviour half apologizes even for them; and now comes and would enter. Dr. wept — great feelings. (Several of the students seemed converted over—glorious views of Jesus.)" "*Monday.* — Brother G—— spoke; has seen Christ as never before — difference between looking at the image of the sun in water, and the sun — at the brazen serpent, or at the image in the mirror — no healing. Following the image of the mirror we go from Christ. Now he is rejoicing in Christ. Br. E—— also is rejoicing in Christ as never before. Christ is the 'light of the world.' I felt we cannot shine of ourselves. Christ is the sun — we *must* open the door and windows of the heart, let him shine in, and through us light will go forth. Wished for it — though I have felt it not — rejoice that others have. * * * * *

Editorial Miscellany.

THE CAMP-MEETINGS.

It is a hopeful sign of the times that the camp-meeting spirit is becoming greatly revived in the church.

Probably there have never before been as large gatherings at Martha's Vineyard and at Eastham, as on occasion of the two meetings just held.

At the Vineyard there were about one hundred and eighty tents, and at Eastham nearly one hundred. Perhaps the numbers attending at the latter meeting were about equal to those at the Vineyard — the discrepance in the number of tents arising mainly from the fact that the proportion of large tents was much greater at Eastham. An excellent spirit prevailed at both these meetings.

On Monday afternoon, the last day of the meeting at the Vineyard, a most gracious baptism was received by both ministers and people while solemnly re-dedicating ourselves to God and his work.

A sermon had been preached by Bro. Allyn, late of East Greenwich Seminary, in which a strong scriptural appeal was made to the church for a return to the simplicity of earlier times. The sermon succeeded one by Bro. Lovejoy, of Newport, to which it was every way apro pos.

At the conclusion of the afternoon discourse, Bro. Kenney, the presiding Elder, arose and invited his brethren of the ministry and laity to unite with him by meeting in the altar for a season of prayer, and an act of unqualified surrender of their wills to God.

The response to this proposition was very hearty indeed. The area in front of the stand and back to a considerable distance upon the seats was immediately crowded with believers and penitents. Several seasons of most earnest wrestling with God in prayer followed, and at each successive season a still larger number of persons united in the movement. God answered by fire. Great numbers of his people were raised into new altitudes of the divine life, and the hallowing results of

that hour of prayer will doubtless be remembered gratefully to eternal years. As we arose from our knees, bathing in the light and power of the blessed baptism just received, the chorus,

“Glory to the Lamb.”

“The world is overcome by the blood of the Lamb,”

arose and swelled and swept away among the trees of Wesleyan Grove, reminding one of the song heard in the heavenly temple,

“Blessing and honor and glory and power be unto him that sitteth upon the throne and unto the Lamb for ever and ever.”

At Millennial Grove there were between seventy and eighty ministers present, and they were from nine several Annual Conferences.

There was much of the working spirit apparent among the members of the church, and the preaching was attended with excellent results. There were present as seekers of salvation on several occasions of public prayer, at the altar some seventy persons. A large number were converted — how many we did not learn.

The love-feast on Sabbath morning was a season of unprecedented interest. The congregation would number perhaps about two thousand.

Rev. Bro. Porter, the presiding Elder, on the opening of the services, reminded us that in view of the vast numbers to speak, there must be great brevity in the several communications. The hint was remembered, and in the space of about sixty minutes something over one hundred and eighty testimonies were borne, interspersed with occasional singing.

The following may serve as examples of the testimonies given. We are indebted for them to Rev. Bro. Adams, of the Five Points Mission, N. Y., who noted them as they were pronounced.

“I cannot speak loud, but I can melt down.” “His yoke is easy and his burden is light.” “A cloudless sky is my portion this morning.” “Forty-six years I have been in this way, and it is not a vain thing for me to serve God.” “I love Jew and Gentile.” “It is good for me to be here.” “There is no difference between the Jew and Greek, for the same Lord over all, is rich unto all that call upon him.” “Thank God for a melted heart.” “I have found the

white stone and the new name written in it." "Praise God for a present salvation." "The Lord is my portion, saith my soul." "I am lost in Christ." "The best of all is God is with us." "I am united to God, and he is united to me; all is well." "Christ is formed in me the hope of glory." "I feel the overflowings of love." "I have passed from death unto life." "I am a member of this family." "I am a representative from the Quaker fraternity; Christ is mine." "I was converted through the instrumentality of Pickering." "I am glad I am in this band." "I am bound to see the end of the race." "I never felt so strong an attachment to Christ as to-day; my soul is full." "This is the most heavenly place I ever was in." "I never heard such sweet singing in my life, and I have found out the secret; most of our singers have found the blessing of perfect love; I was once a confirmed Universalist, but a sister said three words to me that were made the means of my awakening and conversion; these words were, 'come to Jesus.'" "Thanks be unto God for a full and a free salvation." "The land heaves in view." "I think, with an old presiding Elder, that a lovefeast is the greenest spot in this dark world." "God saved me when I was a boy." "I want my last words to be I have preached Christ." "I feel very solemn this morning; I want my testimony recorded in heaven; Jesus saves me now." "I was a poor drunkard, and God saved me on this ground seven years ago." "I stand on the rock." "When I was a boy I walked sixteen miles to a camp-meeting, and God blessed me; this is my best day." "One of my objects in coming to this meeting was to find out how American Methodists do business when they all get together; I intend to send the account of this meeting to the Watchman, in England, and I only regret I cannot send the hallelujahs and delicious singing along with it." "I can view the landscape o'er." "I should like to see the whole world all together in one grand ampitheatre, and stand in the midst of them and say, I am the Lord's and he is mine." "Then shall I be satisfied when I shall awake in his likeness." "Thank God I am satisfied now." "Praise the Lord for old fashioned religion." "I am in the stream, and the tide sets toward heaven." "I bless God for a sanctified soul." "I want my testimony recorded in heaven so that when that leaf of our earth history shall be turned over on which Eastham camp-meeting is recorded, my testimony may be found; glory to Jesus." "A great bargain has been made on this ground, I have given myself fully to Christ, and he has given himself to me." "Wisdom's ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace."

The Sabbath thus auspiciously begun, was a good day throughout. There were many professed instances of conversion, and of entire sanctification during the day and evening.

The meeting closed well. May none of us ever forget the seasons enjoyed, nor forget the blessings received at Millennial Grove in 1854.

BOOK NOTICES.

SKETCHES OF WESTERN METHODISM: *Biographical, historical and miscellaneous. Illustrative of pioneer life.* By Rev. James B. Finley. Edited by W. P. Strickland, D. D. Cincinnati: Printed at the Methodist Book Concern, for the Author.

Mr. Finley has done good service to the church in redeeming these stirring incidents connected with our early history from oblivion. Those who have read the author's auto-biography, will doubtless unite with us in saying, that no man could be better qualified to write such a book than Mr. F. Himself for many years a pioneer, he has with a master's skill selected and brought out scenes the most novel and thrilling to those unacquainted with this mode of life. We know of no religious narrative that exceeds it in interest.

PRINCIPLES OF THE INTERIOR, OR HIDDEN LIFE: designed particularly for the consideration of those who are seeking assurance of faith and perfect love. By Thomas C. Upham, D.D.

This valuable work, the plates of which we believe were destroyed in the fire that consumed the large publishing establishment of the Messrs. Harpers, is about to be, if it has not already been, re-issued from their press. We take the following from a notice which appeared in the "London Quarterly Review," on the publication of the Ninth Edition, by the Messrs. Howell in Liverpool, England.

"It is not polemic, but eminently practical; its spirit is in perfect harmony with its subject,—pure, charitable, and earnest; its style is clear, and its reasoning cogent and forcible; and, above all, the whole scheme and ideal of the author is purely scriptural. To our Methodist friends, the design of the author, as stated by himself, namely, that it is intended for those who are 'seeking assurance of faith and perfect love,' will, of itself, be a powerful recommendation. We can assure them, they will meet with no disappointment. The main object is never lost sight of;—the spiritual life, holiness to the Lord, and perfect love, all attained through faith in the redemption of Christ, and ratified and sealed by the Holy Spirit, constitute its teaching from beginning to end. Mr. Upham is no enthusiast. His subject is interspersed with most valuable and important directions in many matters of inward conflict, trials of faith, and practical duty. Those who desire to 'make their calling and election sure,' may advantageously place this book, on the 'Interior, or Hidden Life,' by the side of their choicest guides, and consult it daily for their spiritual edification."

ORIGINAL.

LETTER TO A MINISTER

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE WAY OF HOLINESS.

Witnesses of Holiness needed in the Ministry — Responsibility of the Methodist Ministry — Consecrated but not believing — Confession the next step after faith — Responsibilities of a profession — What every Methodist Minister professes previous to his ordination — The cost of not enjoying a state of entire holiness — When it is a sin not to believe — Believing on the authority of God's word, is not believing without an evidence.

WITNESSES OF HOLINESS NEEDED IN THE MINISTRY.

Since the evening we separated, I have cherished an affectionate desire for farther converse with you. And believing that it may be satisfactory to you to resume the conversation, which for want of time we did not conclude on the evening we parted, we will again take up the same subject. You know my simplicity and understand me too well to imagine that I am disposed to be dictatorial. I thought I observed marked constitutional affinities existing between us, and perhaps it may in part be attributable to this, that I see you laboring under perplexities so similar to those under which I formerly labored myself, that my religious sympathies are strongly enlisted in your behalf. My heart assures me that you will love to have me say without reserve, all that my strongly enlisted sympathies may dictate.

Let me say then, that I feel jealous of the position you occupy on the subject of entire sanctification. Surely if you were standing out definitely before the Christian world, as an experimental witness of the faithfulness of God in empowering his people to obey the command "Be ye holy," the number of witnesses might be augmented. I need not say that our privileges are *duties*, and as such are high and holy responsibilities. If the Methodist church recognizes the doctrine of entire sanctification as a doctrine of the Bible, and urges the attainment of it on all believers as a duty, what a responsibility does this in-

volve on the ministry. To these are the people admonished to look for *ensamples in faith and in doctrine*.

RESPONSIBILITY OF THE METHODIST MINISTRY.

We sometimes hear it said Mr. Wesley never professed the blessing of holiness. Suppose (which we are sure is not the fact) he never did profess the blessing, and the people as a matter of course had followed his example ("like priest like people") would we ever have heard of the belief in the possibility of the present attainment of holiness as a distinguishing doctrine of Methodism? In view of the plain Bible requirements, "Be ye holy," all of every evangelical denomination will say that professed Christians *ought* to be holy. But when we come to the point of being witnesses of the attainment of this grace, they differ with us and say, "No man can in the present life attain to a state of continuous salvation from sin — this state cannot be attained till the hour of death." Yet so earnestly and sincerely do we believe it to be the privilege of the believer to attain this state *now*, that we acknowledge it as a doctrine of our creed, and now stand out before the world marshalled under the banner, "HOLINESS TO THE LORD."

But if our ministers do not encourage experimental testimony on this subject, how little do we differ from others. And how can a minister effectually encourage his people to give a testimony which he himself withholds.

The witness of holiness is attained by faith, and if a minister's faith does not lead him into the conscious enjoyment of this state of entire holiness, an invaluable incentive is surely lacking. 'Whose faith follow.' — If in following the faith of their pastor the people are only led up to the borders of

The land of rest from inbred sin —

and through unbelief do not enter, does it not involve a serious responsibility on the part of the minister?

CONSECRATED BUT NOT BELIEVING.

In view of your well-known devotedness, I might shrink from writing this. But I think you will not love me less for these expressions of solicitude, when together we shall sit down in the kingdom of our Father. Your affectionate and ingenuous heart will appreciate my motives I am so sure.

Have you not, my dear brother, been long standing in this position — consciously given up to God, having long since consecrated yourself wholly and irrevocably to God? If so, the next step is faith, and you are now *commanded* to believe. But is there not a lingering at this point? And is it not a sin thus to linger, when God commands you as he did his ancient Israel, to “go forward?” After we have been empowered by Almighty grace to comply with the condition upon which God promises this blessing, is it not a solemn duty to believe unwaveringly and claim the promised grace? And how can we hesitate in doing so without grieving the Holy Spirit? The moment we comply with the conditions, we are on promised ground. “This is the command of God that ye believe,” and here is where this command meets us, and we cannot disobey without facing the awful alternative, — “He that believeth not maketh God a liar.” And how so? God says, “Come out from among them, and be ye separate, touch not the unclean thing, and I will receive you.” If on complying with the conditions, we do not at once believe that God receives — not will, but *does* receive, what is this but doubting the veracity of God, and what can we conceive of more dishonoring to God.

But you say how can I believe that he receives me until I *feel* that he does. And will you graduate your views of the faithfulness of God, by your uncertain feelings? Do you say to your friend in whose veracity you confide, I do not believe you because I do not *feel* that what you say is so? Such is your confidence in your friend that he might make statements to you almost incredible, yet on the authority of his word you would go fearlessly and reiterate the statement, feeling that you want no surer evidence than the word of your friend.

CONFESSION, THE NEXT STEP AFTER FAITH.

And when we do in heart believe that God does fulfil his promises to us and sanctify wholly, the next point to be met as marked out in the heavenly chart is *confession*. And though we may not confess beyond what the heart believes, yet we cannot without sin withhold the glory due to his name, and to the glory of grace we must confess what our hearts do believe. Have you laid a definite request before the Lord? What was your petition? Your Father knows what it was, for it was in answer to the intercessions of his Son your Saviour, that the Spirit's cry was put into your heart, "Lord sanctify me wholly!" Definite petitions bring definite answers. He that asketh receiveth; not something he knows not what, but specifically the thing for which he asks. How evidently is this lesson taught by our Saviour, Luke xi. 5. 13. "If a son ask bread of any of you that is a father will he give him a stone? Or if he ask a fish, will he for a fish give him a serpent?" That is, will he give him other than the identical thing for which he asks.

RESPONSIBILITIES OF A PROFESSION MET.

And in what is the will of God more specifically declared than in regard to our present and entire sanctification. If God has said, "be ye clean that bear the vessels of the Lord," with what confidence may you as a minister now ask the witness of present purity. You have been shrinking from a profession of this blessing. Though you have very earnestly desired the grace, yet you have not been quite willing to pay the cost of a profession. But from scriptural admonition, and from the example of the devoted Fletcher and hundreds of others, you may learn that you cannot purchase this pearl of great price without resolving to meet the responsibilities of a profession. I am very thankful that the Lord caused me to see the terms of the covenant, and in connection to count the cost of a profession of this grace before a gainsaying world. Nothing less than an entire crucifixion to

the world was required, and I need not say that nothing less will be required of you my brother. This coming down to a willingness to be of no reputation! O this is a nice point — how painful to the flesh — how mortifying to the carnal affections! Yet though so humbling, how exalting. O blessed thought! It brings us down to the grave where self is buried. Not till we come down to a point where everything that exalteth itself is brought low, are we in a state where we *can* so believe as to say, “I live — yet not I but Christ liveth in me.” This state is entered by *faith*. But we are not in a state where we *can* exercise the faith till we come to a willingness to be of no reputation for Him who made Himself of no reputation for us. “How *can* ye believe who receive honor one of another, and seek not that honor which cometh from God only.”

WHAT EVERY METHODIST MINISTER PROFFESSES PREVIOUS TO HIS
ORDINATION.

From what I hear of the trials of ministers among themselves, it sets a man up as a mark among his ministerial brethren, to come out in the profession of entire sanctification. We will not comment on the singular inconsistency of this, especially among *Methodist* ministers, inasmuch as the God of the bible so clearly, and in oft repeated and absolute terms, sets forth the imperative necessity on the part of those who minister in holy things, to be men of clean hands and pure hearts. And then every Methodist minister before being ordained to the sacred office, professes either to have attained this grace or to be earnestly groaning after it, and of course takes upon himself virtually obligations to sustain the doctrine. Yet from what we know personally, we will not deny that there is a cross connected with an open profession of holiness. Yes it costs something to come out in the profession of this grace, and it is important to *count* the cost. Well admit the idea that it will set one up as a mark. Do we reckon without our host. Will not Christ, our indwelling Saviour, enable us to be answerable to all demands? Will not He who of God is made unto us wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption, take care of the effect of our testimony on the

minds of others. Holiness is a *gift from God*, and if God bestows it upon us, and requires that we profess the attainment of it to the glory of his grace, cannot the divine Giver take care of his own cause? Duty is ours — events are God's. It was not needful for Uzzah to steady the ark. The ark was the Lord's. We could no more enkindle the spark of inward holiness in our hearts than we could enkindle the sun. God kindles it, and then He does not leave it optional with ourselves whether we will let it shine.

THE COST OF NOT ENJOYING A STATE OF HOLINESS.

Yet though it costs something to profess holiness, it also costs something to refuse the enjoyment of this grace. Every Methodist minister *owes* the enjoyment and the consequent profession of this grace to his people. As a church we record it as our belief that "the design of God in raising up the preachers called Methodists, was to spread Scriptural Holiness over these lands." Can a Methodist minister then effectually do his duty, in urging the present attainment of Scriptural Holiness on his people, if he cannot from his own heartfelt realizations say, "We speak that we do know and testify that we have seen." Yes, every Methodist minister owes the attainment and the profession of this to the people of his charge. And the statistics of the church both now and heretofore show that great has been the loss of the church where this testimony on the part of the ministry has been wanting. I have been forced to a consideration of this loss on the part of the church again and again, as I have urged the duty of the present attainment of holiness on the laity. I had in love and faithfulness used much entreaty with a dear brother, who I feared would backslide if he did not obey God and go on to perfection. He felt deeply, and seemed about to yield to the convictions of the Spirit, when moved by a sudden thought from the tempter, he started up with an air that pained me exceedingly, and exclaimed,

"Why does not my *minister* enjoy the blessing?"

For a moment, grieved and disappointed to see the brother thus turn aside the monitions of the Spirit, and embarrassed with

the inquiry, I prayerfully hesitated before replying, and then asked,

“How do you know but he does enjoy the blessing?”

The brother looked significantly as though he had the better of the argument, and then said something by way of intimating that if his pastor enjoyed the blessing, he would be likely to speak of it, and he therefore felt himself safe in inferring that he did not. From this point, I could no longer get a hearing from this brother on this subject. And as might be expected, he began to degenerate, and measure his steps back. Israel could not always remain on the borders of the promised land. On refusing to go forward, they were doomed to go back. This brother went back, and is still, I have reason to fear, among those who are at ease in Zion. If the minister preferred to enjoy the blessing of entire sanctification, was not his testimony *due* to his people? Yes we will again repeat, that the minister *owes* the attainment and the consequent profession of this grace to his people. And though the profession of this grace costs something, yet the day of eternity will reveal that it costs a minister *much more* to be without it. He cannot afford to meet cases like the above at the bar of God. And we would in all humility, ask such as are not willing to pay the cost of obtaining and retaining this grace, whether they feel quite willing to pay the cost of living without it, either in this or the other world?

MAY A MINISTER ENJOYING THE BLESSING OF HOLINESS BE MORE
USEFUL.

May a minister who is cleansed from all filthiness of the flesh and Spirit, and who consciously ministers with clean hands, and a pure heart, be more effective in performing the holy services of the sanctuary? How was it with Wesley, Fletcher, Bramwell, and other eminent professors of this grace? And how is it with some ministers we have among us, of fine natural and intellectual endowments, who do not profess to enjoy this grace, nor feel a sympathy in the subject. We have in mind a marked case of this sort now. A man of such strong intellectual ability as a theological disputant, that the degree of D. D.

has recently been awarded him. Yet at the last three churches where he has ministered, such has been his lack of that power which inward holiness gives, that the members at each station have been so wasted, scattered and peeled, that serious thoughts were entertained on the part of the trustees, of closing the doors of the church. Ichabod seems to be written on the altar where he ministers. The place where he labored last though it was one of our old and more influential stations, was so dwindled under the ministration of this brother during the past two years, that it was this year left unnamed in the list of Conference appointments. Has not the want of that power which the experience of holiness alone can give, cost this minister a sum which in view of the reckonings of eternity it will indeed be sad to meet?

WHEN IT IS A SIN NOT TO BELIEVE.

But I well know that you, my dear brother, would rather pay the cost, though it were a thousand times more than to live without the blessing. And I do not doubt but it would now be the luxury of your being to come down to any point however humiliating, if you may only be in perfect sympathy with your Saviour. Your heart is even now saying,

"No cross, no suffering I decline,
Only let my whole soul be thine."

And are you not at this moment presenting your whole being a living sacrifice to God *through* Christ? If so, is it not a solemn *duty* to believe this moment that the blood of Jesus *cleanseth* you from all unrighteousness? You have the immutable word of the Lord to assure you that it is so. You present yourself wholly to God *through* Christ, and God at this moment assures you that an offering presented through Christ is "holy, acceptable," for the blood of Jesus cleanseth from all sin. You surely do not believe without an evidence when you believe on the authority of God's word. How strangely dishonoring to God is it to assume the ground that the evidence of his word is not a sufficient foundation for our faith. The voice of the Holy Scriptures is the voice of the Holy Ghost, "for the prophecy

came not in old time by the will of man, but holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost." Do you not now comply with the condition on which God promises the blessing of entire sanctification? Do you not now set yourself apart to be wholly, irrevocably, and in the most absolute sense forever the Lords? This you have long desired to do, and this, I trust, you *are now doing*. While you present yourself through the blood of the everlasting covenant, it is your duty to believe that the blood of Jesus *cleanseth*. Not that it did or will, but *cleanseth now*. While you are now complying with the condition upon which God promises the blessing of entire sanctification, the promise is given to you. Yes, you come up on promised ground. Christ inly speaking says, "I will receive you," If you look for signs and wonders, he will reprove you. What did Jesus reprove the nobleman for? Was it not that he required something beside His word to assure him that He would heal his son. But Christ would not yield to his importunities to "come down" — neither will he yield to yours. And when the nobleman went away *believing* that the work *was* done, "Thy son liveth" — on the bare authority of Jesus' *word*, did he believe without an *evidence*? And had he met a friend when on his way down to his house the next day, and said, "My son liveth," would he have confessed without an *evidence* of the fact? Had his friend asked, what evidence have you that your son lives, had his friend been a believer in the divinity of Christ as the Son of God, he surely would not have replied, as some professed believers in Christ now reply, "What believe without any other evidence than the word of God?" When the nobleman went down and saw his son living the next day, *faith* was no longer necessary. It is faith that honors God. May my dear brother from this hour be strong in *faith*, giving glory to God.

LOVE.— Love is a diamond among the jewels of the believer's breastplate. The other graces shine like the precious stones of nature, with their own peculiar lustre and various hues; but the diamond is white, uniting all the others.

ORIGINAL.

REGENERATION, NOT ENTIRE SANCTIFICATION.

BY REV. G. W. STEARNS.

Justification is the same as pardon. It is that gracious act of God whereby, for Christ's sake, the penalty of His outraged law is remitted. It changes our relation, both to God and his government, but does not communicate any new power, or any real change to our natures. Regeneration does both. It works a real change in us, and confers a moral power to obey God, and a disposition to do his will. While it follows after Justification in doctrinal Theology, in point of Christian experience, they both take place together, so that whenever a sense of sins forgiven is granted, we know that *that* heart is truly and properly regenerated. The agent of regeneration is God's Spirit, and it is *to* this renewed nature that its direct witness is conveyed. Regeneration is *instantaneous*. It takes place at the very moment *faith* is exercised for pardon. The awakened sinner feels the wrath of God abiding on him and is alarmed. He comprehends but little of his spiritual state, save his *danger* from a sin-hating and sin-avenging Deity. He cries for mercy.

"This all his hope and all his plea,
For him the Saviour died."

Faith looks and he lives. It touches the hem of the Saviour's garment and the heart is made whole. Quick as thought the scales drop from his eyes and he beholds "the King in his beauty."

But does not God complete the work now? and is he not this moment, as holy as it is possible to be on earth? God *completes* the work of regeneration now, but *ordinarily*, not the whole work of salvation. *Partial regeneration* is an absurdity just as much as *partial generation*. The one is illustrative of the other — or the term is a *misnomer*. Regeneration is nevertheless a *real* work — great, excellent, and glorious. It should

not be confounded with Sanctification as it evidently is in that generally excellent and admirable work, "Porter on Revivals," on pp. 17, 18. It is the object of this paper to point out the distinctions between the two and their relationship.

Regeneration is the *commencement* of spiritual life in the soul;—that work of God which *organizes, arranges and completes* the existence of the new man; calls into *being* the *capabilities, attributes and functions* of the new creature in Christ; awakens new sensations and new thoughts,—directs to new employments, and thereby gives new destinies; fixes new relations, and inducts into new privileges, and honors, at once high, important and happifying. It is the *fountain* from which the whole religious life springs. Sanctification is the *mode of living out* this new life and nature; the *stream* from this fountain; the *right use and proper development* of these new capabilities, attributes and functions; the *right direction* of these new sensations, thoughts, powers and destinies; the *correct employment* of these new privileges, relations and honors; and the *application and submission* to such governing motives as meet the divine will, and give a just standard of moral duty throughout the whole period of probation. There are therefore as clearly defined distinctions between regeneration and sanctification as there are between our *natural birth* and our *mode of life* after that birth. While regeneration cannot, in the nature of things be *partial and progressive*, sanctification is both. The child is to become a man. The new capacities are to be brought out, tried, matured and perfected. The moral nature is to undergo a further refining process. The religious knowledge of the young disciple is to be increased. Every attribute is to be expanded and matured, "till we all come in the unity of the faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a *perfect man*, unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ."

The whole brotherhood of Christ's disciples are *sanctified in part*, from their conversion, but only *in part*. This is evident, if we consider the exhortations and delineations of character addressed to the churches in apostolic times. Thus St. Paul in 1 Cor. iii. 1-3, writes to the church at Corinth as "brethren"—"babes in Christ," and in 1 Cor. i. 2, "the Church of God"

"*sanctified* in Christ Jesus," "saints," or holy ones, yet he says they were "carnal," *fleshly*, having among them "strife and divisions," unholy ambitions and contentions; so that they could only be fed with "milk" — the only proper food for infants. They had spiritual life enough to eat "*milk*," yet not maturity enough to eat "*meat*." The same facts appear, if we consult 2 Cor. vii. 1. "Having therefore these promises, dearly beloved, let us cleanse ourselves from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit, perfecting holiness in the fear of God." These saints were "dearly beloved," cleansed in a measure, and partakers of some holiness. They were converts to the Christian faith, yet they had "filthiness of the flesh and spirit," to be removed, to which work they are affectionately exhorted. They were not *complete* in holiness, and to its perfection they were to address themselves. There is not the least intimation that these defects of character were the result of backsliding; and the inference is certainly legitimate, that the work they were to do was the removal of the remaining corruption of human nature, and the perfection of the Christian graces. Of the same nature is the exhortation of Heb. vi. 1. "Let us go on to perfection;" preceded as it is by the well marked distinctions between the "*babe*" who only can eat "*milk*," and the mature Christian who eats "*meat*." These exhortations, and many others, go to show that, although the churches of the apostolic age were very far from the standard of Christ's own teaching and example, they were always recognized as *his churches*, and as Christians. No body of disciples, therefore, however low their attainments in the divine life, are to be censoriously cut off from the fellowship of saints, but encouraged "to grow up into Christ in all things."

There is then this distinction between *progressive sanctification* and *entire sanctification*; the former is going on, while the consciousness exists of the remains of depravity, and an immaturity of the graces of the spirit; whereas, entire sanctification removes the depravity and perfects the graces — "cleanses from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit, perfecting holiness in the fear of God." Not that there is no progress after the soul is entirely sanctified, or made perfect in love. A tree may be

perfect—having perfect roots, trunk, branches, leaves and fruits,—being healthy, vigorous and strong—yet year by year it increases its capacities perpetually. So with the entirely sanctified. A perpetual expansion of the graces of the spirit and enlargement of the capabilities *ad infinitum* are among their high and glorious privileges. But this progression lacks this essential thing in the progress of the Christian to entire sanctification: he is not occupied in removing the weeds and briars of depraved passions and hurtful lusts, and pruning away dead and decaying branches. In the one case it is the improvement and perfection of the tree of grace and the soil in which it is planted; in the other it is the expansion of the perfect tree.

There is an hour when the faithful Christian is enabled to make the entire consecration of himself to God through Jesus Christ; and faith applies the blood of sprinkling to the removal of all defilement of flesh or spirit, fulfilling the gracious promise, “Then will I sprinkle clean water upon you, and ye shall be clean from all your filthiness, and from all your idols will I cleanse you.” When the prayer of faith asks for this very thing, God grants it. This is the *instantaneous work* of entire sanctification. The Spirit’s witness is conveyed as directly to the heart, concerning this fact, as that of pardon or adoption. It is preceded by conviction, repentance, earnest struggling for victory, and the exercise of a vigorous, unyielding faith, just as in conversion; only these different states relate to different objects. In the one they are for outward, actual sin, and its pardon; in the other for the remains of sin and their removal. In the one case we seek and obtain a *relation to God*, in the other his perfect and complete image. These are therefore as clearly marked and as definite steps of experience in entire sanctification as in conversion.

Entire sanctification is not then to be confounded with regeneration, nor with that progress which lies between them. Nor should the Christian Church rest satisfied below this glorious height of gospel privilege. It is entire sanctification that makes her like God, that gives to her perfect consistency of character and conduct; arms her with the irresistible and invincible

moral power of universal and perpetual success, and fits her for life's exigencies and duties; so that she is never surprised, never off duty, never unpanoplied. Clothed with the mind and likeness of Jesus, she meets the onsets of her foes with calmness and triumph; she makes inroads upon the powers of darkness, and invades with perfect impunity, the territories of Satan, winning many a soul to Christ and planting the standard of Immanuel in every accessible strong hold of sin.

SELECTED.

WILL IT BE POSSIBLE FOR ME TO RETAIN WHAT I NOW ENJOY?

FROM THE CAMP MEETING MANUAL.

In one sense it is, and in another it is not possible.

It is not possible that you should retain perpetually the *emotions* you now feel. Nor is it best that it should be so. If God had no other object in making you holy than merely your own salvation and happiness, he would now take you to heaven. But he will keep you on earth awhile, to work, to sacrifice, and to suffer for him. Your emotions will be exceedingly various, and will doubtless traverse the whole distance from

"The speechless awe that dares not move,"

down to the "heaviness which comes of manifold temptations," and to a measure of the "exceeding sorrow even unto death," which Jesus bore for sinners. But your emotions need never be sinful again, whatever may be their peculiar type or degree of intensity. In the most important sense, therefore, you may retain your present enjoyments, and realize a perpetual increase of them.

But my own experience has impressed me that our chief danger of suffering loss, lies, not in the time of our highest joys, nor in the time of our deepest depressions, but in allowing the mind to get into a state of indifference and carelessness.

Prayer is the preventive and the antidote. Prayer as a *habit*, developing itself in watchfulness, inward recognition of God,

thanksgiving, ejaculations, and frequent pleadings for deeper baptisms of the Spirit.

When I first experienced the blessing of perfect love, my evidence was very clear; but it was accompanied with a wonderful sense of weakness. I might call it perhaps, *a feeling of inward faintness*.

I naturally sought counsel of persons more experienced than myself, but the Lord suffered me to be disappointed on every hand. I was, therefore, obliged to feel my way along as best I could.

I was immediately struck with the fact, that though I had been a professor some eleven years, and a minister seven, I had made very little proficiency in the knowledge of the human heart, the devices of Satan, or the deep spiritual meaning of the Word of God. I used sometimes to say to myself, "I see I have every thing to learn."

One of the first things I had to learn, was to distinguish between temptation and sin. I found I had not been in the habit of marking, with any considerable accuracy, the operations of my own mind, and that I was almost a stranger to myself. My heart had not been in a condition to feel the acute pain it now felt, on the approach of any sinful suggestion, or a sinful desire; nor had I been in the habit of demanding of myself that nice and constant inward adjustment to the will of God, which I now found to be a pre-requisite of my peace.

At first, I was inclined to think that all images of any thing sinful which became pictured on the imagination, were, in fact, sinful thoughts, till I observed that those thoughts were invariably painful to my soul, and that the mind instinctively resisted them, and strove for their expulsion till they were gone, when it immediately returned to its rest in God. Hence, at length I learned,

1. A sinful impression, or suggestion, resisted till it disappears, is temptation, and only temptation — not sin.
2. A sinful suggestion, courted or tolerated, or at length complied with, is sin.

Again, a favorite method with the enemy, at first, was to endeavor to surprise me into a surrender of my confidence.

He had two methods of attempting this. One was, to arrest my mind suddenly in the midst of some engagement, which, by occupying the attention, had precluded regular meditation for a season, and so left the mind destitute of emotion, with the suggestion, "*You have lost it!*"

The other, was to thrust into the mind some very horrid temptation to sin, and then instantly accuse the heart of wickedness for having had such a thought. I do not know that the device of Satan, of folding one temptation in another thus, is what Saint Peter alludes to when he speaks of "manifold temptations," through which the "strangers elect through sanctification of the Spirit," to whom he writes, were in heaviness: but I *do* know that my own soul was often brought into heaviness by one temptation thus folded in another. I inquired of several, "What shall I do with the suggestion which sometimes comes to me, '*You have lost it!*'" Some said, "You must say, 'Get thee behind me, Satan!'" Others said, "Brother, you must not reason with the enemy." But I found those directions not sufficiently specific, or rather not sufficiently discriminating.

For, thought I, I am liable to sin, and if I should do wrong, the conviction would doubtless come to my mind, that I had lost the blessing. Now, I am not at liberty to set down every impression that I have sinned, and so lost my hold on God, as coming from Satan. By supposition, it may be true; and on the other hand, it may be false. What then? I found it did not do to stand parleying upon the question of the truth or falsity of such impressions, when they came to the mind. Such parleys brought me always into darkness. I at length saw that I needed some resort equally applicable, whether there had been any defection or not. This I found to be an immediate re-consecration of the soul to Christ. Accordingly, whenever any doubt arose as to the present state of the heart in regard to purity, I would make an effort just then and there, to cast all my being anew on the all-hallowing altar of sacrifice. If I found any degree of resistance from within, I struggled with my heart till it yielded: if I found no such resistance, the re-consecration was the work of but a moment; and in either case,

I had the benefit of the exercise of prayer. I got a stronger hold on Christ ; I learned, in every such struggle, something more of the way of salvation ; and in the course of the effort at re-consecration, I always obtained clear light upon the question, whether there had been in my heart any degree of wandering from God. That particular form of conflict soon disappeared.

Again : I early found it necessary to let the idea of holiness stand *alone* in my mind ; — separate entirely from all accidents of joy or sorrow, or indeed any other state of the emotions. If the soul is now consciously disentangled from every sinful affinity, and in a state of present, felt concurrence with the will of God, — that is holiness — that is full salvation.

There may be sorrow, there may be trials, there may be powerful temptations and inward buffetings, there may be a degree of darkness and bewilderment of mind in regard to the meaning of the Divine dealings with the soul ; and all this may be attended with loss of liberty in prayer, and, for a season, with loss of *sensible* communion with God. Still, the soul may utterly refuse all earthly cordials, all sensual delights, and cling with chastened sorrow and many tears, to the Divine bosom, saying, “ Whom have I in heaven but thee, and there is none in earth that I desire beside thee.”

THE LOWLY AND THE LOVING. — Love has often more influence than talent. The last appeals to the reason, the first to the affections—the last speaks to the intellect, but the first goes straight to the heart. “ It is beautiful,” exclaims a Swedish author, “ to believe ourselves loved, especially by those whom we love and value.” Yes, it is beautiful, certainly ; but woe to us if we neglect the responsibility attached to it. When God permits us to win the regard of others, he places in our hands a sweet and powerful influence, which we should be very careful to use in his service and for his glory. Human affection, sanctified by the Divine blessing, may be made the instrument of much good ; wanting that blessing, it is but a shining light without life or warmth.

ORIGINAL.

EXPERIMENTAL HOLINESS.

BY S. D.

One of the best and most useful kinds of preaching is that of Christian experience. When the apostle Paul preached this before Agrippa, the king was constrained to confess, "Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian." It is this which gives such influence and power to the testimony of young converts. Learned theories could never move a sceptic's heart, or kindle in human breasts that deep sense of conscious guilt, and that panting for salvation which the living, experimental testimony of the child of God produces. This is ground where mere human wit and reason are powerless. The critic cannot come here and refute the witnesses who from experience exclaim,

"What we have felt and seen

With confidence we tell ;

And publish to the sons of men

The signs infallible.

We are induced to offer these thoughts in view of the fact, for such we consider it to be, that the cause of holiness, or "perfect love," gains more converts, is more successfully promoted by the detail of experience in the deep things of God, than it is by mere argument and reasoning. We appeal to every one who has tasted this grace, if such has not been the fact in their own case. We well remember being preached to by argument and reasoning for fifteen years, but was never successfully reached until one sat by our side and related his experience of this great blessing. After this, that is, for ten or twelve years past, we never again felt an indifference to the theme in whatever form it might be presented ; the reason is obvious ; the citadel of the soul was taken, and not the intellect merely. There is in experimental holiness a contagious feeling, and we would it were more epidemic ; indeed it would be if the fulness of the blessing were retained.

We have sometimes listened to able argumentative sermons

and exhortations on this subject, but never felt, or witnessed on others that effect which a humble confession of personal experience has produced. When persons have just obtained the blessing, and stand up for the first time to confess it, there has been in some cases a deep, thrilling sensation, almost like electricity, pervading the entire audience. There has seemed to be a divinity beaming from the countenance, which has spoken more effectually than words. How beautiful that brow, above the colors of the rainbow, around which has circled a halo of glory, and that eye, hardly able to lift itself, such is the dazzling brilliancy of the Sun of Righteousness when his full beams shine forth upon it! If such is the effect upon the body, what must be its ineffable loveliness upon the soul? We will not attempt a description — “thoughts are broken and language lame.”

By the foregoing remarks we do not intend to under value argument, reasoning, or entreaty. Not so; we simply desire to say, that with the latter way of presenting the subject, and to make it as effectual as possible, the former should be constantly and closely interwoven. This is the cementing element, without which the other would crumble and fall. Both together gives us a firm, beautiful and durable fabric.

A thought or two more and we close. We would suggest as the duty and privilege of those enjoying “perfect love,” to seek for frequent and fresh baptisms of the Holy Ghost — to seek for it in all its fulness as a definite blessing, and not rest short of it. We cannot be too careful how we limit the salvation of the Holy One, since it is his good pleasure that we should know “what is the exceeding greatness of his power to usward who believe.” Were we, as Christians, to attain all the love, the unction, the power, and the energy of the Holy Ghost which God is willing to bestow, “mighty works would show forth themselves” in us, and through us convince and lead to Christ a multitude of sinners, beside making holiness the savor of “life unto life” to very many imperfect believers, which, may the Lord grant for the glory of his great and holy name.

Undertake nothing but that which you can well do with order and quietness of spirit.

SELECTED.

THE WORK OF GOD IN CANADA.

We clip the following from the Northern Christian Advocate. It forms an interesting appendix to the article under the same caption in our August number.

BR. HOSMER:—In accordance with your suggestion, I pen a few lines under the above heading. Having been invited to attend a few camp-meetings in Canada, in company with friends from New York, I cheerfully embraced the opportunity. I felt the more interest in visiting this branch of the great Methodist family, having made myself rather familiar with its early history, and having had some acquaintance with a few of the first missionaries which the M. E. Church sent out to these provinces. When the ministers pointed out to me some of "the ancient of the fathers," and mothers too, I wished that those venerable missionaries still living in the States had been there. They might have seen that their spiritual children of other days had not forgotten how to work for God, for some of them dealt veteran blows with wonderful effect. The name of that holy man of God—Calvin Wooster, is still like precious ointment poured forth in the midst of this people, and a Dunham is often referred to by them.

Our first camp-meeting was some twenty miles back in the country from Kingston, in an excellent Methodist neighborhood, where was formed, it is said, the first Methodist Society in Canada. A camp-meeting of great spiritual interest and power, was held on this ground last year, at which time the work of holiness was greatly revived in the Church; and as the result, a continuous revival had been spreading through the surrounding country during the whole year. Take a single illustration. A man and his wife, from thirty miles distant, obtained the blessing of perfect love, and at the close of the meeting returned, and before night called their neighbors together for prayer-meeting. An unearthly power was present, which these neighbors could not comprehend. A revival commenced at once, from which nearly four hundred were gathered into the Church in that one neighborhood. The present camp-meeting resulted in the conversion of between one hundred and one hundred and fifty, and it was supposed that twice that number obtained full salvation. It was a meeting of far more than usual interest. The number of conversions stated may be too low.

Our next was about forty miles from Toronto. We were on the ground before any religious services had commenced. Attracted to a tent by singing, our friends from New York, with their usual diligence, began earnestly to urge upon the attention

of believers present, the importance of full salvation as a preparation for the work of God at that camp-meeting, and in future life.—Many hearts were touched and melted before the Lord. And before the close of that interview, several were evidently clear in the experience “of the great salvation.” From this time, such was the success of each successive service, that towards the close we could but stand and look over the prostrate multitudes with unutterable amazement. Seeking entire sanctification was *general* among believers from the very commencement of the meeting. And seeking pardon was general among the unconverted. This was even *more* emphatically true at the Yonge-street Camp-meeting, ten or twelve miles from Toronto. Here we saw between three and four hundred at a time, of the most substantial members of the Church, seeking holiness with such a solemn earnestness as was moving almost beyond degree. Their streaming eyes, and irrepressible groaning of spirit, cast an awe over all. At this time we scarcely dared speak to any of them, it seemed that God had so fully taken the work into his own hands, “that the excellency of the power might appear of God and not of us.” Great clearness marked their subsequent experience, and such a weight of Divine influence rested upon them as I cannot well describe.—And this was the experience of such a *multitude*, that I am fully of the opinion that I never saw such a work before.

At the two meetings last mentioned, it appeared that the wicked were nearly all *converted*, so that towards the close there were scarcely any to stand around and look on. In time of prayer nearly all were prostrate before God, and the cry of the mourner and the voice of triumph came up from the extremes of the assembly.

The *number* converted and sanctified, could not be given with any degree of accuracy. I could only say, that the work was very general, both in the Church and out of it, and that the subjects of it were to be numbered by *hundreds*.

“Praise God from whom all blessings flow.”

I trust that, in those parts of Canada referred to, a foundation is laid in the experience of the Church, which will result in a *continuous* revival. May it never cease until the mission of the militant Church is ended.

The labors of Dr. and sister Palmer, at these meetings, were more than abundant. They seemed to be equalled only by their success.—How they endure such an amount of toil, has often been a matter of surprise. The Lord sustain them in their work until their discharge from it.

I tried to determine the extent of agreement between Canadian Methodism, and that in the States ; especially in the practicalities of spiritual warfare. At first, I feared a loss, by their failing to take immediate advantage of the influence of a good sermon, and being, for that time, too long in the preliminaries of a prayer-meeting. They were not ready to sing, and when the tune started, I thought that they had been adjusting an ordinance which was too heavy and unwieldy for close and immediate contact. But I found that there were those present who knew how to make the most of a favorable moment, and that the strong men in the ministry had not forgotten how to come from the stand into the altar prayer-meeting, and into the congregation, and do the earnest work there demanded ; and do it, too, as though they were accustomed to it, and were at home in it. Hence, the astonishing success of the prayer-meetings.

The petty critic, doubtless, was not there, consequently we were compelled to get along without his counsel, reproof, or sneers, and do the best we could.

The singing in the public congregation, in some places, was excellent. The people sing more *generally* there than here ; and they are not, like some of our choirs, constantly straining at some new tune that they do not half understand. But, I could but wish that they had among them, for their *social* meetings, such hymns and tunes as are furnished by the second and third parts of the American Vocalist, and the Wesleyan Psalmist. They doubtless would add a new element of interest to their prayer-meetings, their "fellowship meetings," &c., which would be of no small importance. They, of themselves, (if well sung,) frequently draw multitudes to the house of prayer. Moreover, they are, *in and of themselves*, very *appropriate* to social meetings.

The system of finance among our Canadian brethren is similar to the Wesleyans in England—far in advance of our own, and much more efficient. They support their ministry better than we do. And yet the membership was calling for a popular meeting of lay members to raise the salaries of their ministers throughout the provinces.

In my humble opinion, the present organization of the Wesleyans in Canada, is eminently favorable to their future success. May the Head of the Church give them abundant peace and prosperity. Why might not that branch of the family, and our own, have a more intimate communication with each other ? It would be only Methodism to do so, for our Israel possesses a warm, social element, like that religion of love which brought us into being.

J. HARTWELL.

CHARLOTTVILLE, N. Y., Aug. 21, 1854.

SELECTED FROM RELIGIOUS TELESCOPE.

HOLINESS AND HAPPINESS.

To be holy is more important than to be happy; and indeed holiness necessarily precedes happiness, and sustains to it the same relation that *cause* sustains to *effect*.

Holiness implies such a renovation of the soul from corruption, and regulation of the intellectual and moral powers,—such an adjustment of our relations to men and to the Creator, as will insure inward tranquillity, and, occasionally, joy unspeakable and full of glory. The soul can never be at rest,—the inner man can never cease to struggle, until freed from sin.

Many religious persons are mistaken in respect to the relation of happiness to holiness—and if they do not confound the two they reverse their proper order—and place happiness before holiness. Hence their faith, prayers, songs of praise, and self-denial, are all directed toward the attainment of happiness as an end. And when a blessing is received and the soul made happy for the present, nothing higher is sought.

Now, the desire to be *happy* here and to get to heaven hereafter, has nothing in it partaking of the nature of purity nor evincing a state of grace. It is in no way inconsistent with the unrenewed heart. All wicked men desire to be happy here and hereafter.

But the desire for *holiness* is doubtless incited by the Holy Spirit, and should be most sacredly cherished and carefully indulged.

Holiness precedes happiness and should be first and mainly sought. No one need be solicitous about joyful feelings,—they will come often enough—and last long enough. The great burden of thought, anxiety, prayer, faith and the one object of crucifixion, ought to be divine conformity—inward purity—communion with God—complete holiness. If sorrow, disappointment, reproach or affliction is necessary in order to a discovery of our needs, to the breaking up of the heart—or a revelation of the fulness of Christ,—any or all these should be welcomed.

SELECTED.

DID MR. WESLEY EVER PROFESS THE BLESSING OF HOLINESS?

On page 98 of the present number, the writer expresses the conviction, in opposition to the oft-repeated assertions of others, that Mr. Wesley *did* profess and encourage testimony on the subject of holiness. In confirmation of this opinion the writer submits the following from Mr. Wesley's works and leaves the reader to judge for himself. These quotations which were designed as a supplement to the article above referred to, should have immediately followed it, but were omitted by not being on hand at the time our first form went to press.—[Eds.]

In a letter to Lady——, dated London, June 19th, 1771, Mr. Wesley says, "Many years since, I saw that without holiness no man shall see the Lord. I began following after it, and inciting all with whom I had any intercourse to do the same. Ten years after, God gave me a clearer view than I had before of *the way how to attain this*, by faith in the Son of God. And immediately I declared to all,—*We are saved from sin, we are made holy by faith*. This I testified in private, in public, in print; and God confirmed it by a thousand witnesses."

In further confirmation let the following testimonies be considered. Mr. Watson having quoted Mr. Wesley's own words describing his conversion says:—"After this he had some struggles with doubts; but he proceeded from strength to strength, till he could say, 'Now I am always conqueror.' His experience, nurtured by habitual prayer, and deepened by unwearied exertion in the cause of his Saviour, settled into a steadfast faith and solid peace, which the grace of God perfected in him to the close of his long and active life."—*Watson's Life of Wesley*, p. 53.

Mr. Jackson, in his Centenary of Methodism, page 47, says, "Having obtained by the simple exercise of faith in Christ, not only the abiding witness of the pardoning and adopting mercy of God, but also that purity of heart which they had long unsuccessfully endeavored to obtain by works of righteousness, they were astonished at their former errors, and longed to make known the great salvation which is attainable to all."

Christian Experience.

ORIGINAL.

PERSONAL EXPERIENCE.

BY A LOVER OF BIBLE CHRISTIANITY.

For some five years I have been a constant reader of the Guide. Having often received aid and encouragement in perusing the department devoted to Christian Experience, I have of late been led to feel that God might be glorified, and my own heart benefitted by the contribution of my feeble testimony — and at the suggestion of friends I have concluded to make the attempt, and submit it for your disposal.

At the age of fourteen I experienced the pardon of my sins, and felt that I was brought into favor with God. My evidence of justification was not as clear as that often described by others, though I had sufficient light to enable me to believe that I had passed from death unto life. For some two or three years, I was enabled by constant prayer and watchfulness, to maintain daily more or less of the Holy Spirit's influences. The society where I lived, was mostly made up of gay young people; hence I found but little sympathy from those around me. My father, though not an opposer, was not a professed disciple of Christ, and my mother, an old school Presbyterian, though possessed of some of the *fear* of the Lord, enjoyed but little of his love. She had no faith in the religion of Methodists, and strove hard and long to prevent my becoming one; but God who is rich in mercy to all who call upon him in truth, heard my cries and opened a way whereby I might unite with the people of my choice. It was not until I had been a member of the church some nine years, that I heard (in 1838) a discourse exclusively on the subject of entire sanctification. Having felt for several months an unusual hungering and thirsting after righteousness, I was induced to attend a camp meeting, in hope of securing the object of my desires. I shall never forget the sense of loneliness and inward desolation which I felt on reaching the encampment, notwithstanding I was surrounded by friends and acquaintances. The first sermon to which I listened was from the text, "Wilt thou

be made whole?" Language would fail to express the absorbing interest with which I listened to this discourse, rendered doubly so from the circumstance of its having been uttered by one who had himself experienced the thing whereof he affirmed. From that hour till the close of the meeting, I could truthfully say,

"My soul breaks out in strong desire
The perfect bliss to prove;
My longing heart is all on fire
To be dissolved in love."

Though the blessing tarried, I was resolved to wait for it; for I was persuaded that the Holy Spirit which had begotten this intense craving, was abundantly able to satisfy it, and I felt encouraged by the divine promise to believe that it would not tarry long. The camp meeting closed, however, without my receiving the blessing I so anxiously sought, though others drawn thither by the same object as myself, returned to their homes with a realizing sense that the kingdom of God had been fully set up within them, and that Jesus ruled there without a rival. At times this delay discouraged me, and I was almost ready to yield the struggle. But, glory to Jesus, good things had been laid up in store for me. In reviewing the past, I can recall several instances where a little more faith would have brought me speedily into the enjoyment of the sought for grace. At one time in particular I remember of having waked very early from my slumbers, when the words of the following couplet were strongly impressed on my heart:—

"Now believe and gain the witness,
Nothing less than perfect love."

But still I doubted, and the witness was withheld. A short time after this, my mind still absorbed in thought as to the manner in which I was to obtain the blessing I was seeking, I laid me down one night with a deep feeling of anxiety. After sleeping a little while, I awoke and prayed that the Holy Spirit might bear its witness to my spirit, that I was cleansed from all sin. Again I fell asleep, and just as the day was breaking, was roused from my slumbers by these words, apparently spoken to my heart,

"Behold the tabernacle of God is with men, and he will dwell with them, and they shall be his people, and God himself shall be with them and be their God." Oh! where shall I find words to express the gratitude which I at that moment felt for the discoveries which faith had enabled me to make. I found that the blessed Jesus had indeed pitched his tent within my hitherto almost desponding heart, and, as a natural consequence, it was filled with peace. To me, his was

"A name high over all,
In hell, or earth, or sky."

Oh, what charms gather around the name of JESUS! At its very sound

"My spirit leaps with inward joy."

This mighty work was wrought in my poor heart on the 26th of July, 1840. Memorable day! May I never forget the rock from whence I was hewn, or the hole of the pit from whence I was digged. Glory to God in the highest! Jesus reigns without a rival in my heart! Hallelujah!

"Exults my rising soul,
Disburdened of her load,
And swells, unutterably full
Of glory and of God."

ORIGINAL.

PERSONAL EXPERIENCE.

BY LAURA.

In January, 1854, I received my first number of the Guide to Holiness. No earthly treasure had ever been received with half the joy which this inspired, as its very title indicated that, for a knowledge of which my soul thirsted. Since this period, I have read its successive numbers with the deepest interest, and have only regretted that their visits were not more frequent, and that they did not come more heavily laden. In perusing the "Personal Experiences" of that work, a desire has sprung up in my heart, to add my own testimony to that of others in witnessing to the all cleansing efficacy of Jesus's blood.

From early childhood I have been the subject of gracious influences. It was not, however, until some years after I had made a profession of religion, that my mind became convinced of the need of a deeper work of grace. No sooner was I led to discover the remains of depravity which still lurked in my heart, than I commenced earnestly to seek that inward purity and holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord. Clear in the evidence of justification, I now left the first principles, praying God that he would illuminate my understanding, and give me to see what precious things had been secured to me in the death of his Son. I began to search the Scriptures as for hid treasures, and as I read chapter after chapter, and page after page, while it pierced "even to the dividing assunder of soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow," it was like bread broken to my hungry soul. It awakened in my heart a painful sense of my unlikeness to God, and I began to feel that

"'Twas worse than death, my God to love,
And not my God alone."

I read everything I could get on the subject of holiness. I listened with eagerness to every sermon and exhortation, hoping to hear something that would throw light on the subject — but though I often heard Jesus presented as a full Saviour, yet I could never hear any testify that they felt the all cleansing blood themselves — no living witnesses to the power and willingness of God to save to the uttermost. Still, the word of God, which had now become exceedingly precious, contained evidence enough that holiness was my privilege and duty, and I saw such a loveliness in a life that was hid with Christ in God, that I resolved at once to be a Bible Christian.

I commenced, in obedience to the divine command, to present myself a living sacrifice; but the deep depravity of my heart here began to unfold itself, and the magnitude of my sins, committed since I had professed to be a disciple of Christ, appeared so great, that the thought occurred to me that God would not accept of one so polluted. There seemed to be much plausibility in this suggestion, and I began to fear to embrace the promises. Here Satan rallied all his forces, employing even those professing godliness as his instruments, and the difficulties thrown in my

way seemed perfectly insurmountable. Wearied with these inward conflicts, life had become a burden to me, and a gloom was cast over all sublunary things. It was under these painful sensations that the deep anguish of my spirit thus found utterance ; " I do not wonder, my Saviour, that thou shouldst have sweat great drops of blood, and that an angel from heaven was required to strengthen thee when thou didst bear the heavy curse of my sins in thine own body — a weight so intollerable that the bare view of it, presses my soul to the earth." Again it was suggested that the spirit of God had been grieved so many times, that there was reason to fear that it would not strive with me much longer. I saw and felt the divine forbearance, and resolved to make one more desperate effort to secure his favor. In my despair I exclaimed, " Lord take life away, or give me the evidence of a clean heart." As I entered my closet and closed the door, an awful solemnity rested upon me in view of the choice I had made, of temporal death, rather than to continue enslaved to the law of sin in my members. I fell upon my knees and made supplication with strong cries and tears — but God whose ways are past finding out, suffered me to linger for hours in awful suspense, and I knew not whether he were going to grant the desire of my heart, or literally to take my life. I continued to struggle, the Spirit helping my infirmities, and hours fled, as unconsciously as moments, while I plead the promises of that God who cannot lie. As I strove to rest my whole soul upon the faithfulness of Him who had called me, these words were applied with power to my heart : "*The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin.*" My faith laid hold with an unyielding grasp, and in a moment I felt the divine efficacy of that blood, in healing my wounded spirit, and in delivering me from the load which had rested upon me. I praised God for the evidence which he had given, and arose from my knees, with a sense of complete satisfaction. I now wondered why I had not believed before. My whole desire was to please God and to know his will concerning me. From my closet, I repaired directly to the prayer meeting, concluding, however, that I would say nothing of the change that God had wrought in me until I had had sufficient time to see its fruit and test its genuineness. But strange

as it then appeared to me, a sister who had herself entered into the rest of faith, kneeled beside me, and judging, probably, from the hearty responses which seemed to flow spontaneously from my soul, that a change had been wrought in me, she asked me whether I had not received the evidence. I dared not deny the work, and being thus constrained to make confession to one, I thought I might as well confess to all, and rising on my feet, I told the people what God for Christ's sake had done for my soul. Some wept, others praised God. Those who had once enjoyed the blessing, were encouraged to seek it anew, and several backsliders were reclaimed, and sinners converted to God. It is now nine months since by faith my soul sunk into the ocean of redeeming love, and I have thus far proved the faithfulness of God to keep that which I have committed to him. He inspires me daily with a burning zeal for his cause, and I count not my life dear unto me, so that I may accomplish the desire of my heart in advancing his kingdom. Had I the wings of a dove, and the tongue of an angel, I would spread the glad tidings of a full, free and present salvation to earth's remotest bounds.

I have thus endeavored, with no other qualification than the gracious assistance of the Holy Spirit, to give a simple narrative of the divine dealing with my soul. If in your judgment it is worthy a place in the Guide, you are at liberty to use it.

DUPLAIN, Clinton County, Michigan.

Editorial Miscellany.

A LITTLE FAMILY TALK WITH OUR DEAR BROTHERS AND SISTERS WHO ENJOY THE GREAT SALVATION.

Let us, dear friends, enjoy a few words of friendly chit-chat in respect to the best methods of promoting the experience and practice of holiness in the Church.

If we would be most useful, it seems to us that there are some things to be done, and some things which should by all means be left undone. To speak of the latter first—

1st. We should not seek to raise a *party* in the Church, nor even do anything which *appears* to seek such a result.

2d. We should never make holiness a matter of *controversy*, unless driven to it by some such circumstances as impelled the fathers of Methodism to it.

3d. We must not depend upon our *mere* professions to convince others of the truth of the doctrine of holiness.

4th. We must not avoid or neglect the ministry of those, who, through prejudice appear at times to treat the subject of holiness with indifference, or who even manifest opposition to it.

5th. It is not best, under any but very extraordinary circumstances, for our lay brothers and sisters to address ministers *publicly* in reference to their duty on the subject of holiness. There is a more excellent way for accomplishing the object aimed at.

6th. It seems to be particularly desirable that we should be on our guard against every thing that can be fairly construed into evil speaking.

7th. Let us not magnify unduly any one point of duty to the necessary neglect of other points of equal or greater importance. We must aim at *symmetry* of character. And those of us who are ministers must aim to educate the Church upon every point of Christian duty and privilege in God's order; assigning to every truth its due proportion of attention, giving to every one his portion of meat in due season and not shunning to declare the *whole* counsel of God.

There are some things which, by all means, we *should* do.

1st. First of all we should be careful to preserve really and constantly a state of entire consecration each for himself before God.

This will require much prayer as a habit of the soul continually, and at least one thorough and somewhat protracted season of waiting and wrestling in private before God every day. The morning, if it can possibly be so appropriated, is the time for such season of prayer.

Let us thus *renew* our covenant daily, and wait and plead for deeper baptism till the heart melts again, and the whole body is consciously filled with light, and the soul girded afresh for the conflicts and trials of life.

Perseverance in this habit will preserve the soul in freshness and vigor; or, if perchance she should flag at any time amid the day's toils, she shall thus re-ascend to her place of strength and trust in the bosom of the Redeemer.

2d. Maintaining thus by much prayer and the constant practice of a minute obedience, the witness of entire purity, let us at all times, and in the sober use of Scripture language, be ready to acknowledge Christ as our full and present Saviour. Such frequent professions of our faith is due to the Redeemer — it is encouraging to others — it is useful to ourselves.

3d. Let us see that we are abundant in labors and sacrifices for the good of others. We can afford to outdo all others in hard work and plain fare. The man whose heart is really the nearest to Jesus Christ will really *act* the most like Jesus Christ. Such a man will be more evidently and more strongly than other men, in sympathy with the government and purposes of God. He will feel more deeply pained than they when the Saviour is dishonored. He will have more of Christ's benevolence, and therefore be likely to contribute more bountifully for the promotion of the gospel. And he will love sinners more and work harder to save souls from death.

The great want of the Church in these times is a want of *laborers*. The Saviour has a great many *professed* and *professional* friends. The Church is blessed too with plenty of orthodoxy, and she is evidently impressed with large convictions, both of duty and privilege. But there is a great lack of men that really *love to work, to sacrifice* and to *endure* for the cause of God.

We rejoice to believe, dear friends, that you occupy the front rank in the Church, as "workers together with God," but we are still impressed that the standard of activity and sacrifice is far too low in the whole body of believers.

Let us be examples to the Church of benevolent action, in full accordance with the Bible standard.

May the God of peace, that brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus, that great Shephrd of the sheep, make us perfect in every good work to do his will, working in us that which is well pleasing in his sight.

Now unto Him that is able to keep you from falling and to present you faultless before the presence of his glory with exceeding joy, to the only wise God our Saviour, be glory and majesty, dominion and power, both now and forever. Amen.

Modesty and humility make up the brightest crown of great performances.

Those that are bound for heaven must be willing to swim against the stream.

Original.

CHRISTIAN PERFECTION.

BY N. BANGS, D. D.

OBJECTIONS ANSWERED.

ANOTHER objection is taken from the apparent inconsistency exhibited by those who profess this blessing in the temper of their minds. Thus it is said that whenever they are opposed they manifest impatience, and indeed seem to be angry, and reply with an undue tartness, or improper sharpness of expression.

I will not say that this is not so in some instances, and so far as this is apparent, it tends to sully the glory of their profession. Among the fruits of the spirit, enumerated by the apostle, Gal. v. 22, 23, are those of *gentleness*, *goodness* and *meekness*, and certainly those who are entirely sanctified to God, bring forth these fruits in all their loveliness. They not only bow to the will of God in all things, but they suffer the contradictions of sinners with patience, bear with long suffering the weaknesses and infirmities of their brethren, as well as meekly submit to the crosses and disappointments incident to their pilgrimage through life. They no more expect to pass along the path of duty without meeting with opposition from both friends and foes, and without struggling with trials of various sorts, than they expect to be freed from the infirmities inseparable from humanity before they are emancipated from the shackles of mortality. They therefore prepare to meet these unavoidable ills of human life with submission, to bear up under them with *patience*, to obviate the objections that may be preferred against them with *gentleness*, and to answer all questions, whether captious or otherwise, with that *meekness* which becomes the holy Christian, as well as to exhibit, amidst all the conflicting claims that may be made upon them, whether justly or not, with that *goodness* which bespeaks the holy man of God. All this is allowed. And hence if those be there who profess this high degree of religion for which we contend, who do really fail to exemplify

these graces of the spirit, then we must acknowledge that they fall short of that standard of Christian Perfection by which they are to be tried.

But after all, may not the objector be under a mistake in supposing that those of whom he speaks do, in reality, exhibit these defects? May we not suppose that to be anger, which is nothing more than a holy indignation against sin? Was it not this passion which Jesus Christ exhibited when it is said that he "looked upon them with *anger*, being grieved for the hardness of their hearts?" And was not this what St. Paul meant when he said, "Be ye angry, and sin not." It would seem from these words that there is an anger that is consistent with a sinless perfection, how else could we indulge it "without sin?" And is it not this sort of anger with which God himself is actuated who is "angry with the wicked every day?" In all these instances we see a display of that just and holy indignation against sin and sinful actions, which distinguished all holy beings, not excepting even the "meek and lowly" Jesus, himself. Moreover a person possessing this holy principle is often actuated both in speaking and acting by that fiery zeal which puts on the appearance of anger, and which therefore the spectator may mistake for the indulgence of an unholy passion. Besides, like the sea, whose surface is ruffled by the wind, while the bottom remains undisturbed, the soul may be disturbed for a moment by the violence of some sudden temptation, or by the onset of an adversary, while at the same time the bottom of the heart remains calm, and a moment's reflection will restore him to his usual tranquility. I do not think therefore that every ebullition of this passion is a certain indication of the absence of that supreme love to God and man which distinguishes the holy Christian. Like the well tempered sword which may bend a little while it comes in contact with an opposing body, quickly resumes its position when the collision ceases, so the heavenly tempered Christian, while contending with error and sin, may apparently exhibit a perturbation of mind for a moment, but he soon recovers his calmness and resumes his usual equilibrium of mind, and goes on his way rejoicing in God his Saviour, praising Him for giving the

grace to conquer sin and Satan, and the glory of loving even his worst enemies.

I cannot conceive how a holy Christian can look upon sin without feeling his heart stirred within him, both with compassion for the sinner and with suitable indignation against the sin, and this feeling will show itself in look, in word and in action. That sort of patience, of meekness and gentleness which makes man a mere passive agent amidst scenes of wickedness, so far from exemplifying these lovely virtues in their designed perfection, do but exhibit that stoical indifference and stupid inaction which mark the character of the religious sciolist. What! can I look calmly on the bold blasphemers, and hear my God abused, and feel no indignation at their wicked conduct? Can I hear the truth denounced, and error defended, and feel no zeal for the cause of truth? Must I bow down with an assumed meekness of spirit, under the wrongs that are inflicted on mankind, and never open my lips in condemnation of these wrongs, and in vindication of the right? Can I be assailed by error and be silent? Must I hear the tongue of the base slanderer of my friend without feeling a hatred arising in my heart against this vile conduct? For fear of being accused of improper warmth of temper, must I suffer all these things in silence? Show no marks of displeasure, manifest no signs of love, by no holy act to my Redeemer, whose name is blasphemed, whose cause is maligned, whose laws are contemned, and whose Gospel is despised? Then am I dead to everything praise-worthy. I am so far from exemplifying the graces of genuine meekness and gentleness, that I manifest all the coldness and indifference of a Sadducee, and thereby prove myself to be destitute of that true love to God and desire for the salvation of my fellow-men which characterizes the holy Christian.

I greatly fear, therefore, that this objection is founded in a mistaken view of the nature of true love—of the nature of true meekness and gentleness. Who more meek and gentle than Jesus Christ? And yet, with what pointed boldness did he rebuke sin! With what holy indignation did he reprove the Pharisees for their base hypocrisy! And with what malevolence did His enemies

accuse Him of blasphemy, of madness, and having a devil ! And shall His followers expect to escape the like censures ? If they called the " Master of the house Beelzebub, how much more shall they call them of his household." Those who are watching us for evil with a jealous eye, can easily spy faults enough to gratify their spleen, and if they cannot see them, they can imagine a sufficient number to gratify a malignant criticism. Only let the professors of this religion be careful to " maintain those good works which are profitable to men,"—to prove the genuineness of their experience by their Christian tempers—their " chaste conversation," and their holy walk in the commandments of God, and they shall put to silence all the caviling objections of their enemies, as well as remove those that may exist in the minds of the serious inquirers after the truth and the right. Such have a right to demand of us that we maintain a consistency between our professions and conduct. If therefore they see a real inconsistency—if they hear us profess perfect charity, and at the same time see that we shut up the bowels of compassion towards the poor and needy—if they hear our long and loud prayers for the widow and the orphan, and see us, in order to gratify a covetous disposition, " devour widows' houses," if they see us exhibit marks of pride while we profess humility, if they see us boiling over with anger while we profess perfect love—if they see us high-minded and obstinate while we profess meekness and gentleness—then we must assuredly put an argument into their mouths against ourselves, which they will not fail to wield with most powerful effect.

This objection, like the others we have considered, lies not against the doctrine for which we plead, even allowing it to be true, but only against either the weakness, the imperfect views, or the insincerity of its professors and advocates. As a rotten apple proves the existence of the tree on which it grew, and the possibility and probability of their being sound ones somewhere, so will unsound professors of entire sanctification whether this unsoundness arise from error in judgment or depravity of heart, prove the truth of the doctrine, and the strong presumption that there are those who enjoy what the doctrine teaches.

In mentioning the apple, I am reminded of an anecdote that I either heard or read, with which I will conclude this article. It is stated that a fond father had three sons absent at school, to whom he sent each an apple. When they received them, they found that each apple had a rotten spot in it; the first boy was so glad to receive an apple from his father that he devoured it, rot and all;—the second was so offended that his father should send him an apple with a rot in it that he threw it away;—the third took his knife and carefully separated the rotten part, and eat the remainder. Now, which of these boys acted the wiser part? Every one will answer, the last, undoubtedly. Let us do likewise, “cast the bad away,” separate the sound from the unsound professor, and take the same for our exemplars.

SELECTED.

THE CHRISTIAN GRACES.

MANY of the prejudices in the present day against vital Christianity are traceable to distorted apprehensions of its real excellence. Who can read the following exquisite portrait of its graces and characteristics without being charmed with the original?

Whatever else there be, if there be no love, it profits nothing, it proves nothing. Love to God and our neighbor is the essence of piety. It is the body, the basis, the staple element; and if the great commandment, and the next greatest be absent, whatever else there be, there is not Christianity.

Joy. — The essence of love is attachment. Joy is the happiness of love. It is love exulting. It is love aware of its own felicity, and rioting in riches which it has no fear of exhausting. It is love taking a look of its treasure, and surrendering itself to bliss without foreboding. “God’s promises appear so strong, so solid, so substantial — more so than the rocks and everlasting hills; and his perfections — what shall I say of them? When I think of one, I wish to dwell upon it forever; but another, and another equally glorious, claims a share of admiration; and when I begin to praise, I wish never to cease,

but to find it the commencement of that song which shall never end. Very often have I felt as if I could that moment throw off the body, without first going to bid them farewell that are at home in my house. Let who will be rich, or admired, or prosperous, it is enough for me that there is such a God as Jehovah, such a Saviour as Jesus, and that they are infinitely and unchangeably glorious and happy!" And in a similar frame another felt — "Were the universe destroyed, and I the only being in it besides God, he is fully adequate to my complete happiness;—and had I been in an African wood, surrounded by venomous serpents, and devouring beasts and savage men, in such a frame, I should be the subject of perfect peace and exalted joy."

Peace.—If joy be love-exulting, peace is love-reposing. It is love on the green pasture, it is love beside the still waters. It is that great calm which comes over the conscience, when it sees the atonement sufficient, and the Saviour willing. It is unclouded azure in a lake of glass; it is the soul, which Christ has pacified, spread out in serenity and simple faith, and the Lord God, merciful and gracious, smiling over it.

Long-suffering.—This is love-enduring. If the trial come direct from God, it is enough. It is correction. It is his heavenly Father's hand, and with Luther the disciple cries, "Strike, Lord, strike. But O! do not forsake me." If the trial come from Christian brethren, till it be sevenfold seventy times repeated, love to Jesus demands forgiveness. If it come from worldly men, it is the occasion for that magnanimity which recompenses evil with good. And in every case, it is an opportunity for following a Saviour whom sufferings made perfect. That Saviour never loved the Father more intensely than when the Father's face was hid, and when the bitter cup proclaimed his justice terrible and his truth severe. One apostle denied him, and all the disciples forsook him; but Jesus prayed for Peter, whilst Peter was cursing, and his love followed the rest, even when they were running away. Jerusalem killed him; but in foresight of the guilty deed, it was over Jerusalem that Jesus wept; and when the deed was done, in publish-

ing pardon and the peace of God, it was at Jerusalem that the evangelists were directed to begin.

Gentleness or Affectionateness. — This is love in society. It is love holding intercourse with those around it. It is that cordiality of aspect, and that soul of speech which assure us that kind and earnest hearts may still be met with here below. It is that quiet influence which, like the scented flame of an alabaster lamp, fills many a home with light, and warmth, and fragrance, all together. It is the carpet, soft and deep, which, whilst it diffuses a look of ample comfort, deadens many a creaking sound. It is the curtain which, from many a beloved form, wards off at once the summer's glow and the winter's wind. It is the pillow on which sickness lays its head and forgets half its misery, and to which death comes in a balmier dream. It is considerateness. It is tenderness of feeling. It is warmth of affection. It is promptitude of sympathy. It is love in all its depth and all its delicacy. It is every melting thing included in that matchless grace, "the gentleness of Christ."

Goodness or Beneficence. — Love in action — love with its hand on the plough, love with the burden on its back. It is love carrying medicine to the sick, and food to the famished. It is love reading the Bible to the blind, and explaining the gospel to the felon in his cell. It is love at the Sunday class, or in the ragged school. It is love at the hovel-door, or sailing far away in the missionary ship. But whatever task it undertakes, it is still the same — love following His footsteps "who went about continually doing good."

Faith. — Whether it means trust in God, or fidelity to principle and duty, faith is love in the battle-field. It is constancy following hard after God, when the world drags downward, and the flesh cries, "Halt." It is zeal holding fast sound words when fervor is costly and sound words are obnoxious. It is firmness marching through fire and through water to the post where duty calls and the captain waits. It is Elijah before Ahab. It is Stephen before the Sanhedrim. It is Luther at Worms. It is the martyr in the flames. O, no! It is Jesus

in the desert. It is Jesus in Gethsemane. It is Jesus on the cross. And it is whosoever, pursuing the path or finishing the work which God has given him, like the great forerunner, does not fear to die.

Meekness is love at school — love at the Saviour's school. It is Christian lowliness. It is the disciple learning to know himself — learning to fear and distrust, and abhor himself. It is the disciple practicing the sweet and self-emptying lesson of putting on the Lord Jesus, and finding all his righteousness in that righteous other. It is the disciple learning the defects in his own character, and taking hints from hostile as well as friendly monitors. It is the disciple praying and watching for the improvement of his talents, the mellowing of his temper, and the amelioration of character. It is the loving Christian at the Saviour's feet, learning of him who is meek and lowly, and finding rest for his own soul.

Temperance. — Love taking exercise, love enduring hardness, love seeking to become healthful and athletic, love striving for the mastery in all things, and bringing the body under. It is superiority to sensual delights, and it is the power of applying resolutely to the irksome duties for the Master's sake. It is self-denial and self-control. Fearful lest it should subside to gross carnality, or waste away into shadowy and hectic sentiment, temperance is love alert and timeously astir; sometimes rising before day for prayer, sometimes spending that day on tasks which laziness or daintiness declines. It is love with girt loins, and dusty feet, and blistered hands. It is love with the empty scrip, but the glowing cheek; love subsisting on pulse and water, but grown so healthful and so hardy, that it "beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things."

AMONG the various undertakings of men, can there be mentioned one more important, can there be conceived one more sublime, than an intention to form the human mind anew after the Divine image? The very intention, if it be sincere, is a ray of its dawning. — *Coleridge*.

(ORIGINAL)

GLEANINGS BY THE WAY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF FAITH AND ITS EFFECTS.

PUBLISH IT! TELL IT!

That I may publish with the voice of thanksgiving and tell of all thy wondrous works.—*David*.

"I received this blessing four or five times before, but lost it by not obeying the order of God. 'With the heart man believeth unto righteousness, and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation.' But the enemy offered his bait under various colors to keep me from a public declaration of what my Lord had wrought." So said Fletcher after having lost the blessing of perfect love four or five times by various deceivings of Satan to keep him from a public and explicit declaration of the grace he received. And after giving a narration of the manner of these deceptions, he says, "Now brethren, you see my folly. I have confessed it in your presence, and now I resolve before you all to confess my Master. *I will confess him to all the world: and I now declare unto you, in the presence of God, the Holy Trinity, I am now dead indeed unto sin.*" And after this solemn resolve to maintain a public declaration of the power of Christ to save to the uttermost, we hear no more of Mr. Fletcher's losing the blessing of perfect love.

We were reminded of this very clear and pointed declaration of Fletcher's experience, by a scene we witnessed at a Camp-meeting a few days since. A minister arose in the midst of a large public meeting before the stand and said, "I am in my right mind, and I wish to give in a testimony which I desire every one on this ground should hear. Ministers hear it! Brethren and Sisters of the laity hear it! Sinners hear it! Go home and publish it! Yes tell it, that on the —— camp ground you heard a minister profess to be wholly sanctified. Yes, God has wholly sanctified my soul! *I know it*, and I wish to publish it

to the world! Away with mere theories, and discussions on entire sanctification? It is the *thing itself* we must have—the *experience*. I have got it! Glory be to God, the blood of Jesus cleanseth *me* from all sin! And now I am resolved to *publish it! Yes tell it!*” While he was thus talking he seemed to be so evidently carried away with the Spirit, and filled with God, that the most skeptical beholder I think could not doubt but he was filled with the Spirit. His looks, and the effect of his utterances were indescribable. As he spake he passed into the midst of the congregation, and went to and fro speaking words which penetrated like fire. “The blood of Jesus cleanseth from all sin!” he again and again repeated—“*publish it! publish it! tell it!*” he reiterated, and often as the words fell from his lips they penetrated as fire deeper and deeper. The outpouring of the Spirit became general, and hundreds of hearts caught the holy impulse. Would that it were in my power to describe the extraordinary manifestations of the Spirit as witnessed on this occasion. Many spake as the Spirit gave utterance, and such burning words! We all felt that there was one standing among us who baptizeth with the Holy Ghost and with fire, and many received the baptism of the Holy Ghost on that eventful morning. One lady whose heaven-illuminated countenance bespoke intelligent piety and refinement rose near me and said, “The blood of Jesus cleanseth *me* from all unrighteousness. I will tell it! I am going home to publish it. I care not even though the intelligence may precede me to B——.” As she said these words the radiance on her face brightened to an unearthly glow. The manifestation of the Spirit’s approval was too glorious for her feeble frame, and she sunk back under the power of God, and two or three hours passed before she was able to rise. This was in a region of country where the enemy had taken special pains within two or three years to withstand a public profession of holiness. The same Satanic bait had tempted them that had been held out to Fletcher. And several as Fletcher, had in consequence lost the blessing. But now victory, and glorious victory had turned on the side of Zion. Satan was vanquished, and the saints shouted aloud for joy.

HOW FATHER M—— OBTAINED THE WITNESS.

Few exceeded father M—— in evident devotedness of life. So consistent, so uniform. He had been so long, and so habitually pious, that the fact that father M—— did not profess to enjoy the witness of perfect love, had caused many a younger disciple to shrink from an open profession of that grace. But father M—— did not intend to stand in the way of younger professors. His whole heart was intent on this, and on every other good work ; yet such was the fact, younger members who could distinctly tell the day and the hour when the love of God was perfected in their hearts, were deterred from coming out in that profession, especially in his presence. For said the tempter, "If father M—— who has been so long in the way does not profess to enjoy the blessing, who will believe in your professions?" And by thus yielding to the subtle tempter and refusing to let their light shine, they lost the grace out of their hearts. Had father M—— known this, how he would have quailed in view of his responsibility. But he had fixed his mind on holiness as some high state almost beyond present aspirations, and mighty struggles and desperate ventures of faith were contemplated before the desired summit could be reached. And yet Christ had no rival in his heart ; and this he well knew. Had all the world,—its highest honors, and richest pleasures been concentrated and laid before him on one scale, and had the lowly Saviour and the cross been laid in the other, there would have been an almost infinite preponderance in the mind of father M—— in favor of the Saviour and the cross. Yet as he could not state the day and the hour when the love of God was thus perfected in his heart, he seemed not to take cognizance of the fact. But surely the man that first saw men as trees walking and afterward saw all things clearly, saw just as well, as if he had seen all things at once. It is not for us to question in relation to the *time* and the *manner* of the Saviour's working, but to *acknowledge* every good thing that is in us by Christ Jesus, let the time and the manner of the Spirit's operations be as they

may. And to do this is a bounden duty ; a duty that must be performed in order that the *communication* may be effectual.

A tree that bears apples is by common consent called an apple tree. On the same principle of reasoning we might say, a man that evidently brings forth the *fruit* of holiness must be a holy man. And might not father M—— have judged thus of his state? So his pious friends thought.

But father M—— within a few days past has been fairly brought out into the clear light of conscious purity. The way by which he was brought out was so simple, that we give a slight glance at the process.

A number of friends had gathered previous to the commencement of a social meeting in view of mutual prayer and a free interchange of thought on the subject of holiness. We asked father M—— if he was a witness of this grace, when he frankly acknowledged he was not.

“But you surely love God with all your heart father M——?”

“I have not been in the habit of saying so, and I am not sure that I would dare to say so.”

“But though you have not been in the habit of saying so, dear father M——, have you not reason to believe that grace has so impowered you that you do love God with all your heart. Perhaps you cannot, as some others, tell the precise time when you began to love the Lord with all your heart, with any more definiteness than the man, who first saw men as trees walking, and afterward saw all things clearly, could tell just the point of time when he began to see ; but this did not interfere with the fact of his seeing, or make the duty of giving to Christ the glory *due* to his name less important.”

“I cannot confess what I am not sure I have the evidence of.”

“No father M——, neither would I wish you to confess with you *mouth* anything that your *heart* does not believe. If you have not sufficient evidence from the state of your heart to convince you that God has the uppermost seat in your affections then I should be far from wishing you to say so. But Christ

has loved us with all his heart, and it were a shame to love him with less than all the heart."

This was rather too much for the loving devoted heart of father M—— to endure, and the fervor of his affections seemed kindled to greater ardor, as with holy jealousy he repelled the suggestion that he could be so ungrateful as to love the Lord with less than all his heart; and yet he had not been willing to admit he did.

"This, father M—— is just the point to which I wish to bring the matter. I am sure you would be ashamed to acknowledge the thought of loving God with less than all the heart, and yet you are not willing to say you do. Now nothing is more certain than this. You sustain a definite relation before God; though *you* may be indefinite, God is definite with you, and you are at this moment written down among Christ's confessors, as one who loves God with all the heart, or as one who does not. And now father M——, how is it, are you obeying the first great command, 'Thou shall love the Lord thy God with all thy soul, mind, might and strength,' or are you not?"

"O, I am sure there is nothing I know of that I love more. Sometime ago I was thought very near death. I seemed just about to pass over Jordan, but all was glory, peace and joy, I had no fear."

No father M—— you had no fear, and why had you no fear, was it not because you enjoyed that love that casteth out fear, and what sort or degree of love is that, which casteth out fear?"

"It is *perfect* love that casteth out-fear says one, and that shows that father M—— does enjoy *perfect* love."

"Yes, father M—— no doubt has long since enjoyed perfect love," said we, "but the difficulty with him is he wants some evidence beside the knowledge of the fact. The case of father M—— reminds me of a sister to whom I said at the close of one of our Tuesday meetings, 'Sister do you enjoy the blessing of holiness.'" She replied, "I believe I do, or at least I *know* I love the Lord with all my heart, but I want the *evidence* of it!" Dr. Bangs was standing near when I drew his attention to the sister, saying, "Here is a sister who says she

believes she loves the Lord with all her heart, or rather she *knows* she does, but she wants the *evidence* of it." "Do you want the *evidence* of a thing you *know*," says the venerable Dr. Then turning to the window where the sun was throwing in his mellowing light, he exclaimed, "the sun is shining, and you *know* it, and now do you want the *evidence* of it." Father M—— enjoys perfect love, and he *knows* it, but he wants the evidence of it. But let me tell you father M—— just what is now wanting to bring you into the glorious conscious enjoyment of this experience — it is to confess with your mouth what you know your heart now believes, for it is with the *heart* man believeth, and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation. It is the fire of perfect love kindled in the soul, and we must give it vent, if we want it to burn to a mighty flame."

The conversation with Father M—— paused, and a social meeting of intense interest commenced, during which several were saved from all sin and others received justifying grace. Father M—— sat apparently drinking in the streams of salvation, little doubting we imagine but that he loved God with all his heart. But now that others of his tent's company had received the sanctifying seal, we felt yet more anxious that his testimony should be more explicit.

With an humble dependence on the Spirits aid we turned to the venerable patriarch and said,

"Father M——, remember it is not Adamic Perfection, nor Angelic Perfection, but *Christian* Perfection that we have been talking about—we of ourselves cannot present a perfect sacrifice. Without Christ we can do nothing. Our offerings are polluted. We cannot so much as think a good thing, much less incite a good desire or a holy emotion or perform a right action. Our good is *all* divine. It is only as our offerings are presented through Christ that they *can* be "holy acceptable." We every moment *need* the merits of Christ's death. And it is because we need it that it is every moment available. But while we every moment present ourselves a *living*, that is, a *continual* sacrifice to God through Christ—Christ as our High Priest takes these poor sin polluted offerings, and through his *all cleansing* blood presents them "holy, acceptable"—for an offering pre-

sented to God through Christ is holy, acceptable. How *can* it be otherwise in view of the *medium* through which the offering is presented. Who would dare to say otherwise than that the blood of Jesus cleanseth from all unrighteousness. It is a divine declaration, a truth to be believed and therefore sinful to doubt. It is only for us to know that we present *ourselves* wholly to God through Christ, to know that the blood of Jesus cleanseth us from all sin. O, the infinite efficacy of the blood of Jesus. It is not the worthiness of the offerer, or the greatness of the gift that he presents, that makes it holy and acceptable, but it is the all cleansing efficacy of Jesus' blood. Why, Father M——, if the guilt of the world could be accumulated and laid upon your head, it would only be for you to come to God through Christ and at once prove that the blood of Jesus *cleanseth*—not that it can or will but cleanseth *now*—just while you now present yourself, it *cleanseth*. Do you not see, Father M——, it is a Perfection that comes by our every moment presenting ourselves to God through Christ? Not necessarily a perfection of knowledge or a perfection of wisdom, but a perfection of love; loving God with all the heart. Not but that we may love him more as our powers expand, but loving him with all the heart *just now*, and *just as we are*, and while we thus present ourselves every moment *through Christ*, we are unto God a sweet savour of Christ, and the offering is accepted as *perfect through Christ*. We might have proceeded, for our own mind was filled with the glorious vision of Christ as a perfect Saviour, but father M—— could hold his peace no longer, and cried out,

“Is that all? Why, that is what I have been doing for years. O praise the Lord! Praise the Lord!”

“Yes, my dear father M——, that is all, and for years past you might have been witnessing that the blood of Jesus cleanseth.”

Father M—— saw it all, but he had given the fire vent, and it burst out into a flame of intense raptures, and we left father M—— hours after, the flame of love rising higher and higher, he having testified before hundreds in an unequivocal manner, to the enjoyment of perfect love, and of Christ as his Saviour from all sin.

SELECTED

CONSECRATION TO GOD.

FROM RELIGIOUS TELESCOPE.

Christ and the necessities of a dying world call for a grade of piety that with infinite cheerfulness will consecrate *all*, not in word, but in deed and in truth. The soul, all we call us, must be offered a holocaust upon the altar, while the great High Priest Himself shall apply the fire, and the offering ascend to God. Alas, how many say, Lord I will follow thee, but first let me go and attend to these home matters, and all with a lingering for earth that vitiates the whole. Paul is a model of devotion; and thousands of such are needed. "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" came from his heart, and it was ever after sweeter than life for him to do it. Such consecration is not for Paul and Barnabas, for the minister and the missionary, but for the whole church of God. Earth's redemption lingers because it is so seldom found. God can accomplish but little with our present earth-born piety. It does not act; and if it did, dying souls need to be converted to an essentially higher Christianity; the stream will rise no higher than the fountain. Our piety is not sufficiently spiritual; it rests too much in the external. It is not as it should be, pure and purifying. It leaves too much alloy in the soul, too much that is spurious in the church. It should deeply, controllingly, move all the faculties of the soul to go out after God as well as to save perishing men. O for a grade of piety that covets not earth but God; that cherishes not pride and the flesh, but the Holy Ghost; that sickens at worldly prosperity and loathes increase, if Jesus withdraw his smiles and his love; that has no sympathy for any thing beneath the sun only as God is in it; that pines in sorrow if Jesus withdraw, but shouts with ecstasy if He take the throne of the soul; whose whole being sings in harmony with dying love.

RELIGION is such a belief in the Bible as maintains a living influence in the heart.

THE BRITISH CONFERENCE.

A Brother from a neighboring city, kindly furnished us, some months since, with an extract from "*The Annual Address*" of this body "*to the Methodist Societies of Great Britain*;" which by some means or other, failed, at the time, to receive insertion. We regret the delay, but feel persuaded that it will be perused even at this late date with deep interest by our numerous subscribers. It is really heart cheering to see with what tenacity our British brethren cleave to the ancient landmarks. The doctrine of entire sanctification holds its appropriate place in this address, and its experience is enjoined with the same zeal as that of the other cardinal doctrines of Methodism. Let us imitate their example and watch with equal jealousy over the precious legacy left us by our venerable founder. We join our Brother Wilton in the hope "that some half persuaded ones may be induced" by its perusal "to seek the blessing of entire holiness."

"We would remind you of the importance of acquainting yourselves correctly with the Doctrines of the Gospel which you profess to believe. We refer, particularly, to the doctrines of *justification by faith*, the *direct witness of the Spirit*, and *entire sanctification*. These truths are explicitly taught in the Holy Scriptures, and are explained and defended, in the clearest and most convincing manner, in the excellent writings of the Rev. Messrs. WESLEY and FLETCHER, which we cannot too frequently recommend to your serious attention, and repeated perusal. The statements which they contain, the arguments which they allege, and the spirit they breathe all mark them as a rich and invaluable repository of religious knowledge. To our people they are an "estate forever," and we are persuaded that the more they are examined, the more will the great truths which they enforce be valued and received.

While you strive, however, to obtain clear and scriptural views of the doctrines, you profess, permit us, dear brethren, to exhort you, with all earnestness and affection, to apply them to your own hearts. Are these truths *felt* as well as *known*? Are they *enjoyed* as well as *received*? Can you say that "being justified by faith, you have peace with God, through our LORD JESUS CHRIST?" Can you testify that you "have received, not the spirit of bondage again to fear; but the spirit of adoption whereby we cry, Abba, Father; the spirit itself bearing witness

with your spirits, that, ye are the children of God ? ” And are you “ forgetting those things which are behind,—reaching forth to those things which are before,— and thus “ pressing toward the mark ? ” On this subject we cannot but be “ jealous ” concerning some “ with a godly jealousy.” Most of you, we trust, retain your confidence in the mercy of God, and continue to “ hunger and thirst after righteousness ; ” but we fear lest any should settle into a state of spiritual indolence and indifference, and forget that “ God hath called them unto ” entire “ holiness.” Remember, dear brethren, that this is one of the greatest privileges which have been uniformly and distinctly announced to you by that ministry under which you sit : consider that while you neglect it, you are not only making no progress, but are sustaining serious loss, and are *imperceptibly* perhaps, but *certainly*, declining in the “ life of God,” and reflect that even in *seeking* this blessing, you are, in an eminent degree, *saved* ; saved from indifference, from unwatchfulness, from carnal security ; and that “ He is faithful, who hath promised a full salvation,” who also will “ bestow it on all that diligently and perseveringly seek it.” “ Having the promises ” with which the scriptures abound on this subject, “ let us cleanse ourselves from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit,” perfecting holiness in the fear of God ; that we may be “ vessels unto honor, sanctified and meet for the Master’s use.” God grant that, with respect to all spiritual blessings, you may, “ so perfectly and without any doubt, believe in His Son, *Jesus Christ*, that your faith in His sight may never be reproved.”

Faith and hope are but the scaffolding to support the house, while the house itself, the glorious superstructure, is love—love to God and man.

We carry an atmosphere with us, and either raise or depress the religious temperature of the community ; we are ice-bergs to chill, or central fires to warm.

THE PRESCRIPTION.

“This is for your health.”—Acts. xxvii. 34.

Bodily health is a great blessing, and should not be trifled with ; but all means likely to preserve it should be attended to. To this the Apostle refers, and recommends the ship’s company to take some meat, because it was for their health. Spiritual health is an invaluable blessing, and should be more carefully attended to. Unless the graces of the Spirit are in vigorous exercise, and the duties of religion are our delight, we are not in health ; there is some sickness, and we need the physician’s care. To preserve health where it is, or restore it where it is not, attend to the following prescription. It is valuable ; it is important : because “it is for your health.”

First, you must take *exercise* : and I recommend that you *walk* daily in the paradise of God’s word : that you *work* in the vineyard of God’s church : that you *bathe* in the fountain of redeeming blood : that you keep up *fellowship* with lively christians : and that you *exercise all the graces* of the Spirit. Attend particularly to these points, for, “it is for your health.”

Second, pay attention to your *diet* ; let your food be the best ; the bread of life and the living waters of salvation are recommended ; they satisfy and sanctify ; they make healthy and keep healthy : be sure you take *sufficient* ; a little will preserve life, but much is necessary to health : take your food *regularly*, for regularity is important ; you cannot “prosper and be in health” unless you live upon Christ, and live upon Him every day.

Third, as to your *medicine* : it is made up of the bitter herbs of disappointment, losses, crosses, temptations, bereavements, troubles and trials of various sorts ; it is very unpleasant, but very profitable ; unless taken, and taken pretty freely, you will be laid up with idleness, carelessness, anxiety, pride, or selfishness ; but this medicine is intended to prevent or remove these evils. Your heavenly Father will *prepare* it : divine Providence will *present* it : you are to *beg* the divine blessing upon it : *take it* and *expect* benefit from it. Do not despise your medicine, for “it is for your health.”---*Book that will suit you.*

Christian Experience.

LETTER TO DR. BANGS.

Our readers cannot fail to be interested in the following communication. It was addressed to Dr. Bangs, and was evidently not intended by the writer for the public eye. It has been kindly furnished us, however, from a conviction that it will be the means of encouraging those who are travelling in the "King's high way." The Doctor's note accompanying this communication has been mislaid.

MY DEAR BR. BANGS :

When I look back upon the past, I find these lines perfectly applicable to my experience,

"God of my life, whose gracious power,
Through various deaths my soul hath led,
Or turned aside the fatal hour,
Or lifted up my sinking head."

"Deep answereth unto deep, at the noise of thy water-spouts, all thy billows, and waves have gone over me." The cup of grief have I drank to the very dregs. "Lover and friend hast thou put far from me, and my acquaintance into darkness." Yet, in all these trials I could say from the depths of my soul, "Jesus doeth all things well." He has borne me up in the hollow of his hand, and "made all his goodness pass before me," and while the shade of sorrow compassed me about, and veiled the charms of this beautiful world, the glory of God shone upon my path-way, and opened a higher and holier way through this vale of tears, "by the blood of the everlasting covenant," "which the vulture's eye hath not seen, nor the Lion's whelp trod." But I could say unto my God,

"Would'st thou have me suffer on,
Father, let thy will be done!"

His promises I found sure, and in no one instance have they ever failed me. For in him is no variableness, neither shadow of turning.

To day my private altar has been made glorious, by reason of

the divine presence which overshadowed it. My heart was dissolved like wax before a consuming fire, and my eyes ran down with tears of gratitude, at such amazing condescension!

I feel thankful for the privilege of opening my heart to you, because there is a response which now seems to react in heavenly vibrations, as I touch the chords of that harp, ever tuned to the name of Jesus.

O, why is it that our Church is not more alive to its high and holy privileges? This divine union even in writing to a friend so far off, seems to enkindle a flame, and give a fresh impetus to my thoughts, and pen. O, what raptures shall we know when we meet around the throne above?

How delightful! how soul-inspiring it must be, to live in such a community as yours, where souls of one spirit, can meet together in perfect harmony to worship God in spirit and in truth. The windows of heaven must be opened, and showers of grace fall upon those heaven-born souls, as they wait for the precious drops descend from the throne above in answer to the prayer of faith.

I can realize in some measure what the Psalmist meant when he said, "As the heart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, Oh, God. My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God." Glory be to his holy name! Jesus lives, and daily makes intercession for his children. He knows our frames, and remembers we are but dust, — and as a father pities his children, so he pities us. It is this great salvation from sin, in which the beautiful manifestations of divine love are unfolded in all the perfections of loveliness, suited, and adapted to our wants, capacities, and infirmities. I am at times severely tempted by a sense of my unworthiness to be made a partaker of this great blessing, — but in God's light, we see light, — and so clearly are my defects seen in the rays of Christ's sunbeams, that I shrink from myself, and am ready to cry out, What am I that thou shouldst thus visit me?

" 'Tis love! 'tis love! thou didst for me,
I hear the whisper to my heart,
The morning breaks, the shadows flee,
Pure universal love thou art,
To me, to all thy bowels move,
Thy nature, and thy name is love!"

“He that dwelleth in love, dwelleth in God, and God in him.” “There is no fear in love, but perfect love casteth out fear.” I never saw such amplitude in this great atonement, as now — and the life of faith so indispensable to the perfection of the Christian character. We must believe that God is — and that he is a rewarder of all who diligently seek him. How sublime the thought, to worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness! I would say in the language of the Poet,

“May every act of worship be,
Like my espousals, Lord, to thee.”

What a holy consecration! What a child-like simplicity of entire confidence and trust in God! Faith penetrates the veil of outward things and brings down a ray of glory upon the expansive soul which grasps after God, and breathes the atmosphere of Heaven. Bless the Lord! This inward, hidden life! Oh! how it flourishes in the courts of God’s house, for his temples we are, for he has made us, not we ourselves.

What interminable shades of beauty, are unfolding day by day, in this vast unbounded field of divine beatitudes. “Whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely,—think of these things.” What a world for thought, for deep and holy thought! After a consecration of all our powers to God, to cultivate and improve every faculty he has given us for his glory, to have no will of our own, but be

“Less than nothing in his sight,
And own that Christ is all in all.”

To me it appears strange that there should be any division of sentiment on this subject, so plainly taught by the founder of our Church; but it is so, multitudes differ on this peculiar feature of Methodism. All Wesley’s writings and hymns, breathe the same spirit. There is a depth of divinity in them, upon which the soul seems to get loose from earth, and launch away from the boundaries of this lower world, into the ocean of unfathomable bliss in vast eternity. There is no metaphysical labyrinth for mind to be lost in its mazes without a clue — but all is solved in one idea, Jesus Christ came into the world and died for sinners. “If ye abide in me,” he says, “and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you?”

"Herein is my Father glorified that ye bear much fruit." Shall we not, my Dear Br., as you say take him at his word? "He giveth liberally and upbraideth not." While I am writing, my heart has felt those melting touches of divine sensibility which caused the disciples when going to Emmaus, to exclaim, "Did not our hearts burn within us, while he opened to us the Scriptures by the way?"

O, that I could enjoy the high and holy privilege of your weekly meetings. I should be willing to learn in silence from such sources of spiritual intelligences. What a company! What a spiritual nucleus of stars differing from one another in magnitude, yet all receiving light from the central sun of attraction, around which they revolve, reflecting light and brilliancy from its rays. Yet he is here; in this void waste, around my holy shrine of worship, he lends a listening ear to my prayers, and from his immense fullness pours his rich streams of mercy upon my unworthy soul.

O! do write me soon, and forgive my intrusion upon your time, if it is so.

Most affectionately yours,

S. B. T.

ORIGINAL.

EXTRACT FROM CORRESPONDENCE.

The following we take from a letter addressed to us on business. The writer is attending one of our Institutions of learning, where she is endeavoring to qualify herself for the Missionary work. Let not the reader fail, in perusing this fragment of experience to raise the heart in supplication for a blessing on this chosen instrument.

Perhaps you would like to know how I have been prospering since I saw you last. My heavenly Father has been dealing gently with me, for which I praise Him. I went to the leafy temple of God,* trusting all in Christ, determined to know and do the will of my Master in all things. My soul was abundantly blessed. My capacities for enjoying the blessings of Heaven were enlarged. O, what unutterable depths of love

*The Camp-Meeting at Eastham.

my soul bathed in whilst there ! My pen is a worthless instrument in attempting to describe the work that has been wrought in my poor heart. I loved my Saviour before, but O, I love Him *more* now. I feel willing to bear every cross. On the Saturday evening when in your tent, we entered into the solemn vow proposed by Br. Harris, crosses were presented to my mind which I never realized before. But oh, how light they now are ! I feel that I could go to the end of the earth to tell the story of the Cross—to proclaim a full salvation. Blessed theme ! It is my meditation by day and by night. My soul swells unutterably full, while I write of the gentle dealings of the Holy Spirit with me, since I saw you on the steamer St. Lawrence. Weeks passed without scarcely an intervening cloud. I have had but few temptations, and in those an abundant deliverance has been vouchsafed. A week ago last Saturday evening, Satan seemed to have devised a new method of assault. It seemed to be wholly characteristic of himself ; it was so fiendish.

“He came of hellish malice full,”

and sought to turn me aside. Yet he fell into his own snare ; for while I walked in the fiery furnace “the form of the fourth” was with me, and a most glorious and perfect victory was given. My garments are undefiled and spotless as before. I think I never had a more severe trial in my life ; yet I bless God for it. It has worked out for my good. I clung more closely to my Redeemer than ever. I retired to my room and renewed my consecration vows again ; and Jesus met me in a gracious manner, and drew me into more intimate union with the Triune Deity. Thus time wanes away ; and I find myself “leaning upon the arm of my Beloved, as I come up out of the wilderness.” I have the fullest assurance every hour, that “my Beloved is mine and I am His.” *Glory ! GLORY*, be to the Lamb ! It is all of grace, unmerited and free ! My heart vibrates with gratitude, when I look back upon the fearful pit from which I was taken. I pray that God may “keep me as the apple of His eye” unto the end. I expect that He will do it, for I cannot honor and glorify Him in any other way. Pray for me, my

dear brother, that I may be ever closely sheltered by the bleeding side of my Redeemer. I feel there is safety alone in Jesus. I think I am learning to lean upon Him more fully every day. "Bless the Lord O my soul; and all that is within me bless His holy name."

ORIGINAL.

SELF-EXAMINATION AND PRAYER.

Blessed Jesus do I love thee?
Am I sure that thou art mine?
Does my faith and spirit prove me
Sure to be a child of thine?
What more, Jesus, can'st thou give me
To assure my faith in thee,
If I still refuse to have thee,
Thou can'st do no more for me?

Have I bathed within that fountain
Open'd in thy precious blood?
Has my guilt though like a mountain,
Sank beneath that crimson flood?
Search me, O thou searching Spirit,
Try me by thy faith'ul word,
If indeed I do inherit
All the graces of my Lord.

Vain will be a high profession,
If my soul has stains within,
Nought but Jesus in possession
Can destroy the man of sin.
Come then Jesus by thy Spirit,
Every doubt and stain remove;
Grant me faith to claim thy merit,
And enjoy thy perfect love.

U. B.

AUGUSTA, N. Y.

"Delightful is thy love, O Lord Jesus, beyond all pleasure, more precious than much fine gold, and honorable above the thrones of the mighty! The world languisheth and fadeth away at thy presence, whose beauty is immortal, whose treasures diminish not, and whose glory endureth through the unnumbered ages of eternity."—*Horne*.

Editorial Miscellany.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

REV. AND DEAR BROTHER:

"Very early in the morning, and while it was yet dark," on Wednesday, 13th inst., I took my leave of my beloved home in Binghamton, N. Y., for a tour through Canada West, and several of the Western States. The Syracuse and Binghamton R. R. not being quite completed, I was obliged to adopt the circuitous route *via* Ithaca, Cayuga Lake, &c., to reach Syracuse. From Syracuse we ran down to Oswego, a large and growing town—a city indeed already—standing at the mouth of the river of the same name on Lake Ontario. I was here introduced to the family of Rev. L. D. White, Pastor of the West Church, in O., who, together with his kind lady, learning that I had taken lodgings at the hotel, insisted that I should change my quarters and become their guest for the night. We had a brief but pleasing season of christian intercourse. How easily, how sweetly and how soon do christians become acquainted. We had known each other before only by the hearing of the ear, and yet an interview of a few hours was sufficient to generate a cordial and mutual attachment. Bro. W. had a service to attend in the evening for his neighbor, Dr. Condit, and he urged me to preach in his stead. I consented, but finding myself somewhat ill towards evening, requested to be excused. This fact is named partly to show you that I have some moderation, and that the repeated cautions of my colleague and of my family, to take care of my health and not by excessive labor to "die before my time," are not all lost upon me. But O, what a privilege it is to preach Jesus and the resurrection. For some time before I entered the ministry, I had a strange dread of the work—just such a dread as some of the young men have who take the Guide, and who have hardly dared to enjoy more than a minimum of grace lest the light should shine with unwelcome clearness along the path of duty. For myself I remember yet the keenly distressing struggle between conscience and inclination; and I remember, too, the moment when I yielded to the convictions of duty and said, "I will." It was the crisis of my history. My feet had well nigh slipped. Worldly prospects were flattering. An honorable and lucrative business was before me. Satan had induced me to believe that it was *humility* to talk of my incapacity for the work to which I *knew*, by convictions wrought in my mind by the spirit of God, he had called me.

A certain sort of fear of the path of evident duty, I hardly knew on what account, at length impressed me. My spiritual strength waned, for as faith gives strength, so weakness comes of fear. I was unhappy. I was in the dark. I was at one time on the point of consummating an engagement which would have resulted in the error of a lifetime—probably in the loss of my soul. *Just where I was then, many a young man in the church is now.* The alternation is with them as it was with me. "*Preach the gospel or be lost.*" Does such an one read these lines? O, my brother, I beg of you for your soul's sake, go down on your

knees even now, before you close this pamphlet, and have done forever with this controversy with God. You will be *lost* if you do not obey God, and the misery of souls who shall perish through your neglect to warn them, shall be heaped upon you forever. Yield *now* to your convictions. Say "*I will.*" Then shall begin to return to your arm, now palsied by irresolution, the power to deal a telling blow on the kingdom of darkness. The light shall come back. The fire of love shall kindle. Duty shall relish keenly; and the soul, leaping up from its torpor, shall dance in the joy of a felt salvation. With humility and perseverance you shall make achievements too—achievements such as a good man or a good angel might covet. Honors shall be given you. Honors such as God can give a man. Honors so pure, so high, so spiritual that the world can neither confer nor appreciate them, as a brute cannot appreciate astronomy.

But whither am I travelling? The knowledge I have of the great want of laborers in all our churches, and of the fact that there are many persons grieving the Spirit by refusing to enter the field, has led to this long digression.

I will not say, "*pardon it,*" but will ask you to pray that it may meet the eye of a brother here and there to whom it may be applicable.

I will only add, for years past the salvation of the gospel has been sweet to my soul, and the words of the gospel have tasted sweet in my mouth.

Glory to God, forever, for the privilege of being a messenger from the court of Heaven to this rebel world!

B. W. G.

Toronto, Canada West, Sept. 30, 1854.

REV. BRO. DEGEN:

On the next morning after my arrival in Oswego, I took an early leave of my kind friends, bro. White and his lady, and stepped on board the "Niagara." At 3 P.M., we landed in Kingston, C. W. Our dear bro. Jenkins, to whom I bore a note of introduction from yourself, was absent on business, and the several letters which had been addressed him, announcing my intended visit, had not been received by his family. The circumstances were exceedingly embarrassing, but any considerable degree of mortification on my part was prevented by the great courtesy of my reception and the abundant hospitality which was tendered me by his excellent wife. Bro. J's return to his home on the day before I left, afforded me an opportunity for a brief but pleasing acquaintance. On Tuesday, Sept. 19th, I left Kingston for Toronto, taking Cobourg and Port Hope in the way. Cobourg is the seat of Victoria College; the only institution of learning which the Wesleyans have in Canada. The buildings are finely located and present an imposing appearance from the village. They are now undergoing extensive repairs, under the supervision of Rev. Mr. Rice, the financial Agent of the School.

A gracious revival was enjoyed in the College last winter, I am informed, and the indefatigable Pastor at Cobourg, Rev. Mr. Davis, is looking and laboring for yet greater things during the present year. I believe he will not be disappointed.

Toronto contains now some 50,000 inhabitants. It is the most important city on the north shore of Lake Ontario, and is very rapidly growing. We have five churches there, including one not yet entirely finished, within the city; and another recently dedicated at Yorkville, and which stands a few steps beyond the corporation line. The Rev. Mr. Caughey held a revival meeting in T. several years ago, at which the number of persons who were either justified,

reclaimed, or sanctified wholly, was about 2000. To a great extent the fruit remains unto this present—"but some are fallen asleep." There are a great many men of strong faith in Toronto. I was happy to see the indication that a considerable share of the *wealth* of the place is in the hands of men who are disposed to use it to the glory of God. Alas, that there should be so few christians in the world who properly estimate the value of *money*, as a talent entrusted to his servants by our Heavenly Father, for the accomplishment of the great ends of the gospel, in the salvation of man.

The Camp Meeting for the Brampton Circuit, was held at a distance of about 24 miles from Toronto. It commenced on the 29th of Sept, (Friday) and closed on the following Wednesday. There were 25 preachers present, and they labored together with great harmony and efficiency. I am exceedingly pleased with one peculiarity among our Canadian ministerial brethren. They keep the subject of entire sanctification as a *distinct blessing*, constantly and permanently before the Church. They preach it more or less in every sermon, and whenever a call is made to the altar the two classes, namely, seekers of pardon and seekers of purity, are invariably called forward and directed to different seats. A consequence is that the number of members who enjoy perfect love is large, and the conversion of sinners is looked upon as something to be expected at every meeting.

The singing is invariably performed by the whole congregation, led by the choir and organ. I have not found a congregation in Canada who come to church without hymn books, and then get up and whirl round, turning their backs to the pulpit to look at a half dozen pert youngsters in the gallery; and I have not found a choir of singers who appear to think that they are to perform a part of the worship for the congregation and then remunerate themselves by whispering and laughing during the rest of the service. The tunes are, properly speaking, *sacred music*. I haven't heard a tune in church that reminded me of "Yankee Doodle," since I have been in Canada. As might be expected where all sing, the artistic execution will not bear criticism as well as where a select company perform the piece alone. I have heard no discord except in a single instance, and that was in the choir itself, but there is a tendency to *drag* in every congregation with which I have worshipped. This tendency might easily be arrested by an occasional caution from the pulpit; but, as it is, this part of public worship is inconceivably more solemn and impressive here, than it is among us in the middle and eastern States. Kneeling in time of prayer is uniformly practiced by all members of the church and their families, wherever I have been, thus far, in Canada. The other good old practice now so nearly extinct among us, of kneeling and spending a few moments in private prayer, on entering the church, is yet universal here. I am no stickler for a usage merely because it is old, but when a custom has a basis in plain, common sense and the fitness of things, I am tenacious of it. The people here seem to think, if it is proper that the minister should kneel down on coming into church, and plead for *help to preach*, it is proper for them to kneel down and pray for *help to hear*. I think they are right in this. They certainly are helped to hear; for I have no where else so invariably met attentive and devout congregations. They appear as if every person had come to church on purpose to worship God.

On the other hand, the Church in Canada would profit by imitating the example of their American brethren in several respects.

Their attention to the Sabbath School interest I should say is less thorough

than ours. They are sadly behind in the matter of temperance; they are not active enough in the circulation of literature, and they have but a single literary institution, I am told, in all Canada. This is Victoria College, at Cobourg, at which institution its friends hope to collect some 300 students during the current year. This would be but about one tenth the number of students who were taught in the several Conference Seminaries of the State of New York last year.

The Canadian Churches excel the American again in the adequacy of the support they give, and the deference they pay to their ministers; as also, in the amount they raise for Missionary purposes annually.

In a word, there are valuable lessons which each of us may learn of the other. May the Lord give us meekness enough to be learners.

Yours, faithfully,

B. W. GORHAM.

Hamilton October 7, 1854.

THE LADIES REPOSITORY.

BE YE HOLY.

In the "Editor's Repository" of the October number of this deservedly popular periodical, we have a sermon on 1 Pet. 1, 15, 16. "*But as he which hath called you is holy so be ye holy in all manner of conversation; because it is written be ye holy, for I am holy.*" The subject as it appears to us, is one of vital interest and importance to the Church, and its frequent agitation in our public journals we cannot but regard as an omen for good. It was with no ordinary interest that that we sat down to a perusal of the above named discourse, but we confess on reaching its close we have felt greatly disappointed. Amid many excellent thoughts, to which every true lover of holiness will cordially assent, the Editor in describing "*the manner of attaining*" it says:

4. "The reception of this holiness is an instantaneous work, so far as regeneration is concerned, and the removal of all guilt.

"It is received by faith, which produces its results the moment it is exercised. We cannot conceive of a sinner half pardoned.

5. "This holiness is matured by gradual growth being strengthened by exercise. The idea that men are rendered complete in holiness by a single act of faith in a moment is dangerous.

"It must stop all efforts at progress, the moment they conceive they have got the blessing."

It is very possible that we may misapprehend our brother's meaning, but we cannot avoid the conclusion that his language is calculated to convey a theory at variance with our standard writers, and with what has been acknowledged a leading article in our denominational creed.

Passing over the first paragraph which we quote merely to show the connexion with what follows, let us glance at the following language.—"*It (i. e. Holiness) is received by faith, which produces its results the moment it is exercised. We cannot conceive of a sinner half pardoned.*" Is there not here a confounding of the work of justification and sanctification—of pardon and our

renewal in the image of God — of the work wrought *for* us and the work wrought *in* us? We cannot, it is true, conceive of a sinner half *pardoned*, but we can conceive of a soul cleansed or *sanctified* but in part, while it enjoys complete acquittal from all past actual transgressions.

The two remaining paragraphs are to our mind much more objectionable, as conveying a sentiment in direct opposition to our acknowledged standards. We will not analyze our brother's language, preferring that he should explain his own meaning; — but we will satisfy ourselves with simply quoting a few extracts from Mr. Wesley's "Plain account of Christian Perfection," and leave the reader to draw his own inferences.

Q. "When does inward sanctification begin?"

"A. In the moment a man is justified. (Yet sin remains in him, yea, the seed of all sin, till he is sanctified throughout.) From that time a believer gradually dies to sin, and grows in grace. pp. 48, 49.

Q. "Do they not (i. e. the newly justified) gradually die to sin and grow in grace, till at, or perhaps a little, before death God perfects them in love?"

A. "I believe this is the case of most but not all. God usually gives a considerable time for men to receive light, to grow in grace, to do and suffer his will, before they are either justified or sanctified; but he does not invariably adhere to this; sometimes he cuts short his work: he does the work of many years in a few weeks; perhaps in a week, a day, an hour. He justifies or sanctifies both those who have done or suffered nothing and who have not had time for a gradual growth either in light or grace. And, 'may he not do what he will with his own? Is thine eye evil, because he is good?'

"It need not, therefore, be affirmed over and over, and proved by forty texts of Scripture, either that most men are perfected in love at last, that there is a gradual work of God in the soul, or that generally speaking, it is a long time, even many years, before sin is destroyed. All this we know: but we know likewise, that God may with man's good leave, 'cut short his work,' in whatever degree he pleases, and do the usual work of many years in a moment. He does so in many instances; and yet there is a gradual work, both before and after that moment: so that one may affirm the work is gradual; another it is instantaneous, without any manner of contradiction. pp. 125, 126.

"Q. Is this death to sin, and renewal in love, gradual or instantaneous?"

"A. A man may be dying for some time; yet he does not properly speaking, die, till the instant the soul is separated from the body; and in that instant he lives the life of eternity. In like manner, he may be dying to sin for some time; yet he is not dead to sin till sin is separated from his soul; and in that instant he lives the full life of love. And as the change undergone when the body dies is of a different kind, and infinitely greater than any we had known before, yea, such as till then it is impossible to conceive; so the change wrought when the soul dies to sin is of a different kind, and infinitely greater than any before, and than any can conceive till he experiences it. Yet he still grows in grace, in the knowledge of Christ, in the love and image of God; and will do so not only till death, but to all eternity.

Q. How are we to wait for this change?"

"A. Not in careless indifference, or indolent inactivity; but in vigorous, universal obedience, in a zealous keeping of all the commandments, in watchfulness and painfulness, in denying ourselves and taking up our cross daily; as well as in earnest prayer and fasting, and a close attendance on all the ordinances of God. And if any man dream of attaining it any other way, (yea, or of keeping it where it is attained, when he has received it even in the largest measure,) he deceiveth his own soul. It is true we receive it by simple faith: but God does not, will not, give that faith, unless we seek it with all diligence, in the way which he hath ordained.

"Prayer especially is wanting. Who continues instant therein? Who wrestles with God for this very thing? So, 'ye have not, because ye ask not; or because ye ask amiss, namely that you may be renewed before you die. *Before you die!* Will that content you? Nay, but ask that it may be done now; to-day, while it is called to-day. Do not call this 'setting God a time.' Certainly to-day is his time as well as to-morrow. Make haste, man, make haste! Let

Thy soul break out in strong desire
Thy perfect bliss to prove;
Thy longing heart be all on fire
To be dissolved in love!"

In alluding to his sentiments as expressed in verse, in the hymn commencing,

"Lord I believe a rest remains,"

he asks,

"Can anything be more clear than (1.) That here also is as full and high a salvation as we have ever spoken of? (2.) That this is spoken of as receivable by mere faith, and as hindered only by unbelief? (3.) That this faith and consequently the salvation which it brings, is spoken of as given in an instant? (4.) That it is supposed that instant may be now? that we need not stay another moment? that now! the very now is the accepted time? now is the day of this full salvation? And, lastly, that, if any speak otherwise, he is the person that brings new doctrine among us?"

We have quoted thus fully in order to show 1. The progress or degree of holiness which Mr. Wesley believed the newly justified soul to have attained. 2. The conditions, on which he believed the death of sin to be based, and 3. That so far from regarding this entire sanctification or death of sin, as a check to the growth of the soul in grace, he believed it to be promoted thereby.

It appears exceedingly strange to us that the *danger* of seeking holiness by "a single act of faith" has not been discovered until this late period in our Church's history. So far from its being regarded in this light by Mr. Wesley, we find him constantly laboring to correct the opposite error. In a visit to Edinderry, he informs us in his journal he "found some who had been long laboring in the fire, and toiling to work themselves into holiness. To show them a more excellent way," says he, "I preached on Rom. x: 6, 7, 8. They found this was the very thing they wanted; and, at the meeting of the Society, God confirmed the word of his grace in so powerful a manner, that many wondered how they could help believing." Works iv, pp. 129.

Nor was this an isolated case. His whole aim seemed to preach this as the glorious privilege of the Church.

These remarks are not designed to provoke controversy. Our work is not to dispute, but to persuade all within our reach to embrace this precious grace. And still we cannot see, what we regard one of the brightest features of our Church assailed, without at least a passing notice. We may have put a wrong construction on our brothers words: if so we shall be most happy to retract. However this may be, no one can be injured by the fragment of Wesleyan theology which we have given. Holiness is the marrow of the gospel — that which of all things else the church needs most to promote its efficiency. Let us acquire intelligent views of its nature, and labor to diffuse its influence throughout the borders of our Zion.

FRAGMENTS.

Faith, in its progress always carries the soul on to sacrifice itself to the will of God, and is not perfected but in the accomplishment of that sacrifice.

As distance diminishes objects to the sight, and nearness magnifies them : so to holy men their own faults appear greater than those of others ; and truth is not injured by expressions which humility suggests, because they speak their real sentiments.—*Heylyus' Lectures.*

Every place is alike to him who goes nowhere without God.

BOOK NOTICES.

THE BETTER LAND; *Or, the believers journey and future home.* By A. C. Thompson, Pastor of the Eliot Church, Roxbury, Mass. *Boston: Gould & Lincoln, 52 Washington St.*

The spirit, style and theme of this book are such as cannot fail to recommend it to the lovers of good reading. As we propose in subsequent issues to afford our readers an opportunity to judge of its merits, by furnishing a few brief extracts, we will content ourselves at present with simply saying, that for the hour of meditation, in the midst of bereavement, or in confinement to a sick chamber, a more entertaining or profitable companion, apart from the Bible, cannot be found.

PRECIOUS LESSONS FROM THE LIPS OF JESUS: containing cautions, counsels and consolations for such of the disciples of Christ as are seeking to be like their Lord. By Rev. Daniel Wise. *Boston: for sale by J. P. Magee.*

Here is a lesson from the lips of the Great Teacher adapted to each of those trying states and conditions in which the disciple feels most the need of instruction. It is written in the Author's usual illustrative style, and gotten up in very good taste. It constitutes a pretty and valuable "gift book to a Christian friend."

IRISH AMY. Philadelphia: American Sunday School Union. *Boston: H. Hoyt, No. 9 Cornhill.*

This is the story of a little Irish girl, reclaimed from the influence of parents sunk to the lowest depths of degradation, and brought, through the efforts and influence of a Christian family, to a saving acquaintance with Christ. It is one of that class of books, which, while it cannot fail to interest, is sure to leave an impression on the mind of the most healthful character

ORIGINAL.

CHRISTIAN PERFECTION:

BY N. BANGE, D. D.

OBJECTIONS ANSWERED.

IT is moreover objected that many of the saints mentioned in the sacred Scriptures sinned, and therefore it is inferred that all must inevitably sin while they live. It is allowed that some of them did sin, and that most grievously. Thus Moses "spake unadvisedly with his lips," at the "waters of Meribah-Kadesh," in taking that glory to himself which belonged exclusively to God; and for this sin he was denied the privilege of entering the promised land, notwithstanding he earnestly besought the Lord to permit him to lead the host of Israel over Jordan. But what are we to infer from this? That Moses always "sinned in thought, word and deed?" Why, then, is it not so said? Why is this sin so particularly noted, if it was his uniform practice? Nay, this sin was so opposite to the general tenor of his life, that it is marked as a blot upon his otherwise fair character, for which the waters of repentance and earnest prayer could not so wash away as to avert the punishment which God inflicted upon him, by prohibiting him the glory of leading the people of Israel into the land of Canaan—not that he was so condemned as to be excluded from the rest of God's people above. This instance, therefore, so far from proving the impossibility of his living without sin, that it proves directly the reverse. For why should a just God punish him for that which was unavoidable? It was an exception to the general tenor of his conduct, and not the rule by which that conduct was regulated. Besides, it is contrary to sound logic to draw a general conclusion from a particular fact. To judge, therefore, that because Moses sinned in one particular act of his life, that therefore not only he himself but every other saint must necessarily sin in every act of their lives, is a most illogical mode of reasoning, quite as much so as it would be to infer that because one person has been

guilty of murder in the United States, therefore all its citizens are murderers.

But David, the "man after God's own heart," sinned, and therefore it is inferred that all must sin. The fact is granted, but the inference is denied, for the same reasons that are assigned in the case of Moses. With what penitential sorrow did David confess his sin! With what tears and prayers did he beseech God to forgive this flagrant act of wickedness! Would he have done this if he had believed that his sin was unavoidable? It is allowed, indeed, that David sinned most grievously, and that God manifested his displeasure against David for this act of adultery, duplicity and murder, by sending war and bloodshedding upon his kingdom all the days of his life. Such are the effects of sin! And would a just, holy and merciful Being, place His creatures in such circumstances that they must unavoidably commit sin, and then punish them in so exemplary a manner for having so done? Punish them for what is inevitable! Let those believe and teach this who can believe and teach that God is unjust and cruel. But do not let those who believe that He is a God of love, ever propagate such a libel upon his sacred character! Such conduct is more befitting the malevolent character of Satan, than it is the character of the God of the Bible, the God of wisdom and love.

But Peter sinned in denying his Lord. Truly, he did. What then? Did he therefore always sin? Have we any account, except in the act of dissimulation for which St. Paul rebuked him, of his having sinned against God, after his noble confession of his love to his Lord and Master, as recorded in John XXI: 15-18? The same results would follow from the admission of this case, as followed from the false assumption that David and Moses always sinned;—and so also, from every isolated case found in the sacred Scriptures. They stand alone, and are left on record not only as an evidence of the impartial veracity of the historian, but as an awful example to warn us of the danger of sinning, lest we also incur the just displeasure of Almighty God.

But are there no examples left on record of an opposite character? What shall be said of Enoch, who "walked with God

three hundred years," during all which time he had a "testimony that he pleased God? Have we any account of his having stained his holy character by sinning against his God? What shall be said of Abraham, the father of the faithful, and whose "faith was accounted to him for righteousness?" I know not of any record of his sinning after that event, unless in the virtual denial that Sarah was his wife, by which he exposed her to the depredation of a lustful monarch. This, however, appears to have been a venial offence, covered up under the plea that she was indeed his sister, and therefore the act was not imputed to him as a sin. Hence his whole life was a remarkable illustration of the power of grace to preserve a man that receives and rightly improves it, "without spot and blameless." And did not Job pass through the severity of his trials, unscathed by sin? Is it not expressly said of him, after enduring all the temptations of Satan, answering all the sophistical reasonings of his mistaken friends, and contending with the strong tide of corrupt nature which set in against him, until he was entirely sanctified to God, that "in all this, Job sinned not, nor charged God foolishly?" Here, then, is a powerful example, in a certain sense, of that sinless perfection for which we plead.

And what can be said of Daniel, the "man greatly beloved," who refused to partake of the luxuries of the king's table, or to bow down to his idols, but boldly told him the truth by a faithful interpretation of the king's dreams, was delivered from the mouth of the lions, and passed through the fiery furnace unscorched, and was rewarded as the "third ruler in the kingdom?" After his renewal in the spirit of his mind, did he ever stain his character with sin? And what a long catalogue of worthies does St. Paul celebrate in Hebrews, xi, 17-38: "of whom the world was not worthy," because they were dead to its luxuries and glories, and where faith and works gave evidence that they were indeed righteous. The most of them passed through cruel mockings and scourgings, not only with persevering courage, and enduring patience, but untainted by the infectious influence of moral pollution. Why not then appeal to their deeds of saintly heroism, their unshaken fidelity to

their God, their unfaltering faith in His promises, their steady adherence to His holy cause, amidst scenes of opposition and cruel persecution, by which they have won for themselves a deathless fame. I say, why not appeal to these things as an example to stimulate the saints in our day to a faithful performance of their duty, and as a motive to induce them to exercise that strong faith in God's promises, "by which they are made partakers of the Divine nature." If here and there one of them sinned, and their aberrations are left on record for our warning, the greater proportion of them "held on their way," and thereby have furnished an evidence of the power of Divine grace to enable its possessors to triumph over the subtleties of Satan, to endure hardships as good soldiers of Jesus Christ," and to stand complete in all the will of God.

And if we look at the Apostles and Evangelists of the New Testament, we shall see the same virtues to admire, the same, with but few exceptions, holy devotion to the cause of God, the same humble boldness in publicly confessing their experimental faith in Jesus Christ. Hence one of them, which may be taken as an epitome of all the rest, professes his faith in the efficacy of the blood of Christ to cleanse him from all unrighteousness, and at the same time presenting his faith and holy living as an example for his brethren to follow:—"Ye are witnesses, and God also, how holily and justly and unblamably we behaved ourselves among you that believe: As ye know how we exhorted, and comforted, and charged every one of you, as a father doth his children."—1. THESS. II: 10, 11. If he had been guilty of any act of imprudence, even, much more of sin, would he have thus boldly appealed to them to bear witness to the holiness of his spirit and conduct—to the unblameableness of his life, and to the faithful manner in which he had discharged his ministerial duty in exhorting and comforting every one of them amidst their conflicts, and charging them with all earnestness to be "careful to maintain good works?"

And this, as before remarked, is but an epitome for the whole college of the apostles, and primitive evangelists, in which the writer claims for them the benefits of a uniformly holy life, and

a persevering diligence in the discharge of their ministerial duties ; and so confident was he in the truth of what he affirms, that he calls upon them to *bear witness* to the truth of what he writes, as they had seen it all exemplified before their eyes.

On the whole, therefore, I cannot but conclude, that notwithstanding some of the "holy men of old" sometimes deviated from the strict rule of right, and thereby gave evidence of the peccability of human nature, the greater proportion of them uniformly maintained the holiness and dignity of their character, and thereby gave evidence of the power of Divine grace to sustain, guide and comfort them, at all times, and finally to bring them off "more than conquerors," through the blood of the Lamb.

The aberrations of those who sinned, are left upon record to apprise us of our dangers ; and their forgiveness, after their penitential sorrow, is likewise mentioned to prevent despair in those who may be guilty of the like missteps, while the examples of those who uniformly persevered in faith and obedience are held up as models of excellence for our imitation and encouragement. Let us avoid the one, and imitate the other, and then can we say, at the end of our race, "*We have kept the faith, have fought the good fight, and henceforth there is laid up for us a crown of righteousness, which the Lord shall give us in that day.*"

THE REASON WHY THE HEART SHOULD BE KEPT. — "Out of it are the issues of life." Streams of *life* flow from it to bless and fertilize the moral world. It is the main-spring of all our thoughts and actions. If it is well kept it renders the journey of life pleasant, if not, misery and wretchedness will be the result.

LUTHER IN PRAYER. — Once I overheard him in prayer, but O, with what life and spirit did he pray ! It was with as much reverence as if he were in the felt presence of God, yet with as much confidence as if he had been speaking to a friend. — *Theodor.*

SELECTED.

PATIENCE AS AN ELEMENT IN A HOLY LIFE.

It is not often that we hear patience discoursed of in the pulpit, as an active and necessary element of the Christian character. It is rather looked upon as a passive element, and that only circumstances of affliction or misfortune call for its active exercise. But, when we turn to the Scriptures, we find that, in the enumeration of the graces or virtues which adorn the Christian life, and which are such component parts that all are necessary to give completeness to that life, patience does not occupy the last place. Saint Peter, in his exhortation, in the second epistle, chapter i, verse 5, makes it the central grace, virtue, knowledge and temperance going before, godliness, brotherly kindness, and charity following after. Saint James says, "Let patience have her perfect work, that ye may be *entire*, wanting nothing." Saint Paul does not hesitate to make it one of the crowning glories in the lives of the patriarchs, for he says, "Be ye followers of them, who, through faith and *patience*, inherit the promises."

The intimate connection that patience has with affliction, and from which proceeds its highest development, has led many to suppose that it has no connection with a Christian life that exists under prosperous circumstances. While we allow that the general definition given to it is not positively wrong, we claim that it takes in but a part of its scriptural meaning. We are told that "Patience is the calm endurance of evil for God's sake," and so it often is, and we have illustrious examples of it in the Bible. Now, as evil may be physical or moral, and much of this evil is beyond the reach of our power in any attempt at its alleviation, some have made patience to be a stoical indifference to physical pain, or a careless apathy to the surges of moral evil that deluge our land. We can readily conceive of a patience that, while it bows in meekness to these evils, is, nevertheless, actively engaged in thwarting them. Did David lack patience

during the sickness of his child, although clothed with sack-cloth and ashes, he made unceasing prayer, while a spark of life remained, for its recovery? Surely not. Did Paul lack patience when he appealed unto Cæsar? A close examination of this neglected Christian grace will compel us to acknowledge that there is something heroic in it. It sits as a queen among the virtues. Not cold and passionless, indifferent and lifeless, but calm and triumphant; bearing her fair shoulders naked to the lash, plied by the hands of iniquity, but staying not in her denunciations of sin.

God does not ask of us an insensibility to pain or sorrow, and, if we could so educate our nerves and our affections, as to make them insensible to the ills of life, we would not be the better Christians; nay, we would thwart the very end of our probationary state. There is no condition in life in which the Christian is to lay aside his activity; no grace interferes with a hearty co-operation with God for the salvation of souls. It is, then, specially to this point we would direct the attention. We would do away with the notion that patience is a kind of inactivity, and that any active endeavor against the evils which press upon us, represses the cultivation of this grace.

Patience is to be exercised both towards God and man. The psalmist says, "I waited patiently for the Lord and he heard me." But we are not to presume that, having once prayed, he then sat down silently, until it would please God to grant his request. Was not his patience proved by the continual application he made at the throne of grace, until the long sought blessing was obtained? Here is a point at which many seeking after God, and even some who have been justified, fail. They lack patience, and so, when their prayers are not immediately answered, they cease their efforts, and so fail of obtaining the pearl of great price. We find in the Scripture such phrases as these: "patience of hope," "patiently endured," run with patience," "patient continuance in well-doing;" these all, as also those we have before quoted, indicate that patience subsists with activity.

Now, if we were called upon to define patience, it would be somewhat after this manner: It is the continued and unceasing

exercise of faith and hope in God, when we fail to realize immediately the end of our endeavors, and the effort, through God's grace, to bear in submission the ills of life, while we are earnestly striving for their removal. While we hear speak of it as an active virtue, let us not be understood to teach that it has any similarity to that distrust and rashness which is so ready to take the lead in efforts in opposing evil. No; we are quietly to wait the time of the Lord, but we are to wait His coming in the active use of the means which God has ordained. There is nothing incongruous in importunity and patience; indeed, the former is implied in the latter.

But we designed to speak somewhat of this as an element in a *holy* life, and would do so with minuteness, did we not think that the application of our remarks are to no small extent already made. In that training of the immortal soul for heaven, of which holiness is the ripe fruit, God, as in nature, works according to the laws of His own making. He has made patience to occupy a distinguished position, and play an important part in this great work. The purification of the soul, its separation from the world, its submission and consecration to God, is no matter of accident. God cleanses the dross from the pure metal, wrests the affections from wrong objects, in the most effectual way. The higher our views of Christian life, the clearer our conceptions of the holiness of the Divine character, so much the more our need of patience. We would bring the antagonistic elements into a harmonious whole, and have the will of God reign supreme. For this, we are to labor with all our might, and with all possible appliances, but our eyes will not see its accomplishment. The promise meets our eyes on the pages of the Bible, but its fulfilment is in the future; yet we are to labor as if we expected to join in the shout of triumph. This we cannot do, if we lack patience. To labor on, in the midst of discouragements, pre-supposes no small development of the Divine life. Here the ranks of *sanctified* souls show the truth of their profession.

There is a disposition in our day, arising from the character of the age, to press onward every object that claims our efforts

with great zeal, and this generates a disposition to become impatient if we do not immediately insure success. Some have ceased their efforts in the missionary cause, because the success of the missionaries has been limited. There is no prospect, say they, of ever converting the world in this way; let us try some new scheme. They lack patience. But they are not of those who have entered into that largeness of the Divine life that we call holiness. These have obtained a larger vision, and see the favor of God resting on their efforts; and, though they would be glad to see the world born unto God in a day, they are content to bide the time of God, redoubling their labors and their prayers. It is a peculiarity of our times that the physical sciences have been seized, as far as possible, by infidels, as an argument against our holy religion. They claim that they prove the Bible to be untrue, for they are antagonistic, therefore, nature being the work of God, its revelations must be taken in preference to the written word. This leads some to look with contempt upon the sciences, and others to remodel the divine word, to meet the theories of science. They both do wrong. It needs patience more than criticism, and God will, as he has already, in some instances, show that nothing true in nature conflicts with his word, that they are parts of the same harmonious whole.

Every Christian grace needs time and means for its development, and, unless patience has her proper place in the Christian life and system, these must always be of stunted growth and imperfect action. There is much in the ardency of a renewed life in its beginnings that the light of a more mature experience and better judgment will be called upon to restrain. Not only must the vine have the soil stirred about its root, and a support on which to lean, but the pruning knife must have its appropriate place, and arrest its exuberances. There is, therefore, much to be found in the lives of those who have taken upon themselves the profession of Christianity inconsistencies, calculated, not only to shake their faith in the individuals who make such a profession, but in religion itself. Now, there is a probability that time will rid the character of these

foul growths. But it needs patience, no less than wisdom, to give it the proper training.

Patience, then, is a most desirable grace, and should be earnestly sought after in all its fullness. There should be a constant endeavor to realize its highest developments, that it may glow in our lives no less than faith and love. It may be made no less an element of happiness than those luminous graces which are always looked upon as the highest adornment of the human soul.

How shall we obtain it? Is this the response of your soul? If so, the answer is by no means a difficult one. It is the gift of God, and to be obtained as all other blessings from Him, through faith in Christ. To reach its highest forms, however, there must be something more than asking, even if faith prompt the request; there must be an active exercise of the portion already in our possession. Does God give two, or five talents to that servant who fails to make a proper use of the single talent, of which he has made him a steward? You answer, no! You are correct; nor can you expect a perfect patience, without you are perfecting, by active exercise, that which you have already obtained.

The Scriptures should be your study, especially to acquaint yourself with the record of those, who, "through faith and patience, have inherited the promises." You may learn of them all, and see how wise it is not to shun affliction or trial, for, by these things, God is perfecting your character, and making you meet to be a partaker in the inheritance of the saints in light. Turn to the "patient sufferer" of Calvary and learn from him. He was made "perfect through suffering," and how God-like is that patience, that bears with the sins of this world, without dooming it to destruction.

Do not strive to cultivate this grace, at the expense of others, which are necessary to and make up a holy character. If you attempt it, your effort will be fruitless; or, if God could permit such a thing, it would be the highest folly. Faith never grows at the expense, or to the injury of love; they must expand and increase in conjunction. So, you cannot elevate

patience without you, at the same time, attend to the growth of the whole life. The great design is to make the man of God "perfect and entire, lacking nothing."

Do you ask: why then have you made it the subject of a special notice, and not written upon the development of the Christian character, independent of any of the parts of which it is made up? We answer: the completeness of the whole depends upon the completeness of the parts no less in themselves considered than in the mass, and not on the brilliancy of a single one. The brilliancy of one, if the others be imperfect, reveals the more plainly their defects. — *Beauty of Holiness.*

ORIGINAL.

RELIGIOUS MAXIMS

Having particular relation to the principle of LOVE, both as existing in the Divine Mind and in the human mind.

I.

"God is Love," 1st *John*, 4: 16. He is love, without ceasing to be truth or justice. The word LOVE expresses his life, principle — the central and controlling element of His nature; and therefore, it is his truest and best name.

II.

As God is universal, He is the Universal Love. There is no place where love is not. He is not more present everywhere, than he is active everywhere; — always devising means of good — progressively adding good to good, and developing good from evil; — and always harmonizing with those who harmonize with Him.

III.

To be like God is to possess a love-nature. The first desire of the soul, whether it wishes to be wise or good, should

be, that it may experience spiritual *transformation*, and be formed anew, in the very centre and substance of its being, with a principle of holy benevolence. "Love is the fulfilling of the law." *Rom. 13: 10.*

IV.

Love may dwell in a cottage, or walk behind a plough, or suffer in a dungeon,—but it can never dwell with falsehood, jealousy, selfishness or any form of malice and cruelty. Love, which is "a partaking of the divine nature," may be said, with much propriety, to be "God manifested in the flesh." Love is the *Christ*,—certainly in the most essential and important sense of the term,—of which the apostle speaks, when he says, "I live, yet not I, but *Christ* liveth in me.—*Gal. 2: 20.*

V.

Love, when it has become a living reality, a central and life-giving substantiality in the soul, exerts an influence in every direction in man's nature. It is the enlightener of the conscience, the guide of the intellect, the regulator of the senses, the promoter of just and benevolent action. Its influence is felt in man's outward or material nature also,—in imparting strength, symmetry, and beauty to the body, as well as true moral and religious worth to the mind.

VI.

They who stand in the empire of love, are beyond and above the dominion of fear. In that calmness of mind, which is the natural result when "fear is cast out," they avoid angry words, and are not fond even of the excitement and ardor of debate. They have an inward teacher, and affirm in simplicity of spirit, what they have inwardly experienced, and without anxiety and trouble for the result, are willing to leave the acceptance or rejection of what they affirm, to time, providence, and God's gracious operation.

VII.

There is a great difference between the mere appearance and the reality of things. Human philosophy can, to some extent, teach us the *knowledge* of what is good. Self-interest and the various motives of worldly policy can often lead us to the outward action or the *doing* of good. But God alone, going beyond both the knowledge and the outward form, can teach us and enable us *to be* good.

VIII.

The Infinite love, in the exercise of his deep and changeless affection, is jealous of too much labor and care on the part of his children. It is a pleasure to the sacredness and intensity of his own benevolent nature, to take upon himself the business of soothing their sorrows and providing for their wants, so that when they are too anxious and careful for themselves, the distrust, which is necessarily implied in it, grieves Love's heart.

IX.

It is not more of the world's goods which we need, but more love. Love is born of God. It is a gift from his own essence ; and he will not leave those, into whom he has entered by his love-spirit, to any want or trial, which is not for their good.

X.

The ministers of God are the preachers of love ; and they are his *true* ministers, only as they have the heart to announce to others and to live personally Love's message. Love alone, in that essential element which constitutes the life-principle of God himself, can truly inspire the thought, the voice, the power of the preacher. Whatever proceeds from a selfish heart, whatever does not come from the God of love and is not accompanied with love in the heart, though it may be true in the letter, falls dead and powerless in its spiritual operation.

XI.

God was before man ;—love was before selfishness ; union before disunion. Man will be what he was in the beginning, by a restoration to God, to love and to unity. And it will be the natural and true order of things, that the restoration of associative or unitive principles in the mind, should be followed by outward or physical harmonious arrangements and association.

XII.

He who hath tasted the sweets of pure or holy love, knows its unspeakable blessedness. It has harmonized the soul with all that God is, and with all that God loves. And from that hour to be without it, would be unspeakable desolation. Knowledge would be without guidance ; and conscience without light. Existence would be deprived of its joy — eternity of its hope.

XIII.

Those who live in the strength of the Christian promises and hopes, cannot doubt that the advent of the new Jerusalem is near at hand ;— but it is reasonable to suppose, that it will come, in harmony with the method of Christ's coming, namely, with but little of outward and material manifestation. The spiritual, and not the material heavens, will be opened ; the communication between the visible and the invisible worlds will be spiritually renewed, and the brightness of the Golden City will be seen coming down from heaven ; when the true *love-spirit* — not the love of self merely, not the love of our family or neighborhood or nation — but the love of everything which is capable of being loved, shall enter into the world, and become its pervading life.

L. M.

"I cannot rest till pure within,
Till I am wholly saved from sin."

ORIGINAL.

FOR WHAT DID JESUS DIE?

BY MARIET.

This question so familiar even to the infant classes of our Sabbath Schools, may seem trite to the casual readers of the "Guide," and by them be only met with a look betokening the uninteresting character of the theme. But, "Christ is always new." If so, can His mission, so fraught with interest to the individual members of the human family be passed by as a theme unworthy of mature consideration?

For what did Jesus die? Why those agonizing groans—that bloody sweat—that vail-rending cry? Did they mean nothing? Was no *victory* gained on Calvary?

Man, created in the likeness of his Maker, and endowed by Him with the fearful power to obey or disobey, had dared to disobey the command of God and thus had incurred his wrath. Adam felt the withering curse of his offended God all through his being. His physical powers were smitten by the hand of disease; his mental perceptions dimmed, and his moral sensibilities paralyzed. The purity that had clad him like a robe of light was gone. The monster *sin* had with his consent entered that temple of purity, and dark depravity had displaced the inherent righteousness of his nature, so that nothing remained but sin. What was to be done? Unimpeachable veracity stood pledged, "In the day that thou eatest thereof though shalt surely die," and how could man be saved and God be *true*? Silence reigned in heaven while the adorable Trinity held council over the problem of man's salvation. But the expressive silence was broken. The mystery of man's redemption was solved. A plan was conceived in the Eternal mind, which was in its full development to meet the dreadful exigencies of both Adam and his race. Had man disobeyed, and by that disobedience incurred the penalty of a broken law? Jesus, in His own body on the tree received the avenging blow of Divine

wrath. Were Adam's physical powers dwarfed and mutilated by the hand of disease, and was his body a victim of death as a result of transgression? Jesus is the resurrection and the life: He died to redeem the body from the influence of disease and from the power of death. And when His mission shall be *fully* accomplished, the glorified bodies of His redeemed ones shall be restored to their primitive immortality. But, even here, while subject to disease and death, the good man outlives his disobeying brother, and who will venture to affirm that if righteousness were as universal as sin, the hand of disease might not be arrested to a very great extent, so that instead of premature decay, the gray-haired pilgrim should go down to the grave as a shock of corn fully ripe is gathered in its season.

Were man's mental perceptions dimmed, and his moral sensibilities paralyzed by sin? Jesus died to redeem him from even these misfortunes. Though while fettered with mortality the mind may traverse the paths of science at but a slow pace; yet, when mortal shall have put on immortality, it shall soar on tireless pinions and gather rich gems of knowledge from the vast universe of God. The moral sensibilities are reanimated by the life-giving power of the Holy Ghost descending — blood-bought gift — in answer to the intercessions of Jesus who died, rose, ascended up on high, leading captivity captive and giving gifts to men. Was Adam's inherent righteousness, his spotless purity, displaced by dark depravity? Jesus died to save him from *all* the *impurities* of sin, and to re-clothe him in a robe of light and purity, which though not his own, does make and declare him a meet guest for the marriage supper of the Lamb.

To accomplish this for the human race was the glorious plan of redemption. Divinity dwelt in flesh and with His own blood sealed the plan of mercy toward the fallen sons and daughters of Adam.

For what, then, did Jesus die? He died, O, precious truth! to open in the house of David a fountain for *sin* and for *unclean-ness*. Not only to redeem us from the curse of the broken law did Jesus die; but also to provide a fountain wherein the soul, all polluted by sin, might plunge and wash *all* its *stains* away.

Yes, care-worn pilgrim, thou hast for years been struggling with that "body of death" the moral impurities of thy nature—pride, selfishness, love of the world, impatience, unbelief, and every kindred evil — *thou mayest be saved from these.* There is balm in Gilead : there is a *physician* there who is as well able to *complete* as to *commence* a cure.

To the inquiry then, "For what did Jesus die ;" the glorious response comes echoing back : *He died to redeem.* *He died to save* — to save unto the *uttermost*.

ORIGINAL.

PENCILINGS BY THE WAY.

BY IDA.

DEC. 29. — The Lord is my strength and my shield ; in Him I am enabled to trust with all my heart. While I live in obedience to God, my faith centers in Him ; it is easy believing, easy trusting in Christ as a present Saviour. O, how my heart cleaves to Him who is my life, my salvation, my *all in all*. — Fain would I become more like my blessed Lord ; more fully bear the impress of His image. O, that I may be constantly receiving more of His spirit, and be continually assimilating yet more and more to His likeness, until I see Him as He is, and am made complete in him. Not until I am thus transformed shall I be satisfied.

DEC. 31. — A few of us met for class last evening at Bro. V——'s, and the power of the Spirit rested upon us. It came with a gentle flow to my heart, and for nearly two hours I enjoyed a rest that was inexpressibly sweet. As the ship when becalmed rests on the bosom of the mighty waters, so did my soul repose on the vast, unfathomable sea of love. I knew what it was to believe and enter into rest. *Rest!* O, how sweet is that word to me ! Were it in my power I would describe the rest of faith ; but that were impossible ; language is inadequate ; the most glowing language cannot paint it ; — they alone who

have drank from the fountain, tasted its sweetness, and partaken of its joys, can know its blessedness. There is an entire yielding of the will to God. The will of the creature is lost in the will of the Creator — they become one. All within is hushed into stillness; the passions are controlled by love, and the soul, calm and collected, sweetly communes with its God. All is harmony, sweet harmony there — not one jarring string, nor discordant note. With an attentive ear the soul listens to the voice of the inward teacher. How different are its accents from those of a stranger. How sweet are its tones — how soothing their influence. When the voice of the gentle Spirit whispers to the heart, it is melted into tenderness and love, and seems to be drawn into closer affinity with that of Jesus. A sacred awe pervades the mind, and the soul breathes as it were the atmosphere of heaven, and without any effort, *silently* communes with its Beloved. Yes, it is a *silent* language; to express it audibly would seem to disturb this “heavenly calm within the breast;” it is

“The sacred awe that dares not move,
And all the silent heaven of love.”

With child-like simplicity and confidence, the soul reposes on the sure promises of God, and with the beloved disciple reclines on Jesus’ breast. O, how blessed thus to rest, in perfect peace and quietness — dwelling in love — lost in God — knowing no will save His alone. Experience has drawn just the mere outlines of the picture. And this is but the earnest of that rest which remaineth — which is yet to come, in that bright world, where the pure in heart alone will dwell. Isaiah caught a glimpse of the reality through his prophetic telescope, and exclaims “*It shall be glorious!*” God forbid that I through unbelief should come short of it.

JAN. 15. — Blessed Saviour, thou art mine, and I am thine. Yes, precious thought! I am all *thine* own, and thou art all *my* own. Sweet is the union that exists between us — strong the tie that unites my heart with thine! Our wills are com-mingled, they are *one*! Blessed, happy union! may it ever remain un-

broken! Thou knowest all things — thou knowest that I love thee! Thou hast my supreme affections, my undivided heart! I love Thyself! I love Thine appearing! I sigh to be with Thee, where Thou art — behold Thee for myself, and be made like Thee. The pledge of Thy return which Thou hast given me is sacred — closely I cherish it! It cheers my heart as I journey on through this wilderness world, make dark and dreary by sin. Then will I be with Thee alway.

JUNE 14. — It is the twilight hour — my own sweet hour for reflection. I would say to the things of earth, tarry ye here, while I hold communion with my own heart and God. Holy Spirit, help thou mine infirmities, and bring to remembrance all that I have said or done this day. What has been the prevailing state of feeling? *Indifference!* Reading and writing have not interested me. The Bible has been a sealed book. Was tempted not to attend to my secret devotions at noon, because of my little interest. Decided that feelings should not prevent me from performing my duties. Knelt in prayer, and received the aid of the Holy Spirit. Seemed to be destitute of its influence immediately upon rising. Tempted to discouragement and unbelief because of it. Resolved not to distrust God. Spent an hour with Sister P——, the missionary. She is panting for a deeper work of grace. So barren was my mind, that it was difficult for me to converse. This tried me for a moment, but I submitted the matter to God.

O, what need of greater purity of heart! Sensibly do I feel my wants. God is making them more and more manifest. Painful to the life of nature, are the searchings of the Spirit, but O, how beneficial! I pray for them as much as for any other blessing, and then I have to submit my heart to their influence, although it is crucifying.

God is preparing my heart for the reception of an abundant measure of the Spirit. First the furnace, then the pure reflection of the Refiner.

He that loveth little, prayeth little; he that loveth much, prayeth much.

SELECTED.

QUIETNESS IN GOD OUR TRUE RESOURCE.

Warmth of imagination, ardor of feeling, acuteness of reasoning, and fluency of expression, can do but little. The true agent is a perfect abandonment before God, in which we do everything by the light which He gives, and are content with the success which He bestows. This continual death is a blessed life known to few. A single word, uttered from this rest, will do more, even in outward affairs, than all our most eager and officious care. It is the Spirit of God that then speaks the word, and it loses none of its force and authority, but enlightens, persuades, moves, and edifies: We have accomplished everything, and have scarce said anything.

On the other hand, if left to the excitability of our natural temperament, we talk forever, indulging in a thousand subtle and superfluous reflections; we are constantly afraid of not saying or doing enough; we get angry, excited, exhausted, distracted, and finally make no headway. Your disposition has an especial need of these maxims; they are as necessary for your body as your soul, and your physician, and your spiritual adviser should act together.

Let the water flow beneath the bridge; let men be men, that is to say, weak, vain, inconstant, unjust, false, and presumptuous; let the world be the world still; you cannot prevent it. Let every one follow his own inclination and habits; you cannot recast them, and the best course is, to let them be as they are and bear with them. Do not think it strange when you witness unreasonableness and injustice; rest in peace in the bosom of God; He sees it all more clearly than you do, and yet permits it. Be content to do quietly and gently what it becomes you to do, and let everything else be to you as though it were not.

/ WHEN God would have us die to self, he always touches the tenderest spot, that which is fullest of life. /

SELECTED.

TRUE FRIENDSHIPS ARE FOUNDED ONLY IN GOD.

We must be content with what God gives, without having any choice of our own. It is right that his will should be done, not ours; and that his should become ours without the least reservation, in order that it may be done on earth as it is done in heaven. This is a hundred times more valuable an attainment than to be engaged in the view or consolation of self.

O how near are we to each other when we are all united in God! How well do we converse when we have but a single will and a single thought in Him who is all things in us? Would you find your true friends, then? Seek them only in Him who is the single source of true and eternal friendship. Would you speak with or hear from them? Sink in silence into the bosom of Him who is the word, the life, and the soul of all those who speak and live the truth. You will find in Him not only every want supplied, but everything perfect, which you find so imperfect in the creatures in whom you confide.

“God proves the righteous as with the ocean; he stirs it up and makes its great billows seem to threaten our destruction, but He is always at hand to say, thus far shalt thou go, and no farther.”

“*God is faithful, who will not suffer you so to be tempted above that ye are able.*”—1 Cor., x, xiii.

“Ah! when shall we return love for love? When shall we seek Him who seeks us, and constantly carries us in his arms? When He bears us along in his tender and paternal bosom, then it is that we forget Him; in the sweetness of his gifts we forget the giver; His ceaseless blessings, instead of melting us into love, distract our attention and turn it away from Him.”—Fenelon.

Christian Experience.

ORIGINAL.

PERSONAL EXPERIENCE.

"Ye are my witnesses, saith the Lord."

From childhood I was seriously impressed, but did not receive the evidence of pardoned sin until I had nearly reached my seventeenth year. For some few years owing to the opposition I was called to encounter, and my great weakness, the cross appeared too heavy for me to bear and was consequently often neglected. At first I would excuse myself on the ground that others more talented than myself did not exercise their gifts, and if they could enjoy religion with so little activity, I probably could do the same. The result with me, however, was self-condemnation and barrenness of soul. I felt that this was not the way for a genuine Christian to live, and I resolved in the strength of God to bear the cross and leave the event with him. These resolutions were no sooner put in practice than I found him to be a present Savior. Soon after this while retrospecting the past I was led to see my unfaithfulness, and to feel the importance of giving my whole heart to God. This induced me to search his word more diligently, and spend more time in secret prayer. I felt too unworthy to receive the blessing just then; but thought that perhaps, after much reading and prayer the Lord would bestow it upon me. In this way I sought it for weeks, but still it was withheld; at times it seemed almost in reach, and then again it appeared no nearer than at the first. Yet, I did not feel disheartened, but was inwardly impressed that in due time the Lord would grant my request. I became so awakened to the subject that my cry by day and by night was, "Create in me a clean heart, O God." In reading the

Scriptures almost every passage on which my eye rested appeared to be a call to a holy life. On one occasion, after spending a sleepless night, I arose from my bed and opening the Testament my eye was directed to the following passage. "For by grace are ye saved through faith, and that not of yourselves, it is the gift of God : not of works lest any man should boast," Eph. ii. : 8, 9. I felt most forcibly the application of this Scripture to myself. I had been seeking more by works than by faith in the atoning blood. I was convinced that if I would enjoy a fullness in God I must throw myself entirely upon the sole merits of Christ.

This I was shortly after enabled to do. Language is inadequate to describe the precious peace which filled my poor heart on that occasion. My sins were all washed away by the blood of the Lamb. Glory to God and the Lamb forever! Thirteen years have since passed, yet I still feel that there is efficacy in the blood of Christ to cleanse from all sin. My communion with God has not been uninterrupted. At times my path-way has been beclouded, but whenever I have come to God with all my heart, willing to have Him mould and fashion me according to his will, he has cleared up my spiritual horizon, and my peace has again flowed as a river.

Full salvation is a theme on which I love to contemplate. The testimonies given in the Guide by those who have yielded their whole hearts to God have been often rendered a special blessing to me. Would to God that the Church were more alive to this precious subject.

M. J.

West Auburn, Pa.

I was converted in August, 1816. For several years I was a truly happy boy ; but eventually, though I continued to maintain the outward forms of religion, I lost my first love. In 1824 I was reclaimed from my coldness and restored again to a consciousness of the favor of God. Not long after, I was appointed the leader of a class, an office which I have been endeavoring to fill, with two short intervals, ever since. I know that I enjoyed

religion, and nothing delighted me more than to labor with those who were seeking the pardon of their sins, and to listen to the triumphant shouts of new born souls. Passing over many incidents which are of interest only to myself, I come in my religious experience to Feb. 1848, when the church with which I was connected was blessed with a most gracious revival. Upwards of forty were happily converted to God, and among them many of my own children. These were the happiest days of my life. The doctrine of holiness had been prominently set forth in almost every sermon, though the effect was not apparent until those who were seeking religion were mostly converted. With many others of my brethren, I began to talk and think much on the subject, and the more I dwelt upon and prayed over it, the clearer the light shone, and the more I saw of the corruptions of my heart, until I became really alarmed at the sight. I fasted and prayed with greater fervency, in the hope of becoming purified by a more diligent attention to means — but all to no purpose. My case seemed more desperate than ever, till despairing of ever being able to heal myself, I made an unreserved consecration of myself to God for time and eternity. No sooner did I assure my heart that I had made a free will offering of myself to God, than the way to believe that he would receive me, seemed to be made perfectly easy. Glory to His name! By faith I was redeemed from all iniquity, and an entire change was wrought upon my whole being. Although more than six years of severe conflict have passed, my peace is still like a river, and I have an unwavering confidence in the power and truth of God, that if I do not forsake him, he never will forsake me, but bring me at last to glory. Oh, that every minister of Christ would continually cry, “Be ye holy, for I am holy,” saith the Lord. Amen.

R. L.

Mulberry, O.

A brother minister, writing on business adds: — “Brother D. I believe in God; nay, I *believe God*. My poor soul yearns for sinners. The work of saving souls never appeared so glorious as now. Praise God for the power of salvation. *Pure motives, intense desires, and faith in God* are absolutely necessary to win souls; and holiness is necessary to induce these in the heart. My all is on the altar. God is all and in in all. Praise him!

Editorial Miscellany.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

REV. BROTHER:—I was not able to ascertain precisely what was the number of persons justified or purified at the Camp Meeting for the Brampton Circuit, of which I was speaking in my last. I should say not far from one hundred each. Our dear friends, Dr. and Mrs. Palmer, of New York, were present by special invitation, and they labored with great acceptability and effect. On a number of occasions there were more than a hundred persons at the altar for prayer, and I noticed that almost all seemed to obtain the salvation which they sought. The names of such as had been converted and remained on the ground up to the close of the meeting, were taken, with the view to appoint them to their appropriate classes;—an excellent expedient. Among us Americans the services of the final morning are attended with much commotion in all the rural portions of the work, from the desire our brethren feel to get to their homes during the day, &c. Even the attempt to have any services at the stand or altar on that morning has therefore in many places been wisely abandoned, and the public services ordered to close on the preceding evening.

At the Brampton Camp Meeting the people remained with the utmost composure during the whole morning. The services did not close till sometime in the afternoon.

The Meeting was some 24 miles from Toronto. Bro. Holtby, one of the local Preachers of the Circuit, very kindly drove into Toronto and conveyed Rev. Mr. Harper and lady, and myself, out to the Meeting at its commencement and returned us again at its close. This kindness of our friend Holtby was about a fair sample of Canadian bounty and hospitality. Everywhere I have met a delicate courtesy,—a warmth of fraternal greeting and treatment, wonderfully adapted to make a stranger *feel at home*. All that I saw at the Camp Meeting illustrated this character of bountifulness in the people. There were no boarding tents, but every tent-holder seemed to consider it a privilege to entertain gratuitously as many as possible.

I admired their liberality, but could easily see that this very fact might pave the way for the decline, and perhaps the utter abandonment of Camp Meetings themselves. The families that go to Camp Meetings and keep a tent, must now go with the understanding that the females of the household are going to do little else than serve tables from first to last. Many of them become entirely exhausted, and probably return to their homes without any spiritual profit whatever at the close of the meeting. I regard the method

pursued at the large Camp Meetings in New England altogether preferable, namely, that every person (except the Ministers of course) who goes to Camp Meeting is to pay his own way.

I should feel much better to put my hand in my pocket and pay the board of such as may need charity, than to see my wife make a slave of herself during the whole week to wait on them.

Our Canadian friends will find that though the spirit is willing the flesh is weak, and the result must be soon reached, that a more thorough *system* of table provision must be adopted, or Camp Meetings themselves will *die of exhaustion*.

On the Friday following the close of the Camp Meeting I went to Hamilton. An appointment had been made for preaching in one of the Churches that evening, and a large congregation was in waiting when we arrived.

You will recollect Hamilton as the scene of a very successful revival effort by Rev. James Caughey, several years ago. The fruit of that revival abides. Methodism has a strong hold in Hamilton; and there, as in Toronto and Guelph, where I now am, it exhibits the *aggressive* spirit in a degree highly promising.

I have had almost no opportunity of forming any acquaintance with either ministers or laymen in Canada, beyond the pale of our own Church. Denominational lines are much more distinctly drawn here, I am sorry to say, than among us in the States. After tarrying in Hamilton, and enjoying the hospitalities of my kind friends, Mr. and Mrs. Watkins, to which I had been invited before my arrival, until Wednesday, 11th inst, I left for St. Catharines. Finding my brother, Rev. Mr. Goodson, the pastor, engaged in extra efforts for the conversion of souls, I remained and labored with him to the conclusion of the Sabbath.

It is usually a vain thing to labor for the promotion of a general awakening among sinners, when a considerable proportion of the effective talent of the Church is utterly indifferent to the fortunes of the movement. God saves man by man. The Church is the light of the world. A state of healthy activity *in the Church* is therefore the pre-requisite, and the immediate instrumental cause of the conversion of men to the faith of the gospel.

From St. Catharines I returned on Monday to Hamilton, and in the evening preached at Dundas, a village five miles distant. A large congregation listened with great apparent interest to a sermon which I feared might weary them by its length, and I trust some good may result from the evening's effort.

Coming from Dundas to Guelph on Tuesday, a distance of 24 miles by stage, I found that an appointment had been given here too for public services in the evening. Indeed a sort of protracted meeting has been in progress here from the close of a Camp Meeting held in the vicinity early in Sept. Many souls have been saved, and still the work goes on. A season of equal religious interest, I am told, has never before been enjoyed in Guelph. I am enjoying while here the kind hospitalities of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Smith.

The marked attention with which the people here and elsewhere in Canada are pleased to receive the Saviour's unworthy servant, assures me they intend to obey, Heb. xiii. 2, to the letter. O, that their guest were more like an "angel!"

Your affectionate colleague,

Guelph, C. W., Oct. 19th, 1854.

B. W. GORHAM.

THE GUIDE AND OUR INSTITUTIONS OF LEARNING.

A year or two since, while on a visit to a neighboring city, we called on a subscriber and friend of the Guide, with whom we had had some previous correspondence, and found her engaged at the head of a large female boarding school, in supervising the instruction of the young. We could not resist the conviction at the time, that, apart from those natural and acquired qualifications which are essential to the teacher, no element was so greatly needed in this work as the influence of a holy and devoted life. The heart needs educating as well as the head, and this can only be effectually done where the daily life and experience furnish an illustration of the precepts we teach. Glorious will be the day when all our institutions of learning become nurseries of piety.

In the hope of contributing somewhat to this object, we send the Guide gratuitously to those College and Seminary Reading Rooms where there is any prospect of their effecting good. We are happy to learn that our motives are appreciated, and that our effort is not altogether lost. The following letter from our friend, PROF. NELSON E. COBLEIGH, of the LAWRENCE UNIVERSITY, at Appleton, Wis., will be perused with interest by our readers.

APPLETON, Oct. 8, 1854.

DEAR BRO. DEGEN,—

Your excellent Guide finds its way monthly to the Reading Room of the Lawrence University. I have just been reading the October number. I do not know as you need any word of encouragement from me, to strengthen your heart or your hands in the enterprise which you have undertaken, viz: to publish the "Guide to Holiness," yet I feel strongly inclined to say what might be under other circumstances, a word of encouragement. I have been a reader of the Guide more or less almost from the beginning of it. I can say in truth, that my own soul has been greatly stimulated, encouraged, and strengthened by its perusal. To me, and I presume to others, there is a peculiar excellency in the light of christian experience, especially when that experience has had to do with the deep things of God. With such items of experience the Guide is often furnished. No doubt to many, they appear foolishness; to others, the power of God. The effect of such reading is to collect our scattered thoughts, and concentrate them afresh upon the subject of Holiness. Who can tell what good may result from that apparently trivial circumstance? We behold its beauty, its relative and absolute importance. From *perception* we soon pass to *feeling*. Our religious sensibilities are quickened, conscience speaks more clearly and with increased authority. We feel perhaps as we have not felt in a long time our responsibilities. This may lead us to prayer, to a strengthened purpose to lead a holy life — to renewed consecration of all to God, more earnest efforts to save souls, and greater usefulness in the church. "Behold what a great matter a little fire kindleth." I have no doubt that under God, the reading of the Guide has wrought many such marvellous works as that. Preachers, I think, might do much good by encouraging its circulation in their charges. Though a silent, it would be a powerful instrumentality and auxiliary in arousing the church to holy living. I wish you much comfort and success in your editorial work. I believe the Guide will do good in this place.

And if an occasional article from my poor pen would be considered an equiv-

alent. I would like the Guide for my own private use, and the benefit of my family.

Would you like to know something about the work of holiness in the north-west? The Wisconsin Annual Conference held its last session at Janesville in September. The Conference love feast was on Sunday morning, at 8 o'clock. Though in very feeble health, at that time, I had a desire to attend that meeting and feel at that point the pulse of western Methodism. The meeting was well attended, the house being nearly full. The time was all occupied mostly by the ministry in speaking of their christian experience, and somewhat to my surprise the all absorbing topic was holiness. Almost every testimony given was to this effect, "the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseeth from all unrighteousness." Nearly every one had experienced that great blessing, and referred to the time and circumstances when the blessing was obtained. Many had been enjoying it for years. I never attended a more interesting and soul-refreshing love feast: never heard so many at one meeting speak so definitely of their experience of holiness. I thought to myself, if it is true "like priest like people" religion must flourish in the State of Wisconsin.

Yours in christian love, sincerely,

N. E. COBLEIGH.

We subjoin another communication just received from REV. W. D. LUMMIS, Principal of the COOLVILLE MALE AND FEMALE SEMINARY, at Athens, Ohio. It breathes a similar spirit to the foregoing, and exhibits the benefit that may accrue from the loaning of our numbers after perusing them ourselves, to those who are in a state to appreciate them. We thank these brethren for their encouragement and will cheerfully grant their request in sending the Guide as directed.

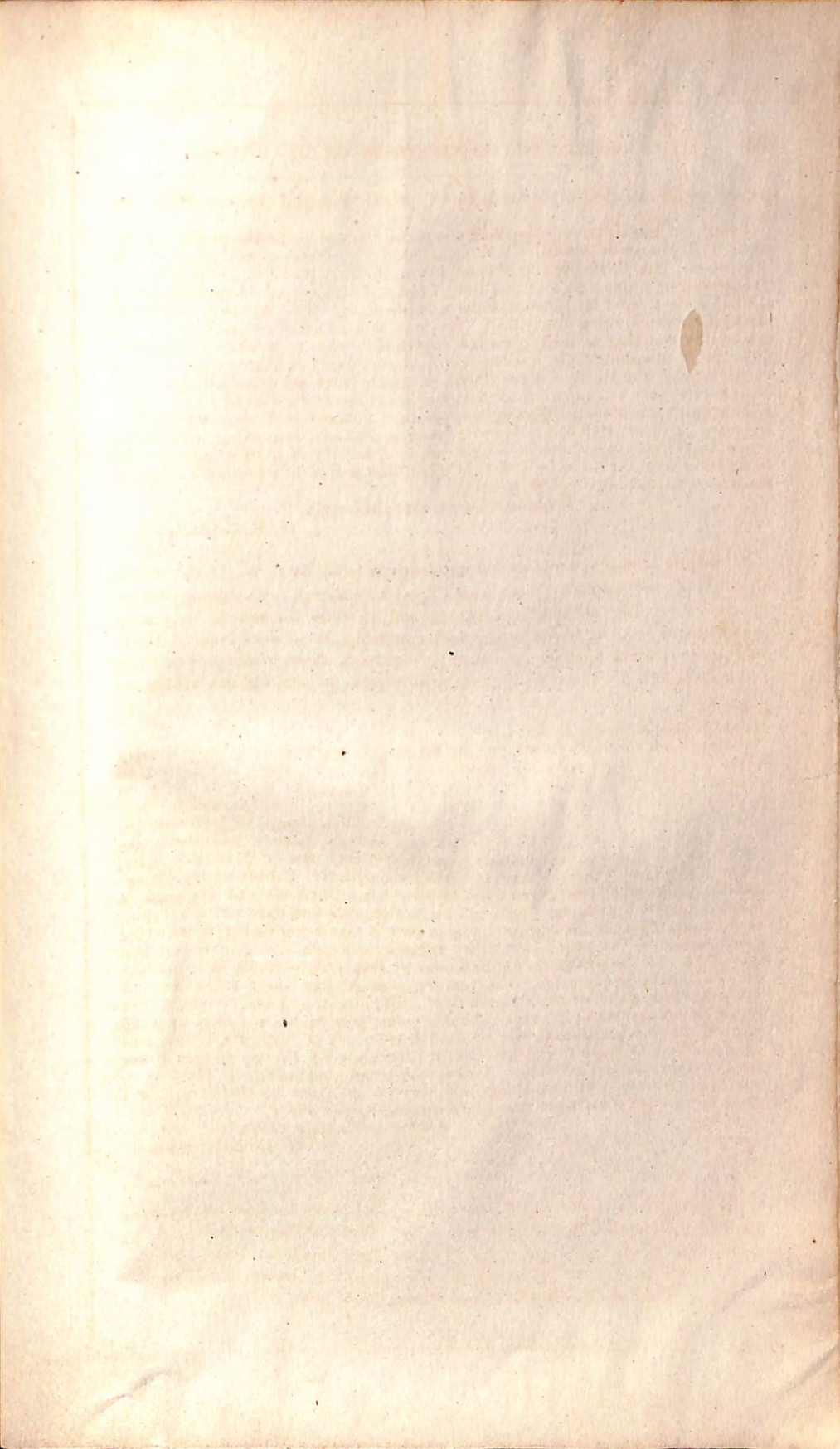
DEAR BROTHER DEGEN:

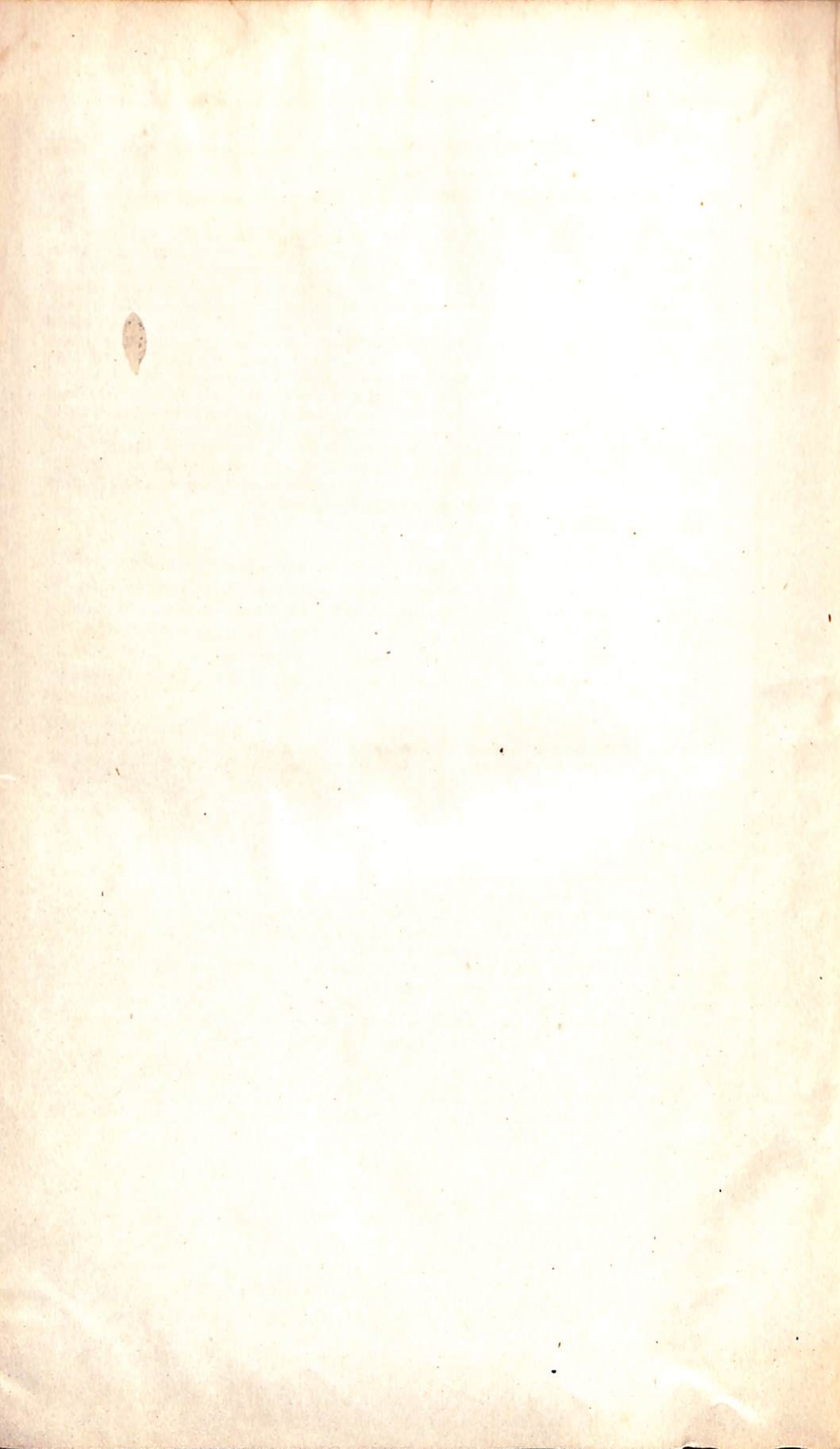
I want to ask you to please send us the Guide. It has been sent to "Grand River Institute" for a number of years, and has doubtlessly been a blessing to others as well as to me there. I fitted for College there, and have as clear an evidence that I received the blessing of perfect love, through the blessed instructions of the Guide, as I have that I ever received the blessing of justification. I graduated in July last, at Marietta College. Whilst there I had the great privilege again of receiving the Guide's monthly visits. Sister B. in that place, the only subscriber, I think, always furnished me with it. I think every Christian ought to read the Guide, and don't believe that a Christian can maintain a justified state in these times of gold and lust for wealth, and ease and education, who is not perfected in love, or groaning so to be! And yet how is it with the great mass of the Churches? Why they don't read a sentence per month on that subject, and the thought of holiness of heart enters their minds as seldom as does the thought of heaven. I'll try earnestly to get you some subscribers if you will send it along, and think I can do it. Oh, how often have I coveted that library of holiness when I have read about the offered premium, and have as often resolved that that premium should be mine as soon as I got out of College and could get time to secure it, and I think if it is still offered, I'll try to get it for the Seminary Library, over which I have the superintendence. I have often wished to correspond with the Guide, and may do so some in the future, if I think any thing I could write would be a blessing to the world.

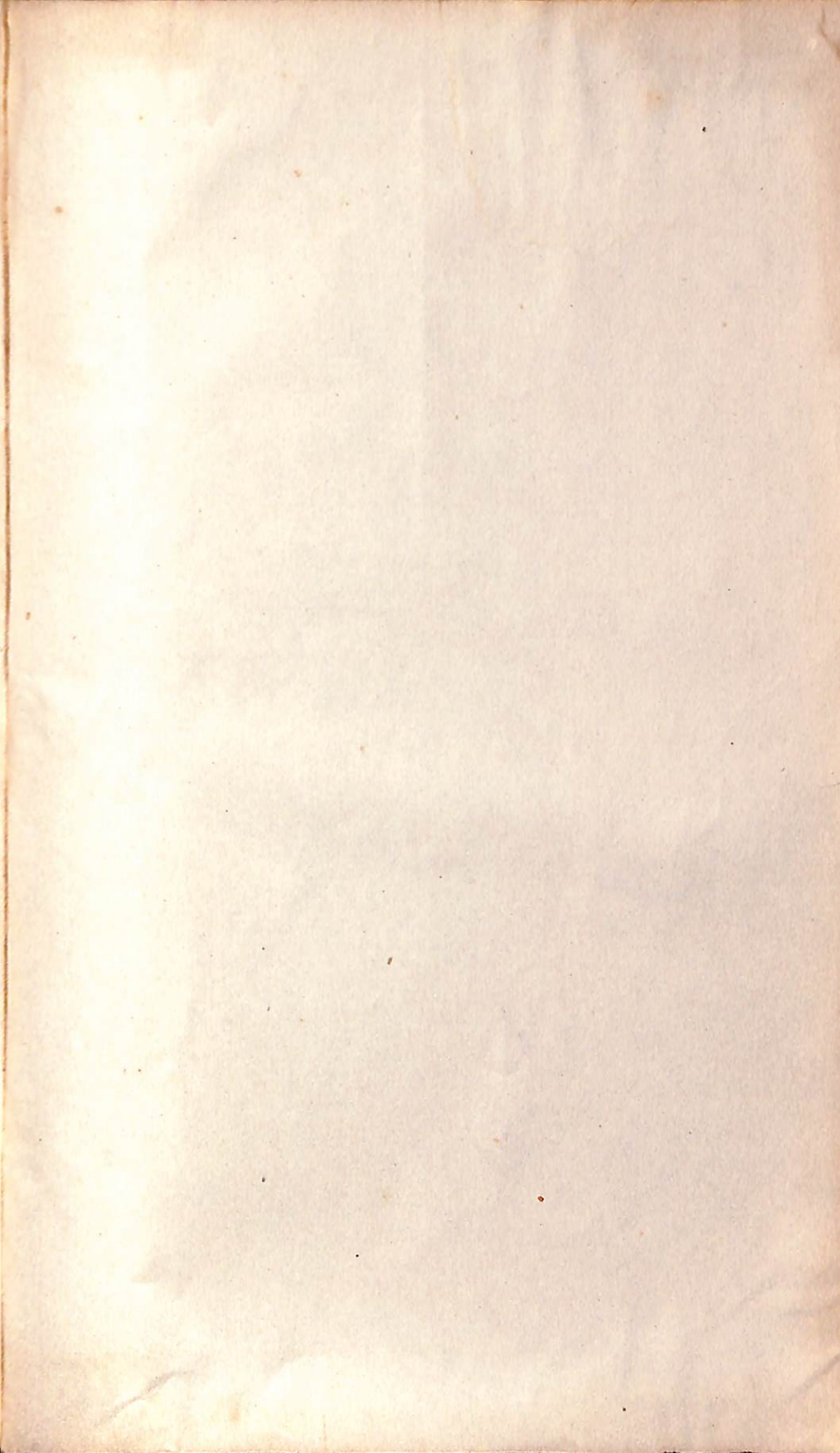
Very affectionately yours,

W. D. F. LUMMIS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—The Poetry by Prof. D. kindly furnished us by some one from Greensboro', N. C., has been mislaid. Will our Correspondent do us the kindness to send us another copy? We have many valuable Communications on hand, which have been necessarily delayed some time, but which will appear shortly. "B. M. A." "A Student," and others, in our next.







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